

P O E M S

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY. *R*

*Let them censure, what care I?
The Herd of Criticks I defy.
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the Numbers of my Song:
All that they approve is sweet,
And all is Sense that they repeat.*

PRIOR from ANACREON.

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THE P R E F A C E.

'T IS none of the least of my diversions to see one part of the world laughing at the other, yet all seem fully satisfied with their own opinions and abilities; but I shall never quarrel with any man whose temper is the reverse of mine, and enters not into the taste of the same pleasures. 'Tis as ridiculous for one to be disobliged at another's different way of thinking, as it is to challenge him for having a nose not of a shape with his. Every man is born with a particular bent, which will discover itself in spite of all opposition. Mine is obvious, which since I knew, I never inclined to curb; but rather encouraged myself in the pursuit, though many difficulties lay in my way.

Whether poetry be the most elevated, delightful and generous study in the world, is more than I dare affirm; but I think so. Yet I am afraid, when the following Miscellany is examined, I shall not be found to deserve the eminent character that belongs to the Epic Master, whose fire and slegm is equally blended.—But *Anacreon* *Horace* and *Walter* were poets, and had their souls warmed with true poetic flame, altho' their patience fell short of those who could bestow a number of years on the finishing one heroic poem, and justly claim the pre-eminence.

If I know any faults in my own productions, I am not fool enough to blaze them: perhaps they may be overlook'd by the indulgence of my best friends, for whom I write.—'Tis not to be doubted that I have enemies; yes, I have been honoured with three or four satyrs but such wretched stuff, that several of my friends would alledge upon me that I had wrote and published them myself (none of the worst Politicks, I own) to make the world believe I had no foes but fools. Such pedants as confine learning to the critical understanding of the dead languages, while they are ignorant of the beauties of their mother-tongue, do not view me with a friendly eye: but

I'm even with them, when I tell them to their faces, without blushing, that I understand *Horace* but faintly in the original, and yet can feast on his beautiful thoughts dress'd in *British*;—and do not see any great occasion for every man's being made capable to translate the Classics, when they are so elegantly done to his hand. Nor do I value tho' *Dr. Bentley* heard this: and perhaps it had been no worse for the great Lyrick, that this same Doctor had understood the *Latin* tongue as little as I.—If this paragraph chance to raise a nest of wasps, let them read the next to blunt their stings.

My chearful friends will pardon (a very essential qualification of a poet) my vanity, when, in self-defence, I inform the ignorant, that many of the finest spirits, and of the highest quality and distinction, eminent for literature and knowledge of mankind, from an affability which ever accompanies great minds, tell me, 'They are pleas'd with what I have done; and add, That my small knowledge of the dead or foreign languages, is nothing to my disadvantage. King *David*, *Homer* and *Virgil*, say they, were more ignorant of the *Scots* and *English* tongue, than you are of *Hebrew*, *Greek* and *Latin*: pursue your own natural manner, and be an Original.' One may very easily imagine, that I hear this with abundance of secret satisfaction and joy. The ladies too are on my side; they grace my song with the sweetness of their voices, conn over my Pastoral, and smile at my innocent merry tale.

*Thus shielded by the Brave and Fair,
My foes may envy, but despair.*

That I have express'd my thoughts in my native dialect, was not only inclination, but the desire of my best and wisest friends; and most reasonable, since good imagery, just similes, and all manner of ingenious thoughts, in a well laid design, dispos'd into numbers, is poetry.—Then good poetry may be in any language.----But some nations speak rough, and their words are confounded with a multitude of hard consonants, which make the numbers unharmonious. Besides, their language is scanty which makes a disagreeable

re-

The PREFACE.

v

repetition of the same words.-----These are no defects in ours; the pronunciation is liquid and sonorous, and much fuller than the *English*, of which we are masters, by being taught it in our schools, and daily reading it; which being added to all our own native words, of eminent significancy, makes our tongue be far the completest: for instance, I can say, *an empty house, a toom barrel, a boss head, and a hollow heart*---Many such examples might be given, but let this one suffice.

I cannot here omit a paragraph or two of a Preface, wrote by the learned Dr. Sewel, to a *London* edition of one of my Pastorals, after he has said, some things very handsomely in my favour.---In behalf of our language he expresses himself thus: *The following Poem, if I am not mistaken (for I set up for no critic) is a true and just Pastoral, abounding with those beauties, which are either required, or are to be found in the best esteemed Pastorals.*

The Scoticism, which perhaps may offend some over-nice ear, give new life and grace to the poetry, and become their place as well as the Doric dialect of Theocritus, so much admired by the best judges. When I mention that tongue, I bewail my own little knowledge of it, since I meet with so many words and phrases so expressive of the ideas they are intended to represent. A small acquaintance with that language, and our English poets, will convince any man, that we spend too much time in looking abroad for trifling delicacies, when we may be treated at home with a more substantial, as well as a more elegant entertainment.

There are some of the following, which we commonly reckon *English* poetry, such as the *Morning Interview*, *Content*, &c. but all their difference from the others is only in the orthography of some words; such as *from* for *frae*, *bold* for *bauld*, and some few names of things; and in those, tho' the words be pure *English*, the idiom or phraseology is still *Scots*.

Throughout the whole, I have only copied from nature; and with all precaution have studied, as far as it came within the ken of my observation and memory, not to repeat what has been already said by others, tho' it be next to impossible sometimes to stand clear of them, especially in the little Love-plots of a song.—There are,

towards the end of this Miscellany, five or six imitations of *Horace*, which any acquainted with that author will presently observe.-----I have only snatched at his thought and method in gross, and dress'd them up in *Scots*, without confining myself to no more or no less; so that these are only to be reckoned a following of his manner.

This is all I think needful in defence of my book, and to keep it in countenance with a Preface.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY, on his Poetical Works.

HAIL northern bard ! thou fav'rite of the Nine,
Bright, or as *Horace* did, or *Virgil* shine.
In ev'ry part of what thou'st done we find,
How they, and great *Apollo* too, have joined
To furnish thee with an uncommon skill,
And with poetick fire thy bosom fill.

Thy *Morning Interview* throughout is fraught
With tuneful numbers and majestick thought :
And *Celia*, who her lover's suit disdain'd,
Is by all-powerful gold at length obtain'd.

When winter's hoary aspect makes the plains
Unpleasant to the nymphs, and jovial swains ;
Sweetly thou do'st thy rural couples, call
To pleasures known within *Edina's* wall.

When, *Allan*, thou, for reasons thou know'st best,
Doom'd busy *Couper* to eternal rest :
What mortal could thine el'gy on him read,
And not have sworn he was defunct indeed !
Yet, that he might not lose accustom'd dues,
You rous'd him from the grave to open pews ;
Such magick, worthy *Allan*, hath thy muse.

The experienc'd bawd, in aptest strains thou'st made
Early instruct her pupils in their trade ;
Lest when their faces wrinkled are with age,
They should not cullies as when young engage.
But on our sex why art thou so severe,
To wish for pleasure we may pay so dear :
Suppose that thou had'st, after chearful juice,
Met with a strolling harlot wond'rous spruce,
And been by her prevail'd with to resort
Where claret might be drunk, or, if not, port ;
Suppose, I say, that this thou granted had,
And freedom took with the enticing jade,
Would'st thou not hope some artist might be found
To cure, if ought you ail'd, the smarting wound ?

When

When of the *Caledonian* garb you sing,
 (Which from *Tartana's* distant clime you bring,)
 With how much force you recommend the plaid,
 To ev'ry jolly swain, and lovely maid.
 But if, as fame reports, some of those wights,
 Who canton'd are among the rugged heights,
 No breeks put on, should'st thou not them advise,
 (Excuse me, *Ramsay*, if I am too nice)
 To take, as fitting 'tis, some speedy care
 That what should hidden be, appears not bare;
 Lest damsels, yet unknowing, should by chance,
 Their nimble ogle t'wards the object glance:
 If this thou do'st, we, who the south possess,
 May teach our females how they ought to dress,
 But chiefly let them understand, 'tis meet
 They should their legs hide more, if not their feet,
 Too much by help of whale-bone now display'd,
 Ev'n from the dutchess to the kitchen maid;
 But with more reason, those who give distaste,
 When on their uncouth limbs our eyes we cast.

Thy other sonnets in each stanza shew,
 What, when of love you think, thy muse, can do.
 So movingly thou'st made the am'rous swain,
 Wish on the moor his lass to meet again,
 That I, methinks, find an unusual pain,
 Nor hast thou, chearful bard, express'd less skill;
 When the brisk lass you sang of *Patie's mill*;
 Or *Susy*, whom the lad with yellow hair,
 Thou'st made in soft and pleasing notes prefer
 To nymphs less handsome, constant, gay and fair.

In lovely strains kind *Nancy* you address,
 And make fond *Willy* his coy *Jean* possess:
 Which dote, thou'st blest the lad in *Nelly's* arms,
 Who long had absent been 'midst dire alarms.
 And artfully you've plac'd within the grove,
Jammie to hear his mistress own her love,

A gentle cure you've found for *Strephon's* breast,
 By scornful *Betty* long depriv'd of rest.

And

And when the blisful pairs you thus have crown'd,
 You'd have the glafs go merrily around,
 To shake off care, and render sleep more sound.

Who e'er shall see, or hath already seen,
 Those bony lints call'd *Christ's kirk on the green*,
 Must own that thou hast, to thy lasting praise,
 Deserv'd as well as royal JAMES the bays.
 'Mong other things you've painted to the life,
 A sot unactive lying by his wife,
 Which oft 'twixt wedded folks makes woful strife.

When 'gainst the scribbling knaves your pen you drew,
 How didst thou lash the vile presumptuous crew!
 Not much fam'd *Butler*, who had gone before,
 E'er ridicul'd his knight or *Ralpho* more;
 So well thou's done it, equal smart they feel,
 As if thou'd pierc'd their hearts with killing steel.

They thus subdu'd, you in pathetick rhyme,
 A subject undertook that's more sublime,
 By noble thoughts, and words discreetly join'd,
 Thou'lt taught me how I may contentment find.
 And when to *Addie's* fame you touch'd the lyre,
 Thou sang'st like one of the seraphick choir,
 So smoothly flow thy nat'ral rural strains,
 So sweetly too, you've made the mournful swains
 His death lament, what mortal can forbear
 Shedding, like us, upon his tomb a tear.

Go on fam'd bard, thou wonder of our days,
 And crown thy head with never-fading bays;
 While grateful *Britons* do thy lines revere,
 And value, as they ought, their *Virgil* here.

J. BURCHET.

 To the AUTHOR.

AS once I view'd a rural scene,
 With summer's sweets profusely wild;
 Such pleasure sooth'd my giddy sense,
 I ravish'd stood, while nature smil'd.

Straight

Straight I resolv'd and chose a field,
 Where all the spring I might transfer;
 There stood the trees in equal rows,
 Here *Flora's* pride in one parterre.

The task was done, the sweets were fled,
 Each plant had lost its sprightly air,
 As if they grudg'd to be confin'd,
 Or to their will not matched were.

The narrow scene displeas'd my mind,
 Which daily still more homely grew,
 At length I fled the loathed sight,
 And hy'd me to the fields a-new.

Here nature wanton'd in her prime:
 My fancy rang'd the boundless waste:
 Each different sight pleas'd with surprise,
 I welcom'd back the pleasures past.

Thus some who feel *Apollo's* rage,
 Would teach their muse her dress and time,
 'Till hamper'd so with rules of art,
 They smother quite the vital flame.

The daily chime, the same dull tone,
 Their muse no daring sallies grace,
 But stilly held with bit and curb,
 Keeps heavy trot, tho' equal pace.

But who takes nature for his rule,
 Shall by her gen'rous bounty shine;
 His easy muse revels at will,
 And strikes new wonders every line.

Keep then, my friend, your native guide,
 Never distrust her plenteous store,
 Ne'er less propitious will she prove
 Than now; but, if she can, still more.

C. T.

To

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

TOO blindly partial to my native tongue,
Fond of the smoothness of our *English* song;
At first thy numbers did uncouth appear,
And shock'd the affected niceness of the ear,
Thro' prejudice's eye each page I see;
Tho' all were beauties, none were so to me.
Yet sham'd at last, whilst all thy genius own,
To have that genius hid from me alone;
Resolv'd to find, for praise or censure, cause,
Whether to join with all, or all oppose,
Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again:
At length the useful search requites my pain;
My false distaste to instant pleasures turn'd,
As much I envy as before I scorn'd:
And thus the error of my pride to clear,
I sign my honest recantation here.

C. BECKINGHAM.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY, on the Publication of
his Poems.

DEAR *Allan*, who that hears your strains,
Can grudge that you should wear the bays,
When 'tis so long since *Scotia's* plains
Could boast of such melodious lays!

What tho' the criticks, snarling curs!
Cry out, your *Pegasus* wants reins;
Bid them provide themselves of spurs;
Such riders need not fear their brains.

A muse that's healthy, fair and sound,
With noble ardor fearless hastes
O'er hill and dale; but carpet-ground
Was ay for tender-footed beasts.

E'en let the sustain coxcombs chuse.
Their carpet-ground; but the green field

Was held a walk for *Virgil's* muse,
And *Virgil* was an unco' chield !

Your muse, upon her native stock
Subsisting, raises thence a name ;
While they are forc'd to pick the lock
Of other bards, and pilfer fame.

Oft when I read your joyous lines,
So full of pleasant jests and wit,
So blyth and gay the humour shines,
It gives me many a merry fit.

Then when I hear of *Maggy's* charms,
And *Roger* tholing fair disdain,
The bony la's my bosom warms,
And mickle I bemoan the swain.

For who can hear the lad complain,
And not participate and feel
His artless undisssembled pain,
Unless he has a heart of steel.

But *Patie's* wiles and cunning arts
Appease th' imaginary grief,
Declare him well a clown of parts,
And bring the wretched wight relief.

More might be said ; but in a friend
Encomiums seem but dull and flat,
The wise approve, but fools commend,
A *Pope's* authority for that.

Else *certes* 'twere in me unmeet,
To grudge the muse's utmost force,
Or spare in such a cause my feet,
To clinch at least in praise of your's.

JAN ARBUCKLE.

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TO THE C R I T I C.

STAND, Critic, and before ye read,
Say, are ye free of party-sead;
Or of a faul fac scrimp and rude,
To envy every thing that's good?
And if I should (perhaps by chance)
Something that's new and smart advance,
Resolve ye not with scornful snuff,
To say 'tis a' confounded stuff;
If that's the case, fir, spare your spite,
For, faith, 'tis not for you I write:
Gae gie your censure higher scope,
And *Congreve* criticise, or *Pope*;
Young's satires, or *Swift's* merry smile,
These, these are writers worth your while.
On me your talents wad be lost,
And tho' you gain a simple boast;
I want a reader wha deals fair,
And not ae real fault will spare;
Yet with good humour will allow
Me praise, whene'er 'tis justly due:
Blest be sic readers—but the rest
That are with spleen and spite oppress,
May *Bards* arise to gar them look divine
To death, with lays the maist divine,
For sma's the skaith they'll get by mine.

How many, and of various natures,
Are on this globe the crowd of creatures;
In *Mexiconian* forests fly
Thousands that never wing'd our sky:

A

}
'Mangst

2 *The MORNING INTERVIEW.*

'Mangst them there's ane of feathers fair,
 That in the music bears nae skair,
 Only an imitating ranter,
 For whilk he bears the name of taunter ;
 Soon as the sun springs frae the east,
 Upon the branch he cocks his crest,
 Attentive, when frae bough and spray
 The tunefu' throats salute the day :
 The brainless beau attacks them a',
 No ane escapes him great or sma' ;
 Frae some he takes the tone and manner,
 Frae this a bass, frae that tenor,
 Turns love's fast plaint to a dull bustle,
 And sprightly airs to a vile whistle ;
 Still labouring thus to counterfeit,
 He shaws the poorness of his wit.
 Anes, when with echo loud the taunter
 Tret with contempt ilk *native Chanter*,
 Ane of them says we own 'tis true,
 Few praises to our sangs are due ;
 But pray, sir, let's have ane free you.

}
}

The MORNING INTERVIEW.

*Such killing Looks, so thick the Arrows fly,
 That 'tis unsafe to be a Stander-by :
 Poets approaching to describe the Fight,
 Are by their Wounds instructed how to write.*

WALLER, 130.

WHEN silent show'rs refresh the pregnant soil,
 And tender fallats eat with *Tuscan* oil,
 Harmonious music gladdens every grove,
 While bleating lambkins from their parents rove,
 And o'er the plain the anxious mothers stray, 5
 Calling their tender care with hoarser bae.
 Now cheerful *Zephyr* from the western skies
 With easy flight o'er painted meadows flies,
 To kiss his *Flora* with a gentle air,
 Who yields to his embrace, and looks more fair. 10
 When from debauch with sp'rituous juice oppress'd,
 The sons of *Bacchus* stagger home to rest,

With

The MORNING INTERVIEW. 3

With tatted wigs, foul shoes, and uncock'd hats,
And all bedaub'd with snuff their loose cravats.
The sun began to sip the morning dew, 15
As *Damon* from his restless pillow flew.

Him late from *Celia*'s cheek a patch did wound,
A patch high seated on the blushing round.
His painful thoughts all night forbid him rest,
And he employ'd that night as one oppress'd; 20
Musing revenge, and how to countermine
The strongest force, and ev'ry deep design
Of patches, fans, of necklaces and rings,
Ev'n music's pow'r, when *Celia* plays or sings.

Fatigu'd with running errands all the day, 25
Happy in want of thought his valet lay,
Recruiting strength with sleep—His master calls,
He starts with lock'd-up eyes, and beats the walls.
A second thunder rouses up the sot,
He yawns and murmurs, curses thro' his throat: 30
Stockings awry, and breeches-knees unlic'd,
And buttons do mistake their holes for haste.
His master raves,—cries, *Roger*, make dispatch,
Time flies apace. He frown'd, and look'd his watch:
Haste, do my wig, ty't with the careless knots, 35
And run to *Civet*'s, let him fill my box.
Go to my laundress, see what makes her stay,
And call a coach and barber in your way.

Thus orders jussle orders in a throng:
Roger with laden mem'ry trots along. 40
His errands done; with brushes next he must
Renew his toil amidst perfuming dust;
The yielding comb he leads with artful care,
Through crook'd meanders of the flaxen hair:
E'er this perform'd he's almost choak'd to death, 45
The air is thicken'd, and he pants for breath.
The trav'ler thus in the *Numidian* plains,
A conflict with the driving sands sustains.

Two hours are past, and *Damon* is equipt,
Pensive he stalks, and meditates the fight: 50

4 *The MORNING INTERVIEW.*

Arm'd *cap-a-pee*, in dress ~~in~~ a killing beau,
 Thrice view'd his glafs, and thrice resolv'd to go,
 Flush'd full of hope to overcome his foe.
 His early pray'rs were all to *Paphos* sent,
 That *Jove's* sea-daughter wou'd give her consent : 55
 Cry'd, *Send thy little son unto my aid.*
 Then took his hat, tript out, and no more said.

What lofty thoughts do sometimes push a man
 Beyond the verge of his own native span !
 Keep low thy thoughts, frail clay, nor boast thy pow'r 60
 Fate will be fate : And since there's nothing sure,
 Vex not thyself too much, but catch th' auspicious hour.

The tow'ring lark had thrice his mattins sung,
 And thrice were bells for pious service rung.
 In plaids wrap'd up, prudes throng the sacred dome, 65
 And leave the spacious petticoat at home :
 While softest dreams seal'd up fair *Celia's* eyes,
 She dreams of *Damon*, and forgets to rise.
 A sportive *Sylph* contrives the subtle snare.
Sylphs know the charming baits which catch the fair ; 70
 She shews him handsome, brawny, rich and young,
 With snuff box, cane, and sword-knot finely hung,
 Well skill'd in airs of dangle, tofs and rap,
 Those graces which the tender hearts entrap.

Where *Aulus* oft makes law for justice pass, 75
 And *CHARLES's* statue stands in lasting brass,
 Amidst a lofty square which strikes the sight,
 With spacious fabrics of stupendous height ;
 Whose sublime roofs in clouds advance so high,
 They seem the watch-tow'rs of the nether sky ; 80
 Where once alas ! where once the three estates
 Of *Scotland's* parliament held free debates :
 Here *Celia* dwelt, and here did *Damon* move,
 Press'd by his rigid fate, and raging love.

To her apartment straight the daring swain 85
 Approach'd, and softly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain.
 The nymph new wak'd starts from the lazy down,
 And rolls her gentle limbs in morning-gown :
 But half awake she judges it must be
Frankalia come to take her morning-tea ; 90

Cries,

Cries, welcome, cousin. But she soon began
 To change her visage when she saw a man :
 Her unfix'd eyes with various turnings range,
 And pale surprize to modest red exchange :
 Doubtful 'twixt modesty and love she stands, 95
 Then ask'd the bold impertinent's demands.
 Her strokes are doubled, and the youth now found
 His pains increase, and open ev'ry wound.
 Who can describe the charms of loose attire?
 Who can resist the flames with which they fire ? 100
 Ah, barbarous maid ! he cries, sure native charms
 Are too too much : Why then such store of arms ?
 Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneasy pains,
 Caus'd by a wound from you, and want revenge ;
 A borrow'd pow'r was posited on a charm : 105
 A patch, damn'd patch ! can patches work such harm ?

He said ; then threw a bomb, lay hid within
 Love's mortar-piece, the dimple of his chin :
 It miss'd for once, she lifted up her head,
 And blush'd a smile, that almost struck him dead, 110
 Then cunningly retir'd, but he pursu'd
 Near to the toilet, where the war renew'd.
 Thus the great *Fabius* often gain'd the day
 O'er *Hannibal*, by frequent giving way :
 So warlike *Bruce* and *Wallace* sometimes deign'd 115
 To seem defeat, yet certain conquest gain'd.

Thus was he led in midst of *Celia's* room,
 Speechless he stood, and waited for his doom :
 Words were but vain, he scarce could use his breath,
 As round he view'd the implements of death. 120
 Her dreadful arms in careless heaps were laid
 In gay disorder round her tumbled bed :
 He often to the soft retreat would stare,
 Still wishing he might give the battle there.
 Stunn'd with the thought, his wand'ring looks did stray }
 To where lac'd shoes and her silk stockings lay, }
 And garters which are never seen by day. }
 His dazl'd eyes almost deserted light ;
 No man before had ever got the sight,
 A lady's garters, earth ! their very name, 130
 Tho' yet unseen, sets all the soul on flame.

6 The MORNING INTERVIEW.

The royal *Ned* knew well their mighty charms,
 Else he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the *English* arms.
 Let barb'rous honours crown the sword and lance,
 Thou next their King does *British* knights advance,
 O GARTER ! *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

O who can all these hidden turns relate,
 That do attend on a rash lover's fate !
 In deep distress the youth turn'd up his eyes,
 As if to ask assistance from the skies. 140
 The petticoat was hanging on a pin,
 Which the unlucky swain star'd up within :
 His curious eyes too daringly did rove,
 Around this oval conic vault of love :
 Himself alone can tell the pain he found, 145
 While his wild sight survey'd forbidden ground.
 He view'd the ten-fold fence, and gave a groan ;
 His trembling limbs bespoke his courage gone :
 Stupid and pale he stood, like statue dumb,
 The amber snuff dropt from his careless thumb. 150
 Be silent here, my Muse, and shun a plea
 May rise betwixt old *Bickerstaff* and me ;
 For none may touch a petticoat but he.

Damon thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying tone,
Assist, ye pow'rs of love, else I am gone. 155
 The ardent pray'r soon reach'd the *Cyprian* grove,
 Heard and accepted by the queen of love.
 Fate was propitious too, her son was by,
 Who 'midst his dread artillery did lie
 Of *Flanders* lace, and straps of curious dye. 160
 On *India* muslin shades the God did loll,
 His head reclin'd upon a tinsy roll.

The mother Goddess thus her son bespoke,
 ' Thou must, my boy, assume the shape of *Shock*,
 ' And leap to *Celia's* lap ; whence thou may slip 165
 ' Thy paw up to her breast, and reach her lip :
 ' Strike deep thy charms, thy pow'ful art display,
 ' To make young *Damon* conqueror to day.

132. The Royal Ned.) Edward III. King of England, who established the most honourable Order of the Garter.

' Thou

The MORNING INTERVIEW. 7

- Thou need not blush to change thy shape, since *Jove*
- Try'd most of brutal forms to gain his love; 170
- Who that he might his loud *Saturnia* gull,
- For fair *Europa*'s sake inform'd a bull.'

She spoke—Not quicker does the lamp of day
 Dart on the mountain tops a gilded ray,
 Swifter than light'ning flies before the clap, 175
 From *Cyprus* isle he reached *Celia*'s lap :
 Now fawns, now wags his tail, and licks her arm ;
 She hugs him to her breast, nor dreads the harm.
 So in *Ascanius*' shape, the God unseen
 Of old deceiv'd the *Carthaginian* queen. 180

So now the subtle pow'r his time espies,
 And threw two barbed darts in *Celia*'s eyes :
 Many were broke before he cou'd succeed ;
 But that of gold flew whizzing through her head :
 These were his last reserve.—When others fail, 185
 Then the resulgent metal must prevail.

Pleasure produc'd by money now appears,
 Coaches and six run rattling in her ears.
 O liv'ry-men ! attendants ! household-plate !
 Court-posts and visits ! pompous air and state ! 190
 How can your splendor easy access find,
 And gently captivate the fair one's mind ?
 Success attends, *Cupid* has play'd his part,
 And sunk the pow'rful venom to her heart.
 She cou'd no more, she's catch'd in the snare, 195
 Sighing she fainted in her easy chair.

No more the sanguine streams in blushes glow,
 But to support the heart all inward flow,
 Leaving the cheek as cold and white as snow. }
 Thus *Celia* fell, or rather thus did rise : 200
 Thus *Damon* made, or else was made a prize ;
 For both were conquerors, and both did yield,
 First she, now he, is master of the field.

Now he resumes fresh life, abandons fear,
 Jumps to his limbs, and does more gay appear. 205
 Not gaming heir when his rich parent dies,
 Not zealot reading *Hackney*'s party-lies,

Not

8 *The MORNING INTERVIEW.*

Not soft fifteen on her feet-wasbing night,
 Not poet when his muse sublimcs her flight,
 Not an old maid for some young beauty's fall, 210
 Not the long tending *Stibler* at his call,
 Not husbandman in drought when rain descends,
 Not mis when *Limberham* his purse extends,
 E'er knew such raptures as this joyful swain,
 When yielding, dying *Celia* calm'd his pain. 215
 The rapid joys now in such torrents roul,
 That scarce his organs can retain his soul.

Victor he's gen'rous, courts the fair's esteem,
 And takes a bason fill'd with limpid stream,
 Then from his fingers form'd an artful rain, 220 }
 Which rouz'd the dormant spirits of her brain,
 And made the purple channels flow again. }
 She lives, he sings; she smiles, and looks more tame:
 Now peace and friendship is the only theme.

The muse owns freely here she does not know 225 }
 If language pass'd between the *Belle* and *Beau*, }
 Or if in courtship such use words or no.
 But, sure it is, there was a parley beat,
 And mutual love finish'd the proud debate.
 Then to complete the peace and seal the bliss, 230
 He for a diamond ring receiv'd a kiss
 Of her soft hand.—Next the aspiring youth,
 With eager transports press'd her glowing mouth.
 So by degrees the eagles teach their young
 To mount on high and stare upon the sun. 235

A sumptuous entertainment crowns the war,
 And all rich requisites are brought from far.
 The table boasts its being from *Japan*,
 Th' ingenious work of some great artisan.
China, where potters coarsest mould refine, 240
 That rays through the transparent vessels shine;

211. *Stibler*.) A probationer.

213. *Limberham*.) A kind keeper.

227. *Use Words*.) It being alledged that the eloquence of
 this species lies in the elegance of dress.

The costly plates and dishes are from thence,
 And *Amazonia* must her sweets dispense;
 To her warm banks our vessels cut the main,
 For the sweet product of her luscious cane. 245
 Here *Scotia* does no costly tribute bring,
 Only some kettles full of *Todian* spring.

Where *Indus* and the double *Ganges* flow,
 On odorif'rous plains the leaves do grow,
 Chief of the treat, a plant the boast of fame, 250
 Sometimes call'd *Green*, *Bohea*'s its greater name.

O happiest of herbs! Who would not be
 Pythagoriz'd into the form of thee,
 And with high transports act the part of *Tea*!
 Kisses on thee the haughty *Belles* bestow, 255
 While in thy steams their coral lips do glow;
 Thy virtues and thy flavour they commend,
 While men, even *Beaux*, with parched lips attend.

EPILOGUE.

THE curtain's drawn: now gen'rous reader say,
 Have ye not read worse numbers in a play? 260
 Sure here is plot, place, character and time,
 All smoothly wrought in good firm British rhyme.
 I own 'tis but a sample of my lays,
 Which asks the civil sanction of your praise.
 Bestow't with freedom, let your praise be ample, 265
 And I myself will show you good example.
 Keep up your face, altho' dull Critics squint,
 And cry, with empty nod, There's nothing in't:
 They only mean there's nothing they can use;
 Because they find most where there's most refuse. 270

243. *Amazonia*.) A famous river in South America, whence we have our sugar.

247. *Todian* spring.) Tod's well, which supplies the city with water.

10 Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON.

Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON, *who died anno 1711.*

AULD Reeky, mourn in sable hue,
Let south of tears dreepe like *May* dew,
To braw tippony bid adieu,

Which we with greed
Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,
But ah! she's dead. 6

To tell the truth now *Maggy* dang,
Of customers she had a bang;
For lairds and souters a' did gang

To drink bedeen,
The barn and yard was aft sae thrang,
We took the green. 12

And there by dizens we lay down,
Syne sweetly ca'd the healths arown,
To bonny lasses black or brown,

As we loo'd best;
In bumpers we dull cares did drown,
And took our rest. 18

When in our poutch we fand some clinks,
And took a turn o'er *Bruntsfield-Links*,
Aften in *Maggy's* at Hy-jinks,

We guzl'd Scuds

We

Maggy Johnston lived about a mile southward of *Edinburgh*, kept a little farm, and had a particular art of brewing a small sort of ale agreeable to the taste, very white, clear and intoxicating, which made people, who loved to have a good penny-worth for their money, be her frequent customers. And many others of every station, sometimes for diversion, thought it no affront to be seen in barn or yard.

1. Auld Reeky.) A name the country people give *Edinburgh* from the cloud of smoak or reek that is always impending over it.

3. To braw tippony.) She sold the Scots pint, which is near two quarts English, for two-pence.

7. *Maggy dang*.) He dings, or dang, is a phrase which means to excel or get the better.

20.) *Bruntsfield-Links*.) Fields between *Edinburgh* and *Maggy's* where the citizens commonly play at the Gowff.

21. Hy-jinks.) A drunken game, or new project to drink and be rich; thus, the quess or cup is filled to the brim, then one of the

Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON. 11

'Till we cou'd scarce wi hale out drinks
Cast aff our duds. 24

We drank and drew, and fill'd again,
O wow but we were blyth and fain !
When ony had their count mistain,
O it was nice,
To hear us a' cry, pike ye'r bain
And spell ye'r dice. 30

Fou clos we us'd to drink and rant,
Until we did baith glow'r and gaunt,
And pish and spew, and yesk and maunt,
Right swash I true ;
Then of auld stories we did cant
Whan we were fou. 36

Whan we were weary'd at the gowff,
Then *Maggy Johnston's* was our howff ;
Now a' our gamesters may sit dowff,
Wi' hearts like lead,
Death wi' his rung rax'd her a yowff,
And sae she died. 42

the company takes a pair of dice, and after crying Hy-jinks, he throws them out : the number he casts up points out the person must drink, he wh othrow, beginning at himself number one, and so round till the number of the person agree with that of the dice, (which may fall upon himself if the number be within twelve ;) then he sets the dice to him, or bids him take them : he on whom they fall is obliged to drink, or pay a small forfeiture in money ; then throws, and so on : but if he forgets to cry Hy-jinks he pays a forfeiture into the bank. Now he on whom it falls to drink, if there be any thing in bank worth drawing, gets it all if he drinks. Then with a great deal of caution he empties his cup, sweeps up the money, and orders the cup to be filled again, and then throws ; for if he err in the articles, he loses the privilege of drawing the money. The articles are, (1) Drink, (2) Draw, (3) Fill, (4) Cry Hy-jinks, (5) Count just, (6) Chuse your doublet, man, viz. when two equal numbers of the dice is thrown, the person whom you chuse must pay a double of the common forfeiture, and must you when the dice is in his hand. A rare project this, and no bubble I can assure you ; for a covetous fellow may save money, and get himself as drunk as he can desire in less than an hour's time.

29. Pike ye'r Bain,) Is a cant phrase, when one leaves a little in the cup, he is advised to pike his bone, i. e. drink it clean out.

41. Rax'd her a yowff.) Reach'd her a blow.

Maun

12 Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON.

Maun we be forc'd thy skill to tine?
For which we will right fair repine;
Or hast thou left to bairns of thine

The pauky knack
Of brewing ale amais't like wine?
That gar'd us crack.

48

Sae brawly did a pease-scon toast
Biz i' the queff, and flie the frost;
There we gat fou wi' little cost,
And muckle speed,
Now wae worth death, our sports a' lost,
Since Maggy's dead.

54

Ae simmer night I was sae fou,
Amang the riggs I geed to spew;
Syn'e down on a green baw, I trow
I took a nap,
And foucht a' night balillilow,
As sound's a tap.

60

And whan the dawn begoud to glow,
I hirsl'd up my dizzy pow,
Frae 'mang the corn like wirricow,
Wi' bains sae fair,
And ken'd nae mair than if a ew
How I came there.

66

Some said it was the pith of broom
That she stow'd in her masking-loom,
Which in our heads rais'd sic a foom,
Or some wild seed,
Which aft the chaping stoup did toom,
But fill'd our head.

72

But now since 'tis sae that we must
Not in the best ale put our trust,

50. Flie the frost.) Or fright the frost or coldness out of it.

55. Ae simmer night. &c.) The two following stanzas are a true narrative.

On that slid place where I 'maist brake my bains,
To be a warning I set up twa stains,
That nane may venture there as I have done,
Unless wi' frosted nails he clink'd his shoon.

But

But whan we're auld return to dust,
 Without remead,
 Why shou'd we tak it in disgust
 That *Maggy's* dead.

78

Of warldly comforts she was rife,
 And liv'd a lang and hearty life,
 Right free of care, or toil, or strife,
 'Till she was stale,
 And ken'd to be a kanny wife
 At brewing ale.

84

Then farewell, *Maggy*, dounce and fell,
 Of Brewers a' thou boor the bell;
 Let a' thy gossies yelp and yell,
 And without feed,
 Guess whether ye're in heav'n or hell,
 They're sure ye're dead.

90

E P I T A P H.

O Rare MAGGY JOHNSTON.

Elegy on JOHN COWPER, *Kirk-Treasurer's Man*,
 anno 1714.

I Wairn ye a' to greet and drone,
John Cowper's dead, Ohon! Ohon!
 To fill his post alake there's none,
 That with sic speed

'Tis necessary for the illustration of this Elegy to strangers, to let them a little into the history of the Kirk-Treasurer and his man; the treasurer is chosen every year, a citizen respected for riches and honesty; he is vested with an absolute power to seize and imprison the girls that are too impatient to have on their green gown before it be hem'd; them he strictly examines, but no liberty to be granted till a fair account be given of these persons they have obliged. It must be so: a list is frequently given sometimes of a dozen or thereby of married or unmarried unfair traders whom they secretly assisted in running their goods; these his lordship makes pay to some purpose according to their ability, for the use of the poor: if the lads be obstreperous, the Kirk-Sessions, and worst of all, the stool of repentance is threatened; a punishment which few of any spirit can bear.

The treasurer being changed every year, never comes to be

14 Elegy on JOHN COWPER.

Cou'd sa'r sculdudry out like *John*,
But now he's dead. 6

He was right nacky in his way,
And eydent baith be night and day,
He wi' the lads his part cou'd play,
When right fair ficed,
He gart them good bill-filler pay,
But now he's dead. 12

Of whore-hunting he gat his fill,
And made be't mony pint and gill:
Of his braw poss he thought nae ill,
Nor did nae need,
Now they may mak a kirk and mill
O't, since he's dead. 18

Altho' he was nae man of weir,
Yet mony a anc, wi quaking fear,
Durst scarce afore his face appear,
But hide their head;
The wylie carle he gather'd gear,
And yet he's dead. 24

Ay now to some part far awa,
Alas he's gane and left it a'!
May be to some sad whilliwaha
O' fremit blood,
'Tis an ill wind that dis na blaw
Some body good. 30

Fy upon death, he was to blame
To whirle poor *John* to his lang hame:

perfectly acquainted with the affair; but their general servant continuing for a long time, is more expert at discovering such persons, and the places of their resort, which makes him capable to do himself and customers both a good or ill turn. John Cowper maintained this post with activity and good success for several years.

5. Sa'r sculdudry.) In allusion to a scent-dog, Sa'r from Saviour or Smell, Sculdudry a name commonly given to whoring.

11. Bill-filler.) Bull-silver.

She saw the Cow well serv'd, and took a Groat. GAY.

27. Whilliwaha o' fremit blood.) Whilliwaha is a kind of an insinuating deceitful fellow, Fremit blood, not a-kin, because he had then no legitimate heirs of his own body.

But

Elegy on JOHN COWPER.

15

But tho' his art be cauld, yet fame,
Wi' tout of trumpet,
Shall tell how *Cowper's* awfoul name
Cou'd flie a strumpet.

36

He ken'd the bawds and louns fou well,
And where they us'd to rant and reel,
He paukily on them cou'd steal,
And spoil their sport;
Aft did they with the muckle de'el
Might take him for't.

42

But ne'er a ane of them he spar'd,
E'en tho' there was a drunken laird
To draw his sword, and make a faird
In their defence,
John quietly put them in the guard
To learn mair sense.

48

There maun they ly till sober grown,
The lad neist day his fault maun own;
And to keep a' things hush and low'n,
He minds the poor,
Syne after a' his ready's shown,
He damns the whore.

54

And she, poor jade, withoutten din,
Is sent to *Leith-wynd-fit* to spin,
With heavy heart and cleathing thin,
And hungry wame,
And ilky a month a well paid skin,
To mak her tame.

60

But now they may scoure up and down,
And safely gang their wakes arown,
Spreading their claps throw a' the town,
But fear or dread;
For that great kow to bawd and lown,
John Cowper's dead.

66

Shame saw ye'r chandler chafts, O death,

45. Make a faird.) A bustle like a bully.

52. He minds the poor.) Pays hush money to the treasurer.

56. *Leith-wynd-fit*.) The house of correction at the foot of
Leith-wynd, such as *Bridewell* in London.

67. Chandler chafts.) Lean or meager checked, when the bones

For stapping of *John Cowper's* breath;
The loss of him his public skaith:

I dare well say,
To quat the grip he was right laith
This mony a day.

72

P O S T S C R I P T.

O F umquhile *John* to lie or bann,
Shaws but ill will, and looks right shan,
But some tell odd tales of the man,
For fifty head
Can gi'e their aith they've seen him gawn
Since he was dead,

78

Keek but up throw the *Stinking stile*,
On *Sunday* morning a wee while,
At the kirk-door out frae an isle,
It will appear;
But tak good tent ye dinna file
Ye'r breeks for fear.

84

For well we wat it is his ghaist,
Wow, wad some fouk that can do't best
Speak till't, and hear what it confest;
'Tis a good deed
To send a wand'ring saul to rest
Among the dead.

90

Elegy on LUCKY WOOD in the Canongate, May 1717.

O Cannigate! poor clritch hole,
What loss, what crosses does thou thole!

appear like the sides or corners of a candlestick, which in Scots we call a chandler.

77. Seen him gawn.) The common people when they tell their tales of ghosts appearing, they say, he has been seen gawn or stalking.

79. Stinking stile.) Opposite to this place is the door of the church which he attends, being a beadle.

86. Wow, wad some fouk that can do't best) 'Tis another vulgar notion, that a ghost will not be laid to rest, till some priest speak to it, and get account what disturbs it.

Lucky Wood kept an ale-house in the Canongate, was much respected for hospitality, honesty, and the neatness both of her person and house.

Elegy on LUCKY WOOD.

17

London and death gars thee look drole,
And hing thy head;
Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld coal
To blaw indeed.

6

Hear me ye hills, and every glen,
Ilk craig, ilk cleugh, and hollow den,
And echo shrill, that a' may ken

The waefou thud
Be rackless death, wha came unsenn
To *Lucky Wood*.

12

She's dead o'er true, she's dead and gane,
Left us and *Willie* burd alane,
To bleer and greet, to sob and mane,
And rugg our hair,
Because we'll ne'er see her again
For evermair.

18

She gae'd as fait as a new prin,
And kept her housie snod and been;
Her peuther glanc'd upo' your een
Like filler plate;
She was a donsie wife and clean,
Without debate.

24

It did ane good to see her stools,
Her boord, fire-side, and facing tools;
Rax, chandlers, tangs, and fire-shools,
Basket wi' bread.
Poor facers now may chew pea-hools,
Since *Lucky's* dead.

30

3. London and death.) The place of her residence being the greatest sufferer, by the loss of our members of parliament, which London now enjoys, many of them having their houses there, being the suburb of Edinburgh nearest the king's palace; this with the death of *Lucky Wood* are sufficient to make the place ruinous.

11. Came unsenn,] or unsent for; there's nothing extraordinary in this, it being his common custom, except in some few instances of late since the falling of the bubbles.

14. *Willie*.) Her Husband *William Wood*.

26. Facing tools.) Stoups (or pots) and cups, so called from the Facers. See l. 29.

29. Poor facers.) The facers were a club of fair drinkers who

18 Elegy on LUCKY WOOD.

She ne'er gae in a lawin fause,
Nor stoups a froath aboon the haufe,
Nor kept dow'd tip within her waws,
But reaming swats;
She ne'er ran sour jute, because
It gee's the batts.

36

She had the gate sae well to please,
With gratis beef, dry fish, or cheese;
Which kept our purses ay at ease,
And health in tift,
And lent her fresh nine gallon trees
A hearty lift.

42

She ga'e us aft hail legs o' lamb,
And did nae hain her mutton ham;
Than ay at Yule, when e'er we came,
A bra' goose pye,
And was na that good belly baum?
Nane dare deny.

48

The writer lads fow well may mind her,
Furthy was she, her luck design'd her
Their common mither, sure nane kinder
Ever brake bread;
She has na left her make behind her,
But now she's dead.

54

To the sma' hours we aft sat still,
Nick'd round our toasts and snishing mill;
Good cakes we wanted ne'er at will,
The best of bread,
Which aften cost us mony a gill
To Aikenhead.

60

inclined rather to spend a shilling on ale than two pence for meat; they had their name from a rule which they observed of obliging themselves to throw all they left in the cup in their own faces; wherefore to save their face and cloaths, they prudently suck'd the liquor clean out.

31. She ne'er gae in, &c.) All this verse is a fine picture of an an honest ale-seller; a Rarity.

60. To Aikenhead) The nether-bow porter, to whom Lucky's customers were often obliged for opening the port for them, when they staid out 'till the small hours after midnight.

Cou'd

Cou'd our saut tears like *Clyde* down rin,
And had we cheeks like *Corra's* lin,
That a' the warld might hear the din
Rair frae ilk head;
She was the wale of a' her kin,
But now she's dead. 66

O *Lucky Wood*, 'tis hard to bear
The loss; but oh! we maun forbear:
Yet fall thy memory be dear
While blooms a tree,
And after ages bairns will speir
'Bout thee and me.

E P I T A P H.

Beneath this sod
Lies *Lucky Wood*,
Whom a' men might put faith in;
Wha was na sweet,
While she wuin'd here,
To cramm our wames for naithing.

LUCKY SPENCE's last Advice.

THREE times the carline grain'd and risted,
Then frae the cod her pow she lified,
In barwdy policy well gisted,
When she now saun,
That death nae langer wad be shified,
She thus began: 6

MY loving lasses, I maun leave ye,
But dinna wi' your greeting grieve me,
Nor wi' your draunts and droning deave me.
But bring's a gill;

62. Like *Corra's* lin.) A very high precipice nigh *Lanerk*,
over which the river of *Clyde* falls, making a great noise, which
is heard some miles off.

Lucky Spence, a famous bawd who flourished for several years
about the beginning of the eighteenth century; she had her lodg-
ings near *Holyrood-house*; she made many a benefit-night to her-
self, by putting a trade in the hands of young lasses that had a
little pertness, strong passions, abundance of laziness, and no fore-
thought.

20 LUCKY SPENCE's last Advice.

For faith, my bairns, ye may believe me,
'Tis 'gainst my will.

12

O black-ey'd *Bess* and mim-mou'd *Meg*,
O'er good to work or yet to beg;
Lay sunkots up for a fair leg,
For when ye fail,
Ye'r face will not be worth a feg,
Nor yet ye'r tail.

18

Whan e'er ye meet a fool that'a fow,
That ye're a maiden gar him trow,
Seem nice, but stick to him like glew;
And whan set down,
Drive at the Jango till he spew,
Syn he'll sleep soun.

24

Whan he's asleep, then dive and catch
His ready cash, his rings or watch;
And gin he likes to light his match
At your spunk-box,
Ne'er stand to let the fumbling wretch
E'en take the pox.

30

Cleek a' ye can be hook or crook,
Ryp ilky poutch frae nook to nook;
Be sure to truff his pocket-book,
Saxty pounds *Scots*
Is nae deaf nits: in little bouk
Lie great bank notes.

36

To get amends of whindging fools,
That's frightened for repenting-stools,
Wha often, whan their metal cools,
Turn sweer to pay.

13. Mim-mou'd.) Expresses an affected modesty, by a preciseness about the mouth.

27. Light his match, &c.) I could give a large annotation on this sentence, but do not incline to explain every thing, lest I disoblige future critics, by leaving them nothing to do.

35. Is nae deaf nits,) or empty nuts; this is a negative manner of saying a thing is substantial.

37. To get amends.) To be revenged; of whindging fools, fellows who wear the wrong side of their faces, outmost, pretenders to sanctity, who love to be smuggling in a corner.

Gar

Gar the kirk-boxie hale the dools
Anither day. 42

But dawt red coats, and let them scoup,
Free for the fou of cutty stoup;
To gee them up, ye need na hope
E'er to do well:
They'll rive ye'r brats and kick your doup,
And play the deel. 48

There's ae fair cross attends the craft,
That curst correction-house, where aft
Vild hangy's taz ye'r riggings fast
Makes black and blae,
Enough to pit a body daft;
But what'll ye say. 54

Nane gathers gear withouten care,
Ilk pleasure has of pain a skare;
Suppose then they should tirl ye bare,
And gar ye fike,
E'en learn to thole; 'tis very fair
Ye're nibour like. 60

Forby, my looves, count upo' losses,
Ye'r milk-white teeth and cheeks like roses,
Whan jet-black hair and brigs of noses
Faw down wi' dads
To keep your hearts up 'neath sic crosses,
Set up for bawds. 66

Wi' well-crish'd loofs I hae been canty,
Whan e'er the lads wad fain ha'e faun t'ye;
To try the auld game *Taunty Raunty*.
Like coosers keen,
They took advice of me your aunty,
If ye were clean. 72

40. Gar the kirk-boxie hale the dools.) Delate them to the kirk-treasurer. Hale the dools is a phrase used at foot-ball, where the party that gains the goal or dool is said to hail it or win the game, and so draws the stake.

44. Cutty stoup.) Little pot, i. e. a gill of brandy.

51. Hangy's taz.) If they perform not the task assigned them, they are whipt by the hangman.

54. But what'll ye say.) The emphasis of this phrase, like many others, cannot be understood but by a native.

Then

Then up I took my filler ca'
 And whistl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa;
 Roun'd in his lug, that there was a
 Poor country Kate,
 As halsfom as the wall of *Spanw*,
 But unka blate.

78

Sae whan e'er company came in,
 And were upo' a merry pin,
 I flade away wi' little din,
 And muckle mense,
 Left conscience judge, it was a' ane
 To *Lucky Spence*.

84

My Bennifon come on good doers,
 Who spend their cash on bawds and whores;
 May they ne'er want the wale of cures
 For a fair snout:
 Foul fa' the quacks wha that fire smoores,
 And puts nae out.

90

My malifon light ilka day
 On them that drink and dinna pay,
 But tak a snack and rin away;
 May't be their hap
 Never to want a *Gonorrhoea*,
 Or rotten clap.

96

Lafs gi'e us in anither gill,
 A mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill;
 Let death syne registrate his bill
 Whan I want sense,
 I'll slip away with better will,
 Quo' *Lucky Spence*.

102

74. And whistled benn.) But and Benn signify different ends or rooms of a house; to gang But and Benn is to go from one end of the house to the other.

75. Roun'd in his lug.) Whisper'd in his ear.

83. Left conscience judge.) It was her usual way of vindicating herself to tell ye, When company came to her house, cou'd she be so uncivil as to turn them out? If they did any bad thing, said she, between GOD and their conscience be't.

88. Fire smoores.) Such quacks as bind up the external symptoms of the pox, and drive it inward to the strong holds, whence it is not so easily expelled.

The Life and Acts of, or, an Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE,

*The famous fiddler of Kinghorn;
 Who gart the lieges garwiff and girn ay,
 Aft' till the cock proclaim'd the morn:
 Tho' baith his *weeds and mirth were pirny,
 He roos'd these things were langest worn,
 The brown ale was his kirn ay,
 And faithfully he toom'd his horn.*

And then besides his valiant acts,
 At bridals he wan mony placks.

HAB. SIMPSON.

IN sonnet flee the man I sing,
 His rare engine in rhyme shall ring,
 Wha slaid the stick out o'er the string
 With sic an art;
 Wha sang sae sweetly to the spring,
 And rais'd the heart.

6

Kinghorn may rue the ruefou day
 That lighted *Patie* to his clay,
 Wha gart the hearty billies stay,
 And spend their cash,
 To see his snowt, to hear him play,
 And gab sae gash.

12

When strangers landed, wow sae thrang
 Fuffin and peghing he wa'd gang,
 And crave their pardon that sae lang
 He'd been a coming;
 Syne his bread-winner out he'd bang,
 And fa' to bumming.

18

* Weeds and mirth were pirny.) When a piece of stuff is wrought unequally, part coarse and part fine, of yarn of different colours, we call it pirny, from the pirn, or little hollow reed which holds the yarn in the shuttle.

13. When strangers landed.) It was his custom to watch when strangers went into a public house, and attend them, pretending they had sent for him, and that he could not get away sooner from other company.

Your

Your honour's father dead and gane,
For him he first wa'd make his mane,
But soon his face cou'd make ye fain,

When he did fough,
O wiltu, wiltu do's again!
And grain'd and leugh.

24

This sang he made frae his ain head,
And eke *the auld man's mare she's dead,*
Tho' peets and turfs and a's to lead,

O fy upon her!
A bonny auld thing this indeed,
An't like ye'r honour.

30

After ilk tune he took a sowp,
And bann'd wi' birr the corky cowp,
That to the papists country scowp,
To lear ha, ha's,
Frac chiels that sing hap, flap and lowp,
Wantin the B——s.

36

That beardless capons are na men,
We by their fozie springs might ken;
But ours, he said, cou'd vigour len'
To men o' weir,
And gar them stout to battle sten'
Withoutten fear.

42

How first he practis'd, ye shall hear,
The harn-pan of an umquibie mare,

19. Your honour's father.) It was his first compliment to one (tho' he had perhaps never seen him, nor any of his predecessors) that well he kend his honour's father, and been merry with him, and an excellent good-fellow he was.

21. Soon his face cou'd make ye fain.) Shewing a very particular comicalness in his looks and gestures, laughing and groaning at the same time; he plays, sings, and breaks in with some queer tale twice or thrice e'er he get through the tune. His beard is no small addition to the diversion.

23. O Wiltu.) The name of a tune he play'd upon all occasions.

25. This sang he made.) He boasted of being poet as well as musician.

31. Bann'd wi' birr the corky cowp, &c.) Curs'd strongly the light-headed fellows who run to Italy to learn soft music,

He

Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE.

25

He strung, and strak sounds fast and clear,
 Out o' the pow,
 Which fir'd his faul, and gart his ear
 With gladness glow.

48

Sae some auld-gabbet poets tell,
Jove's nimble son and leckie snell
 Made the first fiddle of a shell,

On which *Apollo*,
 With meikle pleasure play'd himsel
 Baith jig and solo.

54

O *Johnny Stocks*, what's come o' thee
 I'm sure thou'lt break thy heart and die ;
 Thy *Birnie* gane, thou'lt never be
 Nor blyth nor able
 To shake thy short houghs merrily
 Upon a table.

60

How pleasant was't to see thee diddle,
 And dance sae finely to his fiddle,
 With nose forgainst a lass's middle,
 And briskly brag,
 With cutty steps to ding their striddle,
 And gar them fag.

66

He catch'd a crishy webster loun
 At runklung o' his deary's gown,
 And wi' a rung came o'er his crown,
 For being there ;
 But starker thrums got *Patie* down
 And knooft him fair.

72

Wae worth the dog, he maist had sell'd him,
 Revengfu' *Pate*, aft green'd to geld him,
 He aw'd a mends, and that he tell'd him,
 And bann'd to do't,
 He took the tid, and fairly sell'd him
 For a recruit.

78

51. 'Tuque testudo, resonare septem
 'Callida nervis.'

HORACE.

55. *Johnny Stocks*) A man of low stature, but very broad, a
 loving friend of his, who used to dance to his music.

26 Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE.

Pate was a carle of canny sense,
And wanted ne'er a right bein spence,
And laid up dollars in defence
'Gainst eild and gout,
Well judg'ing gear in future tense
Cou'd stand for wit. 84

Yet prudent fowk may tak the pet :
Anes thrawart porter wadna let
Him in while latter-meat was hett,
He gaw'd fou fair,
Flang in his fiddle o'er the yett,
Whilk ne'er did mair. 90

But profit may arise frae loss,
Sae *Pate* gat comfort by his cross :
Soon as he wan within the closs,
He doufly drew in
Mair gear frae ilka gentle gofs
Than bought a new ane. 96

When lying bedfast sick and fair,
To parish priest he promis'd fair,
He ne'er wad drink fou ony mair :
But hale and tight,
He prov'd the auld man to a hair,
Strute ilka night. 102

The haly dad with care essays
To wile him frae his wanton ways,
And tell'd him of his promise twice :
Pate answer'd cliver,
' Wha tents what people raving says
' When in a siver.' 108

At *Bothwell Brig* he gade to fight,
But being wise as he was wight,

80. Bein spence.) Good store of provision, the spence being a little apartment for meal, flesh, &c.

86. Anes thrawart porter, &c.) This happened in the duke of Rothes's time; his grace was giving an entertainment, and Patrick being deny'd entry by the servants, he either from a cunning view of the lucky consequence, or in a passion, did what's described.

109. Bothwell brig.) Upon Clyde, where the famous battle was fought.

The last Speech of a wretched Miser.

27

He thought it shaw'd a faul but slight,
Dastly to stand,
And let gun-powder wrang his sight,
Or fiddle-hand.

114

Right pawkily he left the plain,
Nor o'er his shoulder look'd again,
But scour'd o'er moss and moor amain,
To *Rieky* straight,
And tald how mony whigs were slain
Before they faught.

120

Sae I've lamented *Patie's* end ;
But lest your grief o'er far extend,
Come dight your cheeks, ye'r brows unbend,
And lift ye'r head,
For to a' *Britain* be it kend
He is not dead.

126

January 25,
1721.

The last Speech of a wretched Miser.

O Dool ! and am I forc'd to die,
And nae mair my dear filler see,
That glanc'd sae sweetly in my eye !
It breaks my heart ;
My gowd ! my bands ! alackanie !
That we shou'd part.

For you I labour'd night and day,
For you I did my friends betray,
For you on stinking caff I lay,
And blankets thin ;
And for your sake fed mony a flea
Upon my skin.

Like *Tantalus* I lang have stood
Chin-deep into a siller flood ;

fought Anno 1679, for the determination of some kittle points.
But I dare not assert that it was religion carried my heroe to the
field.

28 *The last Speech of a wretched Miser.*

Yet ne'er was able for my blood,
 But pain and strife,
 To ware ae drap on claiths or food,
 To cherish life.

Or like the wiffen'd beardless wights,
 Wha herd the wives of eastern knights,
 Yet ne'er enjoy the fast delights
 Of lasses bony ;
 Thus did I watch lang days and nights
 My lovely money.

Altho' my annual rents cou'd feed
 Thrice forty fowk that stood in need,
 I grudg'd mysell my daily bread :
 And if frae hame,
 My pouch produc'd an ingan head,
 To please my wame.

To keep you cosie in a hoord,
 This hunger I with ease endur'd ;
 And never dought a doit afford
 To ane of skill,
 Wha for a doller might have cur'd
 Me of this ill.

I never wore my claiths with brushing,
 Nor wrung away my farks with washing ;
 Nor ever sat in taverns dashing
 Away my coin,
 To find out wit or mirth by clashing
 O'er dearthfu' wine.

Abiet my pow was bald and bare,
 I wore nae frizzl'd limmer's hair,
 Which takes of flower to keep it fair
 Frae reeasting free,
 As meikle as wad dine and mair
 The like of me.

Nor kept I servants, tales to tell,
 But toom'd my coodies a' my sell ;
 To hane in candle I had a spell
 Baith cheap and bright,
 A fish-head, when it 'gins to smell,
 Gives curious light.

What

What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,
To save and starve, to cheat and lie,
To live a beggar, and to die

Sae rich in coin?
That's mair than can be gi'en by me,
Tho' Belzie join.

Some said my looks were groff and sower,
Fretfu', drumbly, dull and dower:
I own it was na in my power,

My fears to ding;
Wherefore I never cou'd endure
To laugh or sing.

I ever hated bookish reading,
And musical or dancing breeding,
And what's in either face or cleading,
Of painted things;
I thought nae pictures worth the heeding,
Except the king's.

Now of a' them the eard e'er bure,
I never rhimers cou'd endure,
They're sic a sneering pack, and poor,
I hate to ken 'em;
For 'gainst us thrifty fauls they're sure
To spit their venom.

But waster wives, the warst of a',
Without a yeuk they gar ane claw,
When wickedly they bid us draw
Our filler spungs,
For this and that, to make them braw,
And lay their tongues.

Some loo the courts, some loo the kirks,
Some loo to keep their skins frae lirks,
Some loo to woo beneath the birks
Their lemans bony;
For me, I took them a' for lirks
That loo'd na money.

They ca'd me slave to usury,
Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the flec,

Clek, flae the flint, and penury,
 And faulefs wretch ;
 But that ne'er skaith'd or troubled me,
 Gin I grew rich.

On profit a' thoughts were bent,
 And mony thousands have I lent,
 But sickerly I took good tent,
 That double pawns
 With a cudeigh, and ten *per Cent*
 Lay in my hands.

When borrow'rs brak, the pawns were rug,
 Rings, beads of pearl, or siller jug,
 I sald them aff, ne'er fash'd my lug
 With girns or curses,
 The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug
 My swelling purses.

Sometimes I'd sigh, and ape a faint,
 And with a lang rat-rhime of cant,
 Wad make a mane for them in want ;
 But for ought mair,
 I never was the fool to grant
 Them ony skair.

I thought ane freely might pronounce
 That chiel a very silly dunce,
 That cou'd not honestly renounce,
 With ease and joys,
 At ony time, to win an ounce
 Of yellow boys.

When young I some remorse did feel,
 And liv'd in terror of the deel,
 His furnace, whips, and racking wheel ;
 But by degrees,
 My conscience grown as hard as steel,
 Gave me some ease.

But fears of want and carking care
 To save my stock—and thirst for mair,
 By night and day oppress me fair,
 And turn'd my head ;

While

While friends appear'd like harpies gare,
That wish'd me dead.

For fear of thieves I aft lay waking
The live-lang night till day was breaking,
Syne throu' my sleep, with heart fair aiking,
I've aften started,
Thinking I heard my windows cracking,
When *Eliza* f——.

O gear! I held ye lang thegither;
For you I starv'd my good auld mither,
And to *Virginia* seld my brither,
And crush'd my wife;
But now I'm gane I kenna whither,
To leave my life.

My life! my god! my spirit earns,
Not on my kindred, wife or bairns,
Sic are but very laigh concerns,
Compar'd with thee!
When now this mortal rattle warns
Me I maun die.

It to my heart gaes like a gun,
To see my kin and graceless son,
Like rooks already are begun
To thumb my gear,
And cash that has na seen the fun
This fifty year.

Oh, oh! that spendthrift son of mine,
Wha can on roasted moorfowl dine,
And like dub-water skink the wine,
And dance and sing;
He'll soon gar my dear darlings dwine
Down to naething.

To that same place, where e'er I gang,
O cou'd I bear my wealth along!
Nae heir shou'd e'er a farthing fang,
That thus carouses,
Tho' they shou'd a' on woodies hang,
For breaking houses.

Perdition! *Sathan*! is that you!

I sink!

I sink !—am dizzy !—Candle blue.

Wi' that he never mair play'd pew,

But with a rair,

Away his wretched spirit flew,

It maksna where.

The Monk and the Miller's Wife. A Tale.

NOW lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine ;
And you wha laughing scud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honest *Miller* wond in *Fife*,
That had a young and wanton wife,
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish-priest
To mak her man a twa-horn'd beast :
He paid right mony visits till her ;
And to keep in with *Hab* the miller,
He endeavour'd aft to mak him happy,
Where e'er he kend the ale was nappy.
Sic condescension in a pastor,
Knit *Halbert's* love to him the faster ;
And by his converse, troth 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
The wife well serv'd, the men well eas'd.
This ground his corns, and that did cherish
Himsell wi' dining round the parish.
Bess, the good-wife, thought it nae skaith,
Since she was fit, to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And *Ceres* gives the schools the play,
A youth sprung frae a gentle *Pater*,
Bred at Saint *Andrew's Alma Mater*,
Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the gate :
To lie without, pit-mirk did shore him ;
He coudna see his thumb before him ;

But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,
Whilk led him be the lugs theretill.
To tak the threed of tale alang,
This mill to *Halbert* did belang,
Not less this note your notice claims,
The scholar's name was master *James*.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,
Smoothly relate a tale shall last
As lang as *Alps* and *Grampian* hills,
As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd *James*, *Hab* saw and kend him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him
With sic good cheer as he cou'd make,
Baith for his ain and father's sake.
The scholar thought himsell right sped,
And gave him thanks in terms well-bred.
Quoth *Hab*, I canna leave my mill
As yet;—but step ye west the kill
A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame:
Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
'Till I set aff the mill; syne we
Shall tak what *Bessy* has to gi'e.

James, in return, what's handsome said,
O'er lang to tell; and aff he gade.
Out of the house some light did shine,
Which led him till'r as with a line:
Arriv'd, he knock'd; for doors were steekit;
Straight throw a window *Bessy* keekit,
And cries, 'Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright
'At sic untimous time of night?'

James with good humour, maist discreetly,
Tald her his circumstance completely.

'I dinna ken ye, quoth the wife,
'And up and down the thieves are rise:
'Within my lane, I'm but a woman;
'Sae I'll unbair my door to nae man,
'But since 'tis very like my dow,
'That all ye're telling may be true,
'Hae there's a key, gang in your way
'At the neist door, there's braw ait-strae;

'Streck

' Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn
 ' They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn.'
 Thus after meikle clitter clatter,
James fand he coudna mend the matter ;
 And since it might na better be,
 With resignation took the key,
 Unlockt the barn——clam up the mou,
 Where was an opening near the hou,
 Throw whilk he saw a glent of light,
 That gave diversion to his sight :
 By this he quickly cou'd discern
 A thin wa' separate house and barn,
 And throw this rive was in the wa',
 All done within the house he saw :
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,
 And scarce gave credit to his een)
 The parish priest of reverend fame
 In active courtship with the dame.——
 To lengthen out description here,
 Wou'd but offend the modest ear,
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame.
 That we by satire strive to tame.
 Suppose the wicked action o'er,
 And *James* continuing still to glowr ;
 Wha saw the wife, as fast as able,
 Spread a clean servite on the table,
 And syne, frae the ha' ingle, bring ben
 A pyping-het young roasted hen,
 And twa good bottles stout and clear,
 Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,
 Th' unwelcome Miller ga'e a roar,
 Cry'd, *Bessy*, *haste ye ope the door*.——
 With that the haly letcher fled,
 And darn'd himsell behind a bed ;
 While *Bessy* huddl'd a' things by,
 That nought the cuckold might espy ;
 Syne loot him in ;——but out of tune,
 Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon ;

I come,

*I come, said he, as manners claims,
To crack and wait on master James,
Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae biffy;
I sent him here, goodwife, where is he?*
' Ye sent him here ! (quoth *Bessy*, grumbling ;)
' Kend I this *James* ! a chiel came rumbling :
' But how was I assur'd, when dark,
' That he had been nae thievish spark,
' Or some rude wencher, gotten a dose,
' That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose ?'
*And what came of him ? speak nae langer,
Crys Halbert in a highland anger.*
' I sent him to the barn,' quoth she :
Gae quickly bring him in, quoth he.

James was brought in ;—the *Wife* was bawked ;
The *Priest* stood close ;—the *Miller* cracked :—
Then ask'd his sunkan gloomy spouse,
What supper had she in the house,
That might be suitable to gi'e
Ane of their lodger's qualitie ?
Quoth she, ' Ye may well ken, goodman,
' Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan :
' The stov'd or roasted we afford,
' Are aft great strangers on our board.'
*Pottage, quoth Hab, ye senseless tawpie !
Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy ;
And that his gentle stamock's master
To worry up a pint of plaister,
Like our mill knaves that lift the laiding,
Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaiding.
Swiith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
And send for ale frae Maggy Picken's.*
' Hout I, quoth she, ye may well ken,
' 'Tis ill brought but that's no there ben ;
' When but last owk, nae farder gane,
' The laird got a' to pay his kain.'

Then *James*, wha had as good a guess
Of what was in the house as *Bessy*,
With pawky smile, this plea to end,
To please himself, and ease his friend,

First open'd with a sly oration
 His wondrous skill in conjuration.
 Said he, by this fell art I'm able
 * To whop aff any great man's table.
 * What e'er I like to make a mail of,
 * Either in part, or yet the hail of;
 * And if ye please, I'll shaw my art.—
Crys Halbert, Faith, with a' my heart!
Bess fain'd herself,——cry'd, *Lord, be here!*
 And near hand fell a swoon for fear.
James leugh, and bade her nathing dread,
 Syne to his conjuring went with speed;
 And first he draws a circle round,
 Then utters mony a magic sound
 Of words, part *Latin*, *Greek* and *Dutch*,
 Enow to fright a very witch:
 That done, he says, *Now, now 'tis come,*
And in the boal beside the lum:
Now set the board; goodwife, gae ben,
Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen.
 She wadna gang, but *Haby* ventur'd;
 And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,
 It smell'd sae well, he short time sought it,
 And, wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.
 He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.
 Thus ilka sence he did convene,
 Lest glamour had beguil'd his een:
 They all, in an united body,
 Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.
Nae mair about it, quoth the Miller,
The fowl looks well, and we'll sa' till her.
 Sae be't says *James*; and in a doup,
 They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.

- * Neist, O! *crys Halbert*, cou'd your skill,
- * But help us to a waught of ale,
- * I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
- * And offer to the deel my wife,
- * To see if he'll discreeter mak her,
- * But that I'm flead he winna tak her.

Said

Said *James*, *Ye offer very fair ;*
The bargain's hadden, say nae mair,

Then thrice he shook a willow-wand,
With kittle words thrice gave command ;
That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,
Said, *Now ye'll get what ye wad have ;*
Twa bottles of as nappy liquor
As ever ream'd in horn or bicquor,
Behind the ark that had your meal,
Ye'll find twa standing corkit well.
He said, and fast the Miller flew,
And frae their nest the bottles drew ;
Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
Whase art had gart him feed on roasted ;
His father's neist,——and a' the rest
Of his good friends that wish'd him best,
Which were o'er langsome at the time,
On a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus while the *Miller* and the *Youth*,
Were blythly flockning of their drowth,
Bess fretting scarcely held frae greeting,
The *Priest* enclos'd stood vex'd and sweating.

O woww ! said Hab, if ane might speer,
Dear master James, wha brought our cheer ?
Sic laits appear to us sae awfu',
We hardly think your learning lawfu'.

' To bring your doubts to a conclusion,
' Says *James*, ken I'm a *Rosicrucian*,
' Ane of the set that never carries
' On traffic with black deels or fairies ;
' There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deel,
' That constantly around us wheel.
' There was a sage call'd *Albumazor*,
' Whase wit was gleg as ony razor.
' Frae this great man we learn'd the skill,
' To bring these gentry to our will ;
' And they appear when we've a mind,
' In ony shape of human kind :
' Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
' I'll gar my *Pacolet* appear.'

Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,
 Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view;
 At last his courage wan the day,
 He to the scholar's will gave way.

Bessy be this began to smell
 A rat, but kept her mind to'r fell:
 She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
 But mean time tipt young *James* a wink.
James frae his eye an answer sent,
 Which made the wife right well content:
 Then turn'd to *Hab*, and thus advis'd,
 'Whate'er you see, be nought surpriz'd;
 'But for your faul move not your tongue,
 'And ready stand with a great rung;
 'Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,
 'Be sure to lend him a sound rout.
 'I bidna this by way of mocking;
 'For nought delytes him mair than knocking.'

Hab got a kent,—stood by the hallan,
 And straight the wild mischievous callan,
 Cries, 'Radamanthus Husky Mingo,
 'Monk horner, Hipock, Jinko, Jingo.
 'Appear in likeness of a Priest,
 'No like a deel in shape of beast,
 'With gaping chafts to fleg us a'.
 'Wauk forth; the door stands to the wa.'

Then frae the hole where he was pent,
 The priest approach'd right well content,
 With silent pace strade o'er the floor,
 'Till he was drawing near the door;
 Then to escape the cudgel, ran;
 But was not miss'd by the goodman,
 Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,
 That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
 Darkness soon hid him frae their sight;
 Ben flew the Miller in a fright:
I trow, quoth he, *I laid well on:*
But now he's like our ain Mefs John!

CHRIST'S KIRK on the Green, in three CANTO'S.

Κοισίδερ ιτ χαριλι, ριδ άφτηνη θαν ενις,
 ειλ ατ εν βλινκ σλι ποετρι νοτ τεν ις.

Γ. Δυγλας.

C A N T O I.

WAS ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
 Sic dancing and deray;
 Nowther at Fakland on the green,
 Nor Peebles at the play, 4
 As was of wooers, as I wecn,
 At Christ's Kirk on a day;
 There came our kitties washen clean,
 In new kirtles of gray, 8
 Fou gay that day.
 To dance these damefels them dight,
 Thir lasses light of laits,

This edition of the first Canto is taken from an old manuscript collection of Scots Poems written 150 years ago, where it is found that James, the first of that name, king of Scots, was the author; thought to be wrote while that brave and learned prince was unfortunately kept prisoner in England by Henry VI. about the year 1412. Ballenden in his translation of H. Bocce's history, gives this character of him, ' He was weil leant to fecht with the sword, to just, to turnay, to woriyl, to syng and dance, was an expert medicinar, richt crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and sundry othir instrumentis of musik. He was expert in gramer, oratry and poetry, and maid sae slowand and sententious versis, apperit weil he was ane natural and borne poete, lib. 16. cap. 16.

3. Fakland.) In the shire of Fife, where our kings for some time had their residence,

4. Peebles at the play.) Peebles one of our royal burroughs where the gentlemen of the shire frequently meet for the diversion of horse-races and the like.

6. Christ's Kirk.) The place where our wedding held is either at Lesly (the church there bearing that name) or a place so named a little distant from Windsor, where our king was the time of his confinement.

9. Them dight.) Made themselves ready.

10. Light of laits.) Light or wanton in their manners.

Their gloves were of the raffel right,
 Their shoon were of the straits, 12
 Their kirtles were of *Lincome* light,
 Well prest with mony plaits,
 They were so nice when men them nicht,
 They squeel'd like one gaits 16
 Fou loud that day.

Of all these maidens mild as mead,
 Was nane sae jimp as *Gilly*,
 As ony rose her rude was red,
 Her lire was like the lilly: 20
 Fou yellow, yellow was her head,
 But she of love was silly;
 Tho' a' her kin had sworn her dead,
 She wald have but sweet *Willy* 24
 Alane that day.

She scorned *Jack*, and scraped at him,
 And murgeon'd him with mocks;
 He wad have loo'd, she wad na let him,
 For a' his yellow locks. 28
 He cherish'd her, she bad gae chat him,
 Counted him nor twa clocks;
 Sae shamefully his short gown set him,
 His legs were like twa rocks, 32
 Or sung that day.

Tam Lutter was their minstrel meet,
 Good lord how he cou'd lance,
 He play'd sae shill, and sang sae sweet,
 While *Touffe* took a trance; 36
 Auld *Lightfoot* there he did forleet,
 And counterfeited *France*:

13. *Lincome* light.) Stuff made at Lincoln.

26. Murgeon'd him.) Ridicul'd him, by a ludicrous manner of aping his gate or actions.

29. Go chat him.) She bid him go hang himself.

30. Twa clocks.) Reckon'd him not worth a couple of beetles.

32. Twa rocks.) Two distaffs. This description of *Gilly's* love to *Willy*, and her despising *Jack*, notwithstanding his affection to her, is drawn with an admirable comic delicacy.

33. Minstrel meet.) A musician fit for them.

37. Auld *Lightfoot* there he did forleet, and counterfeited *France*.) He forgot to play the good old Scots tunes like Auld *Lightfoot*, and imitated the French, like our modern minstrels,
that

Canto I. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 41

He us'd himself as man discreet,
And up the morice-dance 40

He took that day.

Then *Steen* came steppand in with stends,
Nae rink might him arrest :
Plaitfoot did bob with mony bends,
For *Mause* he made request ; 44
He lap 'till he lay on his lends,
But risand was sae prest,
While that he hostit at baith ends,
For honour of the feast, 48

And danc'd that day.

Syne *Robin Roy* began to revel,
And *Dawny* to him rugged :
Let be, quoth *Jack*, and ca'd him jével,
And by the tail him tugged ; 52
The kensie cleekit to a cavel,
But lord as they twa lugged ;
They parted manly on a nevel :
Men say that hair was rugged 56

Between them twa.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt did steer him,
Great skaith was't to have scar'd him ;
He chesit a flane as did affear him,
Th' other said *Dirdum, Dardum* : 60
Through baith the cheeks he thought to sheer him,
Or throw the arse have char'd him ;
B'ane Akerbraid it came na neer him,
I canna tell what marr'd him 64

Sae wide that day.

With that a friend of his cry'd, fy,
And up an arrow drew,
He forged it sae furiously,
The bow in slinders flew : 68

that dare play nought but Italiano's; for fear they spoil their fiddles.

42. Nae rink might him arrest.) The swiftest course could not stop him.

59. He chesit a flane.) He chose an arrow.

60. Dirdum, Dardum.) A slighting manner of speaking. When one makes a boast of some action which we think but meanly of, we readily say, A Dirdum of that.

Sae was the will of god, trow I,
 For had the tree been true,
 Men said, wha kend his archery,
 That he had slain anew, 72

Belyve that day.

A yap young man that flood him neist,
 Loos'd aff a shot with ire,
 He etled the bairn in at the breast,
 The bolt flew o'er the bire: 76
 Ane cry'd, fy, he has slain a priest,
 A mile beyond a mire;
 Then bow and bag frae him he kiest,
 And sled as fierce as fire 80

Frae flint that day.

Ane hasty hensure, called *Harry*,
 Wha was ane archer, hynd
 Fit up a tackle withoutten tarry,
 That torment sae him tynd, 84
 I watna whither's hand cou'd vary,
 Or the man was his friend;
 For he escap'd throw' mights of *Mary*,
 As ane that nae ill mean'd, 88

But good that day.

Then *Laurie* like a lion lap,
 And soon a slane can fedder;
 He hecht to pierce him at the pap,
 Thereon to wed a wedder: 92
 He hit him on the wame a wap,
 It bufft like ony bladder;
 But sae his fortune was and hap,
 His doublet made of leather 96

Sav'd him that day.

75. He etled the bairn.) He designed his arrow at the lad's breast.

76. The bolt flew o'er the bire.) He expresses his missing him, by a metaphor of a thunder-bolt flying over the bire or cow-house.

83. Hynd fit up a tackle, &c.) Immediately made ready his shooting tackle.

84. That torment sae him tynd.) His vexation made him angry.

90. A slane can fedder) Feathered an arrow.

92. Wed a wedder) He wagered a wedder he would pierce him at the pap.

The

The buff sae boisterously abaist him,
 He to the earth dust down;
 The tither man for dead there left him,
 And fled out of the town. 100
 The wives came furth, and up they rest him,
 And fand life in the lown;
 Then with three routs on's arse they raised him,
 And cur'd him out of fown, 104
 Frae hand that day.

With forks and flails they lent great slaps,
 And slang together like frigs;
 With bougers of barns they best blew caps,
 While they of bairns made brigs. 108
 The rierd raise rudely with the raps,
 When rungs were laid on riggs;
 The wives came furth wi' crys and claps,
 See where my liking liggs 112
 Fou low this day!

They girmed, and let gird with grains,
 Ilk gossip other griev'd;
 Some strake with stings, some gather'd stains,
 Some fled and ill mischiev'd. 116
 The minstrel wan within twa wains,
 That day he wisely priev'd;
 For he came hame wi' unbruis'd bains,
 Where fighters were mischiev'd 120
 Fou ill that day.

Heich *Hutchon* with a hisil rice,
 To red can throw them rummil;
 He maw'd them down like ony mice,
 He was nae baity bummil: 124
 Tho' he was wight, he was na wife,
 With sic jangleurs to jummil;
 For frae his thumb they dang a slice,
 While he cry'd, barlafumil. 128
 I'm slain this day.

107. Bougers.) Rasters.

112. My liking liggs) My sweet-heart lies on the ground.

117. Wan within twa wains.) Got between twa wains or waggons, and hid himself.

124. Baity bummil.) Or petty fumbler; an actionless fellow.

128. Barlafumil) Cry'd, Barley, or, a Parlefumil, I'm fallen.

When

When that he saw his blood sae red,
 To flee might nae man let him;
 He wœn'd it had been for auld feed,
 He thought and bade have at him; 132
 He gart his feet defend his head,
 The far fairer it set him,
 While he was past out of all plead,
 He soud been swift that gat him, 136
 Throw speed that day.

The town souter in grief was bowden,
 His wife hang at his waift,
 His body was with blood a browden,
 He grain'd like ony ghait; 140
 Her glittering hair that was sae gowden,
 Sae hard in love him lac'd,
 That for her sake he was not yowden,
 While he a mile was chac'd, 144
 And mair that day.

The miller was of manly make,
 To meet him was nae mows;
 There durst nae tensome therē him take,
 Sae noyted he their pows: 148
 The bushment heal about him brake,
 And bicker'd him wi' bows;
 Syne trait'rously behind his back,
 They hew'd him on the hows, 152
 Behind that day.

Twa that were headsmen of the herd,
 On ither ran like rams,
 They follow'd, seeming right unfear'd
 Beat on with barrow-trams: 156
 But where their gabs they were ungear'd,
 They gat upon the gams;

137. In grief was bowden.) Was furnish'd with abundance of grief. One who has enough of any thing, we say, he is well bodin.

139. Blood-a browden.) All besmear'd with blood. But browden more commonly means forward or fond.

143. Not yowden.) Not tired.

152. They hew'd him on the hows.) Threw him on his back by striking him on his hows, i. e. houghs.

Canto I. *Christ's Kirk on the Green.* 45

While bloody barkn'd was their beards,
As they had worried lambs, 160

Maist like that day.

The wives keist up a hideous yell,
When all these yonkers yoked ;
As fleece as flags of fire-slaughts fell,
Friecks to the fields they flocked : 164

The carles with clubs did others quell
On breasts, while blood out-boaked ;
Sae rudely rang the common bell,
That a' the steeple rocked 168

For dread that day.

By this *Tam Taylor* was in's gear,
When that he heard the bell,
He said he should make all a steer,
When he came there himsel : 172

He gaed to fight in sic a fear,
While to the ground he fell ;
A wife that hat him on the ear,
With a great knocking-mell, 176

Fell'd him that day.

When they had bierd like baited bulls,
And brain-wood brynt in bails ;
They were as meek as any mules ;
That mangit are with mails ; 180

For faintness thae forfoughten fools
Fell down like slaughter'd fails ;
Fresh men came in, and hal'd the dools,
And dang them down in dails, 184

Bedeem that day.

When a' was done, *Dick* with an aix,
Came forth to fell a fiddir ;

164. Friecks.) Young fellows.

166. Out-boaked) Gush'd out.

178. And brain-wood) Being distracted, or brain-sick.

180. Mangit are with mails.) Wearied and gall'd with their loading.

182. Slaught'rd fails) Turf that the country people seek for covering their houses.

183. Hal'd the dools.) See *Lucky Spence*, line 40.

184. Down in dails, bedeen.) In heaps a great deal of them. Bedeen, speedily.

186. Came furth to fell a fiddir.) Cut down a fiddier, or load of wood.

Quoth he, where are yon hangit smaiks,
 That wad have slain my brither ? 188
 His wife bad him gae hame *Gib Glaicks*,
 And sae did *Meg* his mither ;
 He turn'd and gave them baith their paiks,
 For he durst ding nae ither, 192
 But them that day.

CHRIST'S KIRK on the Green. C A N T O II.

BUT there had been mair blood and skaith,
 Sair harship and great spulie,
 And mony a ane had gotten his death
 By this unsonsie tooly :
 But that the bauld good-wife of *Braith*,
 Arm'd wi' a great kail gully,
 Came bellyslaught, and loot an aith,
 She'd gar them a' be hooly, 8
 Fou fast that day.
 Blyth to win aff sae wi' hale banes,
 Tho' mony had clow'rd pows ;
 And dragl'd sae 'mang muck and stanes,
 They look'd like wirry-kows : 12
 Quoth some, who 'maist had tint their aynds,
 Let's see how a' bowls rows :

The king having painted the rustie squabble with an uncommon spirit, in a most ludicrous manner, in a stanza of verse the most difficult to keep the sense complete, as he has done, without being forced to bring in words for crambo's sake, where they return so frequently :

Ambitious to imitate so great an Original, I put a stop to the war ; called a congress, and made them sign a peace, that the world might have their picture in the more agreeable hours of drinking, dancing and singing. The following Canto's were wrote, one in 1715, the other in 1718, about 300 years after the first. Let no worthy poet despair of immortality ; good sense will be always the same in spite of the revolution of words.

7. Came bellyslaught) Came in great haste, as it were flying full upon them with her arms spread, as a falcon with expanded wings comes fousling upon her prey.

8. Be hooly, fou fast.) Desist immediately.

14. Let's see how a' bowls rows.) A bowling-green phrase, com-

Canto II. *Christ's Kirk on the Green.* 47

And quat their brulziement at anes,
Yon Gully is nae mows, 16

Forfooth this day.

Quoth *Hutchon*, I am well content,
I think we may do war ;
'Till this time toumond I've indent
Our claiths of dirt will sa'r : 20

Wi' nevels I'm amais't fawn faint,
My chafts are dung a char ;
Then took his bonnet to the bent,
And daddit aff the glar, 24

Fou clean that day.

Tam Taylor, wha in time of battle
Lay as gin some had fell'd him ;
Gat up now wi' an unco' rattle,
As nane there durst a quell'd him ; 28

Bauld *Bess* slew till him wi' a brattle,
And spite of his teeth held him
Clo's by the craig, and with her fatal
Knife shored she would geld him, 32

For peace that day.

Syne a' wi' ae consent shook hands,
As they stood in a ring ;
Some red their hair, some set their bands,
Some did their fark tails wring ; 36

Then for a hap to shaw their brands,
They did their minstrel bring,
Where clever houghs like willi-wands,
At ilka blythsome spring, 40

Lap high that day.

Claud Peki was na very blate,
He stood nae lang a dreigh ;
For by the wame he gripped *Kate*,
And gar'd her gi'e a skreigh : 44
Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy slate,
Ye stink o' leeks, O figh !

commonly used when people would examine any affair that's a little ravel'd.

17. Quoth *Hutchon*.) Vide *Canto 1.* line 121. He's brave, and the first man for an honourable peace.

25. *Tam Taylor*.) Vide *Canto 1.* line 169. He's a coward, but would appear valiant when he finds the rest in peace.

Let

Let gae my hands, I say, be quait ;

And vow gin she was skeigh,

48

And mim that day.

Now settl'd gossies sat, and keen

Did for fresh bickers birle ;

While the young swankies on the green

Took round a merry tirl : 52

Meg Wallet wi' her pinky een,

Gart *Lawrie's* heart-strings dirle,

And souk wad threep, that she did green

For what wad gar her skirle 56

And skreigh some day.

The manly Miller, haff and haff,

Flang by his mittens and his staff,

Cry'd, gi'e me *Paty's-Mill* ; 60

He lap bawk hight, and cry'd, had aff,

They rus'd him that had skill ;

He wad do't better, quoth a cawf,

Had he another gill 64

Of usquebae.

Furth started neist a pensy blade,

And out a maiden took,

They said that he was *Falkland* bred,

And danced by the book ; 68

A fouple taylor to his trade,

And when their hands he shook,

Ga'e them what he got frae his dad,

Videlicet, the yuke, 72

To claw that day.

Whan a' cry'd out he did fae weel,

He *Meg* and *Bess* did call up ;

The lasses bab'd about the reel,

Gar'd a their hurdies wallop, 76

And swat like powries when they speel

Up braes, or when they gallop,

50. Did for fresh bickers birle.) Contributed for fresh bottles.

57. Haff and haff.) Half fuddled.

61. He lap bawk-hight.) So high as his head could strike the loft, or joining of the couples.

67. Falkland bred.) Been a journey-man to the king's taylor, and had seen court dancing.

Canto II. *Christ's Kirk on the Green.* 49

But a thrawn knoblock hit his heel,
And wives had him to haul up, 80
Haff fell'd that day.

But mony a pauky look and tale
Gaed round whan glowming hous'd them,
The ostler wife brought ben good ale,
And bad the lasses rouze them ; 84
Up wi' them lads, and I'se be bail
They'll loo' ye and ye touze them :
Quoth gawffie, this will never fail
Wi' them that this gate woes them, 88
On sic a day,

Syne stools and furms were drawn aside,
And up raise *Willy Dadle*,
A short hought man, but fou o' pride,
He said the fidler plaid ill ; 92
Let's hae the pipes, quoth he, beside ;
Quoth a', that is nae said ill ;
He fits the floor syne wi' the bride
To *Cuttymun* and *Treeladle*, 96
Thick, thick that day.

In the mean time in came the laird,
And by some right did claim,
To kiss and dance wi' *Mausie Aird*,
A dink and dortie dame : 100
But O poor *Mause* was aff her guard,
For back gate frae her wame,
Beckin she loot a fearfu' raird,
That gart her think great shame, 104
And blush that day.

Auld *Steen* led out *Maggy Forsyth*,
He was her ain good-brither ;
And ilka ane was unco' blyth,
To see auld fouk sae clever. 108
Quoth *Jock*, wi' laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my mither ?
Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive
But she wad get anither 113
Goodman this day.

82. Glowming hous'd them.) Twilight brought them into the house.

96. Cuttymun, &c.) A tune that goes very quick.

Tam Lutter had a muckle dish,

And betwisht ilka tune,

He laid his lugs in't like a fish,

And suckt till it was done ;

116

His bags were liquor'd to his wish,

His face was like a moon :

But he cou'd get nae place to pish

In, but his ain twa shoon,

120

For thrang that day.

The latter gae of haly rhyme,

Sat up at the board-head.

And a' he said was thought a crime

To contradict indeed :

124

For in clark-lear he was right prime,

And cou'd baith write and read,

And drank sae firm 'till ne'er a styme

He cou'd keek on a bead,

128

Or book that day.

When he was strute, twa sturdy chiels,

Be's oxter and be's coller,

Held up frae cowping o' the creels

The liquid logic scholar.

132

When he came hame his wife did reel,

And rampage in her choler,

With that he brake the spinning-wheel,

That cost a good rix dollar,

136

And mair some say.

Near bed-time now ilk weary wight

Was gaunting for his rest ;

For some were like to tine their sight,

Wi' sleep and drinking strest.

140

But ithers that were stomach-tight,

Cry'd out, it was nae best

118. His face was like a moon.) Round, full and shining. When one is staring full of drink, he's said to have a face like a full moon.

121. The latter-gae of haly rhyme.) The reader or church precenter, who lets go, i. e. gives out the tune to be sung by the rest of the Congregation.

126. Baith write and read.) A rarity in those days.

128. Keek on a bead.) Pray after the Roman Catholic manner which was the religion then in fashion.

131. Frac cowping of the creels.) From turning topsy turvy.

To

Canto II. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 51

To leave a supper that was dight
To Brownies, or a ghairt, 144

To eat or day.

On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dails,
On them stood mony a goan,
Some fill'd wi' brachan, some wi' kail, 148
And milk het frae the loan.

Of daintiths they had routh and wale,
Of which they were right fon;
But naithing wad gae down but ale
Wi' drunken Donald Don 152

The smith that day.

Twa times aught bannocks in a heap,
And twa good junts of beef,
Wi' hind and fore spaul of a sheep,
Drew whistles frae ilk sheath : 156
Wi' gravie a their beards did dreep,
They kempit with their teeth;
A kebbuck syn that 'maist cou'd creep
Its lane pat on the sheaf, 160

In stous that day.

The bride was now laid in her bed,
He left leg ho was flung;
And Geordie Gib was fidgen glad,
Because it hit Jean Gun : 164
She was his Jo, and aft had said,
Fy, Geordie, had your tongue,
Ye's ne'er get me to be your bride:
But chang'd her mind when bung, 168

That very day.

244. To brownies.) Many whimsical stories are handed-down to us by old women of these Brownies: they tell us they were a kind of good drudging spirits, who appeared in shape of rough men, would have lyen familiarly by the fire all night, threshen in the barn, brought a midwife at a time, and done many such-kind offices. But none of them have been seen in Scotland since the reformation, as saith the wise John Brown.

160. A kebbuck syn that 'maist cou'd creep its lane pat on the sheaf.) A cheese full of crawling mites crown'd the feast.

162. Her left leg ho was flung.) The practice of throwing the bridegroom or the bride's stocking when they are going to bed, is well known: the person who it lights on is to be next married of the company.

Tehee, quoth *Touzie*, when she saw
 The cathel coming ben,
 It pypin het gae'd round them a',
 The bride she made a fen, 172
 To sit in wyliccoat sae braw,
 Upon her nether en;
 Her lad like ony cock did craw,
 That meets a clockin hen, 176
 And blyth were they.
 The fouter, miller, smith and *Dick*,
Lawrie and *Hutchon* bauld,
 Carles that keep nae very strict
 Be hours, tho' they were auld; 180
 Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that trick,
 But whare good ale was sald,
 They drank a' night, e'en tho' auld nick
 Shou'd tempt their wives to scald 184
 Them for't neist day.
 Was ne'er in *Scotland* heard or seen
 Sic banqueting and drinkin,
 Sic revelling and battles keen,
 Sic dancing, and sic jinkin, 188
 And unko wark that fell at e'en,
 Whan lasses were haff winkin,
 They lost the feet and baith their een,
 And maidenheads gae'd linkin 192
 Aff a' that day.

169. Tehee.) An interjection of laughter.

176. Clockin hen.) A hatching hen.

CHRIST'S KIRK on the Green. CANTO III.

NOW frae east nook of *Fife* the dawn
 Speel'd westlines up the list,
 Carles wha heard the cock had craw'n;
 Begoud to rax and rift : 4
 And greedy wifes wi' girning thrawn,
 Cry'd lasses up to thrift ;
 Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand'
 Bang'd to their breeks like drift, 8

Be break of day.

But some wha had been fou yestreen,
 Sic as the letter-gae,
 Air up had nae will to be seen,
 Grudgin their groat to pay. 12
 But what aft fristed's no forgeen;
 When fouk has nought to say ;
 Yet sweer were they to rake their een,
 Sic dizzy heads had they, 16

And het that day.

Be that time it was fair four days,
 As fou's the house cou'd pang,
 To see the young fouk 'ere they raise;
 Gossips came in ding dang, 20

Curious to know how my bridal folks would look next day after the marriage, I attempted this third Canto, which opens with a description of the morning. Then the friends come and present their gifts to the new-married couple. A view is taken of one girl (Kirkish) who had come fairly off, and of Maufe who had stumbled with the laird. Next a new scene of drinking is represented, and the young good-man is creel'd. Then the character of the smith's ill-natured shrew is drawn, which leads in the description of riding the stang. Next Maggy Murdy has an exemplary character of a good-wife wife. Deep drinking and bloodless quarrels, makes an end of an old tale.

1. East nook of *Fife*.) Where day must break upon my company; if, as I have observed, the scene is at Lesly church.

12. Their groat to pay.) Payment of the drunken groat is very peremptorily demanded by the common people next morning; but if they frankly confess the debt due, they are passed for two pence.

15. Rake their een.) Rub open their eyes.

17. Fair four days) Broad day-light.

And wi' a soss aboon the claiths,
 Ilk ane their gifts down slang :
 Twall toop horn-spoons down *Maggy* lays,
 Baith muckle mow'd and lang, 24
 For kale or whey.

Her aunt a pair of tangs fush in,
 Right bauld she spake and spruce,
 Gin your goodman shall make a din,
 And gabble like a goose, 28
 Shorin whan fou to skelp ye're skin,
 Thir tangs may be of use ;
 Lay them enlang his pow or shin,
 Wha wins syn may make roose, 32
 Between you twa.

Auld *Bessie* in her red coat braw,
 Came wi' her ain oe *Nanny*,
 An odd like wife, they said that saw,
 A moupin runckled granny, 36
 She fley'd the kimmers ane and a',
 Word gae'd she was na kanny ;
 Nor wad they let *Lucky* awa,
 'Till she was wi' branny, 40
 Like mony mae.

Steen fresh and fallin 'mang the rest
 Came in to get his morning,
 Speer'd gin the bride had tane the test,
 And how she loo'd her corning ? 44
 She leugh as she had fun a nest,
 Said, let a be ye'r scorning.
 Quoth *Roger*, fegs I've done my best,
 To ge'er a charge of horning, 48
 As well's I may.

21. Aboon the claiths.) They commonly throw their gifts of household furniture above the bed-cloaths where the young folks are lying.

38. Word gae'd she was na kanny.) It was reported she was a witch.

43. Had tane the test.) I do not mean an oath of that name we all have heard of.

48. Charge of horning.) Is a writ charging to make payment, declaring the debtor a rebel. N. B. It may be left in the lock-hole, if the doors be shut.

Canto III. Christ's Kirk on the Green.

Kind *Kirsh* was there, a kanty lass,
 Black ey'd, black-hair'd, and bonny;
 Right well red up and jimp she was,
 And wooers had fow mony: 52
 I wat na how it came to pass,
 She cutled in wi' *Fonnie*,
 And tumbling wi' him on the grass,
 Dang a' her cockernonny 56

A jee that day.
 But *Mause* begrutten was and bleer'd,
 Look'd thowless, dowf and sleepy;
 Auld *Maggy* kend the wyt, and sneer'd,
 Caw'd her a poor daft heepy: 60
 It's a wise wife that kens her weird,
 What tho' ye mount the creepy;
 There a good lesson may be lear'd,
 And what the war will ye be 64

To stand a day.
 Or bairns can read, they first maun spell,
 I learn'd this frae my mammy,
 And coost a legen-girth my sell,
 Lang or I married *Tammie*: 68
 I'se warrand ye have a' heard tell,
 Of bonny *Andrew Lammy*,
 Stiffly in loove wi' me he fell,
 As soon as e'er he saw me: 72

That was a day.
 Het drink, fresh butter'd caiks and cheese,
 That held their hearts aboon,
 Wi' clashes mingled aft wi' lies,
 Drave aff the hale forenoon: 84
 But after dinner an ye please,
 To weary not o'er soon,
 We down to e'ning edge wi' ease
 Shall loup, and see what's done 80

I' the doup o' the day.
 Now what the friends wad fain been at,
 They that were right true blue;

60. Mount the creepy.) The stool of repentance.

67. Coost a legen-girth.) Like a tub that loses one of its bottom-hoops.

Was e'en to get their wysons wat,
 And fill younger *Roger* fou : 84
 But the bauld billy took his naat,
 And was right stiff to bow ;
 He fairly ga'e them tit for tat,
 And scour'd aff healths anew, 88
 Clean out that day.

A creel bout fow of muckle stains
 They clinked on his back,
 To try the pith o's rigg and reins,
 They gart him cadge this pack. 92
 Now as a sign he had tane pains,
 His young wife was na slack,
 To rin and ease his shoulder-bains,
 And sneg'd the raips fow snack, 96
 We'er knife that day.

Syne the blyth carles, tooth and nail,
 Fell keenly to the wark ;
 To ease the gantrees of the ale,
 And try wha was maist stark ; 100
 'Till board and floor, and a' did fail,
 Wi' spilt ale i' the dark ;
 Gart *Jock's* fit slide, he like a fail,
 Play'd dad, and dang the bark 104
 Aff's shins that day.

The souter, miller, smith and *Dick*,
 Et cet'ra, closs fat cockin,
 'Till wasted was baith cash and tick,
 Sae ill were they to flocken ; 108
 Gane out to pish in gutters thick,
 Some fell, and some gae'd rockin,
 Sawny hang sneering on his stick,
 To see bauld *Hutchen* bockin. 112

Rainbows that day.

84. Fill young *Roger* fou) 'Tis a custom for the friends to endeavour the next day after the wedding to make the new married man as drunk as possible.

89. A creel, &c.) For merrymment, a creel or basket is bound, full of stones, upon his back ; and if he has acted a manly part, his young wife with all imaginable speed cuts the cords, and relieves him from the burthen. If she does not, he's rallied for a fumbler.

105. The souter, &c.) Vide Canto II. line 177.

The

Canto III. Christ's Kirk on the Green.

57

The smith's wife her black deary fought,

And fand him skin and birn :

Quoth she, this day's wark's be dear bought,

He ban'd, and gae a girn ;

116

Ca'd her a jade, and said she mucht

Gae hame and scum her kirn :

Whisht ladren, for gin ye say ought

Mair, I'll wind ye a pirn,

120

To reel some day.

Ye'll wind a pirn ! ye silly snool,

Wae-worth ye'r drunken faul,

Quoth she, and lap out o'er a stool,

And claught him be the spaul :

124

He shook her, and sware muckle dool

Ye's thole for this, ye scaul ;

I'll rive frae aff ye'r hips the hool,

And learn ye to be baul

128

On sic a day.

Your tippanizing, scant o' grace,

Quoth she, gars me gang duddy ;

Our nibour *Pate* sin break o' day's

Been thumpin at his studdy,

132

An it be true that some fowk says,

Ye'll girn yet in a woody ;

Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,

Made a' his black baird bloody,

136

Wi' scarts that day.

A gilpy that had seen the faught,

I wat he was nae lang,

'Till he had gather'd seven or aught

Wild hempies stout and strang ;

140

They frae a barn a kabier raught,

Ane mounted wi' a bang,

Betwisht twa's shouders, and sat straught

Upon't, and rade the stang

144

On her that day.

114. Skin and birn.) The marks of a sheep; the burn on the nose, and the tar on the skin, i. e. She was sure it was him, with all the marks of her drunken husband about him.

120. Wind ye a pirn.) Is a threatening expression, when one designs to contrive some malicious thing to vex you.

144. Rade the stang on her.) The riding of the stang on a woman.

The wives and gytlings a' spawn'd out
 O'er middings, and o'er dykes,
 Wi' mōny an unco skirl and shout,
 Like bumbees frae their bykes; 148
 Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about,
 Plashin thro' dubs and sykes,
 And sic a reird ran thro' the rout,
 Gart a' the hale town tykes 152
 Yamph loud that day.

But d'ye see fou better bred
 Was menf-fou *Maggy Murdy*,
 She her man like a lammy led
 Hame, wi' a well wail'd wordy: 156
 Fast frae the company he fled,
 As he had tane the sturdy;
 She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,
 Wi' ca'ing him her burdy, 160
 Kindly that day.

But *Lawrie* he took out his nap
 Upon a mow of pease,
 And *Robin* spew'd in's ain wife's lap;
 He said it gae him ease, 164
Hutchon wi' a three-lugged cap,
 His head bizzin wi' bees,
 Hit *Geordy* a mislushios rap,
 And brak the brig o's neese 168
 Right fair that day.

Syne ilka thing gae'd arse o'er head,
 Chanlers, boord, sfools and stowps,
 Flew thro' the house wi' muckle speed,
 And there was little hopes, 172
 But there had been some ill-done deed,
 They gat sic thrawart cowps;
 But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed,
 Was only on their dowps, 176
 Wi' faws that day.

man that hath beat her husband, is as I have described it, by one's riding upon a sling, or long piece of wood, carried by two others on their shoulders, where, like a herald, he proclaims the woman's name, and the manner of her unnatural action.

158. Tane the sturdy.) A disease amongst sheep that makes them giddy, and run off from the rest of the herd,

Canto III. Christ's Kirk on the Green.

59

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
'Till a' their sense was smoor'd;

And in their maws their was nae mank,

Upon the furms some snor'd:

180

Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,

Wi' een like collops scor'd:

Some ram'd their noddles wi' a clank,

E'en like a thick-sculld lord,

184

On posts that day.

The young good-man to bed did clim,

His dear the door did lock in;

Crap down beyont him, and the rim

O'er wame he clapt his dock on

188

She fand her lad was not in trim,

And be this same good token,

That ilka member, lith and limb,

Was souple like a doken,

192

'Bout him that day,

Notwithstanding all this my public spirited pains, I am well assured there are a few heavy heads, who will bring down the thick of their cheeks to the sides of their mouths, and richly stupid, alledge there's some things in it have a meaning. Well, I own it; and think it handsomer in a few lines to say something, than talk a great deal, and mean nothing. Pray, is there any thing vicious or unbecoming in saying, 'Mens Liths and Limbs are souple when intoxicated?' Does it not show, that excessive drinking enervates and unhinges a man's constitution, and makes him incapable of performing divine or natural duties. There is the moral. And believe me, I could raise many useful notes from every character, which the ingenious will presently find out

* Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,

* And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;

* From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,

* And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

POPE.

Thus have I pursued these comical characters, having gentlemen's health and pleasure, and the good manners of the vulgar in view: the main design of comedy being to represent the follies and mistakes of low life in a just light, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are, that each who is a spectator, may evite his being the object of laughter. Any body that has a mind to look sour upon it, may use their freedom.

* Not laugh, beat's fishes, fowls, nor reptiles can:

* That's a peculiar happiness of man:

* When govern'd with a prudent chearful grace,

* 'Tis one of the first beauties of the face.

TAR-

TARTANA, or the PLAID.

Y E *Caledonian* beauties, who have long
 Been both the muse and subject of my song,
 Assist your bard, who in harmonious lays
 Designs the glory of your Plaid to raise :
 How my fond breast with blazing ardour glows, 5
 When e'er my song on you just praise bestows.

Phoebus and his imaginary nine,
 With me have lost the title of divine ;
 To no such shadows will I homage pay,
 These to my real muses shall give way : 10
 My muses, who on smooth meand'ring *Tweed*,
 Stray through the groves, or grace the clover mead ;
 Or these who bathe themselves where haughty *Clyde*
 Does roaring o'er his lofty cat'racts ride ;
 Or you who on the banks of gentle *Tay* 15
 Drain from the flow'rs the early dews of *May*,
 To varnish on your cheek the crimson dy,
 Or make the white the falling snow outvy :
 And you who on *Edina's* streets display
 Millions of matchless beauties every day ; 20
 Inspir'd by you, what poet can desire
 To warm his genius at a brighter fire ?

I sing the Plaid, and sing with all my skill,
 Mount then, O fancy, standard to my will ;
 Be strong each thought, run soft each happy line, 25 }
 That gracefulness and harmony may shine,
 Adapted to the beautiful design.
 Great is the subject, vast th' exalted theme,
 And shall stand fair in endless rolls fame.

The Plaid's antiquity comes first in view, 30
 Precedence to antiquity is due :
 Antiquity contains a certain spell,
 To make ev'n things of little worth excel ;
 To smallest subjects gives a glaring dash,
 Protecting high-born idiots from the lash : 35
 Much more 'tis valu'd, when with merit plac'd,
 It graces merit, and by merit's grac'd.

O first

TARTANA, or the PLAID.

61

O first of garbs ! garment of happy fate !
 So long employ'd, of such an antique date ;
 Look back some thousand years, till records fail, 40
 And lose themselves in some romantic tale,
 We'll find our godlike fathers nobly scorn'd
 To be with any other dress adorn'd ;
 Before base foreign fashions interwove,
 Which 'gainst their int'rest and their brav'ry strove. 55
 'Twas they could boast their freedom with proud *Rome*,
 And arm'd in steel despise the senate's doom ;
 Whil'st o'er the globe their eagle they display'd,
 And conquer'd nations prostrate homage paid,
 They only, they unconquer'd stood their ground, 50
 And to the mighty empire fixt the bound.
 Our native prince who then supply'd the throne,
 In Plaid array'd magnificently shone :
 Nor seem'd his purple, or his ermine less,
 Tho' cover'd by the *Caledonian* dress. 55
 In this at court the thanes were gayly clad,
 With this the shepherds and the hinds were glad,
 In this the warrior wrapt his brawny arms,
 With this our beauteous mothers veil'd their charms ;
 When ev'ry youth, and every lovely maid 60
 Deem'd it a *Deshabille* to want their Plaid.

O heav'ns ! how chang'd ? how little look their race ?
 When foreign chains with foreign modes take place ;
 When *East* and *Western-Indies* must combine
 To deck the fop, and make the gewgaw shine. 65
 Thus while the *Grecian* troops in *Persia* lay,
 And learn'd the habit to be soft and gay,
 By luxury enerv'd, they lost they day.

I ask'd *Varell*, what soldiers he thought best ?
 And thus he answer'd to my plain request ; 70
 ' Were I to lead batallions out to war,
 ' And hop'd to triumph in the victor's car,
 ' To gain the loud applause of worthy fame,
 ' And columns rais'd to eternize my name,
 ' I'd choose, had I my choice, that hardy race 75
 ' Who fearless can look terrors in the face ;
 ' Who 'midst the snows the best of limbs can fold
 ' In Tartan Plaids, and smile at chilling cold :

62 TARTANA, or the PLAID.

' No useless trash should pain my soldier's back,
 ' No canvas-tents make loaden axles crack ; 80
 ' No rattling silks I'd to my standards bind,
 ' But bright Tartana's waving in the wind:
 ' The Plaid alone should all my ensigns be,
 ' This army from such banners would not flie.
 ' These, these were they, who naked taught the way
 ' To fight with art, and boldly gain the day.' 86
 Ev'n great *Gustavus* stood himself amaz'd,
 While at their wond'rous skill and force he gaz'd.
 With such brave troops one might o'er *Europe* run,
 Make out what *Richlieu* fram'd, and *Lewis* had begun. 90

Degenerate Men ! now ladies please to sit,
 That I the Plaid in all its airs may hit,
 With all the powers of softness mixt with wit.

While scorching *Titan* tawns the shepherd's brow,
 And whistling hinds sweat lagging at the plow : 95
 The piercing beams *Brucina* can defy,
 Not sun burnt she's, nor dazzl'd is her eye.
 Ugly's the mask, the fan's a trifling toy
 To still at church some girl or restless boy.
 Fix'd to one spot's the pine and myrtle shades, 100
 But on each motion wait th' umbrellian Plaids,
 Repelling dust when winds disturb the air,
 And give a check to every ill-bred stare.

Light as the pinions of the airy fry,
 Of larks and linnets who traverse the sky, 105
 Is the *Tartana*, spun so very fine,
 Its weight can never make the fair repine,
 By raising ferments in her glowing blood,
 Which cannot be escap'd within the hood :
 Nor does it move beyond its proper sphere, 110
 But lets the gown in all its shape appear ;
 Nor is the straightness of her waist deny'd
 To be by every ravish'd eye survey'd.
 For this the hoop may stand at largest bend,
 It comes not high, nor can its weight offend. 115

The *Hood* and *Mantle* make the tender faint ;
 I'm pain'd to see them moving like a tent.

By

By heather *Jenny* in her blanket drest,
 The *Hood* and *Mantle* fully are exprest;
 Which round her neck with rags is firmly bound, 120
 While heather besoms loud she screams around.
 Was goodly *Strode* so great a pattern, say?
 Are ye to follow when such lead the way?
 But know each fair who shall this *Sur-tout* use,
 You're no more *Scots*, and cease to be my muse. 125

The smoothest labours of the *Persian* loom
 Lin'd in the Plaid, set off the beauty's bloom;
 Faint is the gloss, nor come the colours nigh,
 Tho' white as milk, or dipt in scarlet-dy.
 The lily pluckt by fair *Pringella* grieves, 130
 Whose whiter hand outshines its snowy leaves:
 No wonder then white silks in our esteem,
 Match'd with her fairer face, they sully'd seem.

If shining red *Campbella's* cheeks adorn,
 Our fancies straight conceive the blushing morn; 135
 Beneath whose dawn the sun of beauty lies,
 Nor need we light but from *Campbella's* eyes.

If lin'd with green *Stuarta's* Plaid we view,
 Or thine *Ramsfeta* edg'd around with blue;
 One shews the spring when nature is most kind, 140
 The other heav'n, whose spangles lift the mind.

A garden-plot enrich'd with chosen flowers,
 In sun beams basking after vernal showers,
 Where lovely pinks in sweet confusion rise,
 And amaranths and eglintines surprise; 145
 Hedg'd round with fragrant brier and jessamine,
 The rosie thorn and variegated green;
 These give not half that pleasure to the view,
 As when, *Fergusia*, mortals gaze on you;
 You raise our wonder, and our love engage, 150
 Which makes us curse, and yet admire the hedge;
 The silk and tartan hedge, which doth conspire
 With you to kindle love's soft spreading fire.
 How many charms can every fair one boast!
 How oft's our fancy in the plenty lost! 155
 These more remote, these we admire the most.

What's too familiar often we despise,
But rarity makes still the value rise.

If *Sol* himself should shine through all the day,
We cloy, and lose the pleasure of his ray: 160
But if behind some marly cloud he steal,
Nor for some time his radiant head reveal,
With brighter charms his absence he repays,
And every sun-beam seems a double blaze.
So when the fair their dazzling lustres shroud, 165
And disappoint us with a tartan cloud,
How fondly do we peep with wishful eye,
'Transported when one lovely charm we spy?
Oft to our cost, ah me! we often find
The power of love strikes deep, tho' he be blind; 170
Perch'd on a lip, a cheek, a chin, or smile,
Hits with surprise, and throws young hearts in jail.

From when the cock proclaims the rising day,
And milk-maids sing around sweet curds and whey;
'Till grey-ey'd twilight, harbinger of night, 175
Pursues o'er silver mountains sinking light,
I can unwearied from my casements view
The Plaid, with something still about it new.
How are we pleas'd, when with a handsome air
We see *Hepburna* walk with easy care? 180
One arm half-circles round her slender waist,
The other like an ivory pillar plac'd,
'To hold her Plaid around her modest face,
Which saves her blushes with the gayest grace:
If in white kids her taper fingers move, 185
Or unconfin'd jet thro' the sable glove.

With what a pretty action *Keitha* holds
Her Plaid, and varies oft its airy folds;
How does that naked space the spirits move,
Between the ruff'd lawn and envious glove? 190
We by the sample, tho' no more be seen,
Imagine all that's fair within the screen.

Thus belles in Plaids veil and display their charms, }
The love-sick youth thus bright *Humea* warms, }
And with her graceful mien her rivals all her alarms. }

176. Silver moun^tains.) Ochel hills.

The

The Plaid itself gives pleasure to the sight,
 To see how all its setts imbibe the light;
 Forming some way, which even to me lies hid,
 White, black, blue, yellow, purple, green and red.
 Let *Newton's* royal club through prisms stare, 200
 To view celestial dyes with curious care,
 I'll please myself, nor shall my sight ask aid
 Of crystal gimcracks to survey the Plaid.

How decent is the Plaid when in the pew,
 It hides th' enchanting fair from ogler's view. 205
 The mind's oft crowded with ill-tim'd desires,
 When nymphs unvail'd approach the sacred quires.
 Even senators who guard the common weal,
 Their minds may rove;—Are mortals made of steel?
 The finisht beaux starts up in all their airs.
 And search out beauties more than mind their prayers.
 The wainscot forty-six's are perplext
 To be eclips'd, spite makes them drop the text.
 The younger gaze at each fine thing they see;
 The orator himself is scarcely free. 215
 Ye then who wou'd your piety express,
 To sacred domes ne'er come in naked dress.
 The power of modesty shall still prevail;
 Then *Scotian* virgins use your native vail.

Thus far young *Cosmel* read; then star'd and curst,
 And askt me very gravely how I durst 221
 Advance such praises for a thing despis'd?
 He smiling, swore I had been ill advis'd.

To you, said I, perhaps this may seem true,
 And numbers vast, nor fools may side with you: 225
 As many shall my sentiments approve;
 Tell me what's not the butt of scorn and love?
 Were mankind all agreed to think one way,
 What wou'd divines and poets have to say?
 No ensigns wou'd on martial fields be spread, 230
 And *Corpus Juris* never wou'd be read:
 We'd need no councils, parliaments, nor kings,
 Ev'n wit and learning wou'd turn silly things.
 You miss my meaning still, I'm much afraid,
 I wou'd not have them always wear the Plaid. 235

Old *Salem's* royal sage, of wits the prime,
 Said, *For each thing there was a proper time.*
 Night's but *Aurora's* Plaid, that ta'en away,
 We lose the pleasure of returning day;
 Ev'n thro' the gloom, when view'd in sparkling skies, 240
 Orbs scarcely seen, yet gratify our eyes:
 So through *Hamilla's* op'ned Plaid, we may
 Behold her heavenly face, and heaving milky way.
Spanish reserve, join'd with a *Gallic* air,
 If manag'd well, becomes the *Scotian* fair. 245

Now you say well, said he; but when's the time
 That they may drop the Plaid without a crime?

Then I,
 Lest, O fair nymphs, ye shou'd our patience tire,
 And starch reserve extinguish gen'rous fire;
 Since heaven your soft victorious charms design'd 251
 To form a smoothness on the rougher mind:
 When from the bold and noble toils of war,
 The rural cares, or labours of the bar;
 From these hard studies which are learn'd and grave,
 And some from dang'rous riding o'er the wave; 255
 The *Caledonian* manly youth resort
 To their *Edina*, love's great mart and port,
 And crowd her theatres with all that grace
 Which is peculiar to the *Scotian* race;
 At concert, ball, or some fair's marriage-day, 260
 O then with freedom all that's sweet display.
 When beauty's to be judg'd without a veil,
 And not its powers met out as by retail,
 But wholesale, all at once, to fill the mind
 With sentiments gay, soft, and frankly kind; 265
 Throw by the Plaid, and like the lamp of day,
 When there's no cloud to intercept his ray.
 So shine *Maxella*, nor their censute fear,
 Who, slaves to vapours, dare not so appear.

On *Ida's* height, when to the royal swain, 270
 To know who should the prize of beauty gain,
Jove sent his two fair daughters and his wife,
 That he might be the judge to end the strife:

Her-

TARTANA, or the PLAID:

67

Hermes was guide, they found him by a tree,
And thus they spake with air divinely free,
Say, Paris, which is fairest of us three.
To *Jove's* high queen, and the celestial maids,
E're he wou'd pass his sentence, cry'd, no *Plaids*.
Quickly the goddesses obey'd his call,
In simple nature's dress he view'd them all,
Then to *Cyth'ra* gave the golden ball.

275

280

Great critics hail! our dread, whose love or hate,
Can with a frown or smile, give verse its fate;
Attend, while o'er this field my fancy roams,
I've somewhat more to say, and here it comes.

285

When virtue was a crime, in *Tancred's* reign,
There was a noble youth who wou'd not deign
To own for sovereign one a slave to vice,
Or blot his conscience at the highest price;
For which his death's devis'd with hellish art,
To tear from his warm breast his beating heart.
Fame told the tragic news to all the fair,
Whose num'rous sighs and groans bound through the air:
All mourn his fate, tears trickle from each eye,
'Till his kind sister threw the woman by;
She in his stead a gen'rous off'ring staid,
And he, the tyrant bau'k'd, hid in her Plaid.
So when *Aeneas* with *Achilles* strove,
The goddess mother hasted from above,
Well seen in fate, prompt by maternal love,
Wrapt him in mist, and warded off the blow
That was design'd him by his valiant foe.

290

295

300

I of the Plaid could tell a hundred tales;
Then hear another, since that strain prevails.

The tale no records tell, it is so old,
It happen'd in the easy age of gold;
When am'rous *Jove*, chief of th' *Olympian* gods,
Pall'd with *Saturnia*, came to our abodes,
A beauty-hunting; for in these soft days,
Nor gods, nor men, delighted in a chace
That wou'd destroy, not propagate their race.

305

310

298. Homer.

312. Glentanar's groves) A large wood in the north of Scotland.

Beneath a fir-tree in *Glentanar's* groves,
 Where, e'er gay fabrics rose, swains sung their loves,
Iris lay sleeping in the open air,
 A bright *Tartana* vail'd the lovely fair ; 315
 The wounded god beheld her matchless charms,
 With earnest eyes, and grasp'd her in his arms.
 Soon he made known to her, with gaining skill,
 His dignity, and import of his will.
Speak thy desire, the divine monarch said. 320 }
Make me a goddess, cry'd the *Scotian* maid,
Nor let hard fate bereave me of my Plaid,
Be thou the hand-maid to my mighty queen,
Said Jove, and to the world be often seen
With the celestial bow, and thus appear 325
Clad with these radiant colours as thy wear.

Now say, my muse, e're thou forsake the field,
 What profit does the Plaid to *Scotia* yield ?
 Justly that claims our love, esteem and boast,
 Which is produc'd within our native coast. 330
 On our own mountains grows the golden fleece,
 Richer than that which *Jason* brought to *Greece* :
 A beneficial branch of *Albion's* trade,
 And the first parent of the Tartan Plaid.
 Our fair ingenious ladies hands prepare 335
 The equal threads, and give the dyes with care :
 Thousand of artists sullen hours decoy
 On rattling looms, and view their webs with joy.

May she be curst to starve in *Frogland Fens*,
 To wear a *Fala* ragg'd at both the ends, 340
 Groan still beneath an antiquated suit,
 And die a maid at fifty-five to boot !
 May she turn *quaggy Fat*, or *crooked Dwarf*,
 Be ridicul'd while primm'd up in her *Scarfs* ;
 May *Spleen* and *Spite* still keep her on the *Fret*, 345
 And live till she outlive her beauty's date ;
 May all this fall, and more than I have said,
 Upon that *Wench* who disregards the Plaid.

But with the sun let ev'ry joy arise,
 And from soft slumbers lift her happy eyes ; 350

340. *Fala*.) A little square cloath wore by the Dutchwomen.

May

May blooming youth be fixt upon her face,
 'Till she has seen her fourth descending race;
 Blest with a mate with whom she can agree,
 And never want the finest of *Bohea*:
 May ne'er the *Miser's* fears make her afraid, 355
 Who joins with me, with me admires the Plaid.
 Let bright *Tartana's* henceforth ever shine,
 And *Caledonian* goddesses enshrine.

Fair judges, to your censure I submit,
 If you allow this poem to have wit, 360
 I'll look with scorn upon these musty fools,
 Who only move by old worm-eaten rules.
 But with th' ingenious if my labours take,
 I wish them ten times better for their sake; 365
 Who shall esteem this vain, are in the wrong;
 I'll prove the moral is prodigious strong:
 I hate to trifle, men should act like men,
 And for their country only draw their sword and pen.

EDINBURGH'S *Address to the Country*. Nov. 1718.

FROM me *Edina*, to the brave and fair,
 Health, joy and love, and banishment of care:
 Forasmuch as bare fields and gurlly skies
 Make rural scenes ungrateful to the eyes;
 When *Hyperborean* blasts confound the plain,
 Driving, by turns, light snow and heavy rain;
 Ye swains and nymphs, forsake the wither'd grove,
 That no damp colds may nip the buds of love;
 Since winds and tempests o'er the mountains ride,
 Haste here where choice of pleasures do reside;
 Come to my tow'rs, and leave th' unpleasant scene,
 My cheerful bosom shall your warmth sustain,
 Screen'd in my walls, you may bleak winter shun,
 And, for a while, forget the distant sun:
 My blazing fires, bright lamps, and sparkling wine,
 As summer-sun shall warm, like him shall shine.

My witty clubs of minds that move at large,
 With every glass can some great thought discharge;
 When

When from my senate, and the toils of law,
 T' unbend the mind from bus'ness you withdraw,
 With such gay friends to laugh some hours away,
 My winter even shall ding the summer's day.

My schools of law produce a manly train
 Of fluent orators, who right maintain,
 Practis'd t' express themselves a graceful way,
 An eloquence shines forth in all they say.

Some *Raphel*, *Rubens*, or *Vandike* admire,
 Whose bosoms glow, with such a godlike fire.
 Of my own race I have, who shall e're long,
 Challenge a place amongst the immortal throng.

Others in smoothest numbers are profuse,
 And can in *Mantuan* dactyls lead the muse:
 And others can with music make you gay,
 With sweetest sounds *Correlli's* art display,
 While they around in softest measures sing,
 Or beat melodious *Solo's* from the string.

What pleasure can exceed to know what's great,
 The hinge of war, and winding draughts of state?
 These and a thousand things th' aspiring youth
 May learn, with pleasure, from the sages mouth;
 While they full-fraughted judgments do unload,
 Relating to affairs home and abroad.
 The generous soul is fir'd with noble flame,
 To emulate victorious *Eugene's* fame,
 Who with fresh glories decks th' Imperial throne,
 Making the haughty *Ottoman* empire groan.
 He'll learn when warlike *Sweden* and the *Czar*,
 The *Danes* and *Prussians* shall demit the war;
 T' observe what mighty turns of fate may spring
 From this new war rais'd by *Iberia's* king.

Long ere the morn from eastern seas arise,
 To sweep night-shades from off the vaulted skies,
 Oft *Love* or *Law* in dreams your mind may tofs,
 And push the sluggish senses to their posts;
 The *Hautboys* distant notes shall then oppose
 Your phantom cares, and lull you to repose.

To *Visit* and take *Tea*, the well-dress'd fair
 May pass the crowd unruffled in her chair;

No dust or mire her shining foot shall stain,
Or on the horizontal hoop give pain.
For *Beaux* and *Belles* no city can compare,
Nor shew a *Galaxy* so made, so fair ;
The ears are charm'd, and ravish'd are the eyes,
When at the concert my *fair stars* arise.
What poets of fictitious beauties sing,
Shall in bright order fill the dazzling ring :
From *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the spouse of *Jove*,
They'd gain the prize, judg'd by the god of love :
Their sun-burnt features wou'd look dull, and sad,
Compar'd with my *sweet white* and *blushing red*.
The character of beauties so divine,
The muse for want of words cannot define.
The panting soul beholds with awful love,
Impress'd on clay th' angelic forms above,
Whose softest smiles can pow'rfully impart
Raptures sublime, in dumb show, to the heart.

The strength of all these charms, if ye defy,
My *Court of Justice* shall make you comply.
Welcome, my *Session*, thou my bosom warms,
Thrice three times welcome to thy mother's arms :
Thy father long, rude man ! has left my bed,
Thou'rt now my guard, and support of my trade ;
My heart yearns after thee with strong desire,
Thou dearest image of thy antient fire :
Should proud *Augusta* take thee from me too,
So great a loss wou'd make *Edina* bow ;
I'd sink beneath a weight I cou'd not bear,
And in a heap of rubbish disappear.

Vain are such fears ; I'll rear my head in state,
My boding heart foretells a glorious fate :
New stately structures on new streets shall rise,
And new built churches tow'ring to the skies.
From utmost *Thule* to the *Dover-rock*,
Britain's best blood in crowds to me shall flock ;
A num'rous fleet shall be my *Forth's* pride,
While they in her calm roads at anchor ride :
These from each coast shall bring what's great and rare,
To animate the *Brave*, and please the *Fair*.

Written

Written beneath the historical Print of the wonderful preservation of Mr David Bruce, and others—his School-fellows.

St ANDREWS, August 19, 1710.

SIX times the day with light and hope arose,
As oft the night her terrors did oppose,
While toss'd on roaring waves the tender crew
Had nought but death and horror in their view :
Pale famine, seas, bleak cold at equal strife,
Conspiring all against their bloom of life :
Whilst like the lamp's last flame, their trembling souls
Are on the wing to leave their mortal goals ;
And death before them stands with frightful stare,
Their spirits spent, and sunk down to despair.

Behold th' indulgent providential eye,
With watchful rays descending from on high ;
Angels come posting down the divine beam
To save the helpless in their last extreme :
Unseen the heav'nly guard about them flock,
Some rule the winds, some lead them up the rock,
While other two attend the dying pair,
To waft their young white souls thro' fields of air.



The SCRIBBLERS Lash'd.

*You write pindarics ! and be d——n'd,
Write epigrams for cutlers ;
None with thy nonsense will be sham'm'd
But chamber-maids and butlers.
In t'other world expect dry blows,
No tears shall wipe thy stains out :
Horace shall pluck thee by the nose,
And Pindar beat thy brains out.*

T. BROWN to T. D'URFY.

THAT I thus prostitute my muse
On theme so low, may gain excuse ;
When following motives shall be thought on,
Which has this dogrel fury brought on.

I'm

I'm call'd in honour to protect
 The fair when treat with disrespect :
 Besides, a zeal transports my soul,
 Which no constraint can e'er controul ;
 In service of the government,
 To draw my pen, and satyr vent,
 Against vile mungrels of *Parnassus*,
 Who through impunity oppress us.
 'Tis to correct this scribbling crew,
 Who, as in former reigns, so now
 Torment the world, and load our time
 With jargon cloth in wretched rhyme,
 Disgrace of numbers ! earth ! I hate them !
 And as they merit, so I'll treat them.

10

15

And first, these ill-bred things I lash,
 That hated authors of the trash,
 In public spread with little wit,
 Much malice, rude and bootless spite,
 Against the sex, who have no arms
 To shield them from insulting harms,
 Except the light'ning of their eye,
 Which none but such blind dolts defy.

21

25

Ungen'rous war ! t'attack the fair :
 But, ladies, fear not, ye're the care
 Of every wit of true descent,
 At once their song and ornament :
 They'll ne'er neglect the lovely crowd ;
 But spite of all the multitude
 Of scribbling fops, assert your cause,
 And execute *Apollo's* laws :

30

Apollo, who the bard inspires
 With softest thoughts and divine fires ;
 Than whom on all the earth there's no man
 More complaisant to a fine woman.

35

Such veneration mixt with love,
 Points out a poet from above :
 But *Zany's* void of sense and merit,
 Love, fire, or fancy, wit or spirit :
 Weak, frantic, clownish, and chagreen,
 Pretending, prompt by zealous spleen,

40

T' affront your head-dress, or your bone-fence, 45
 Make printers presses groan with nonsense.
 But while *Sol's* offspring lives, as soon
 Shall they pull down his sister moon.

They with low incoherent stuff,
 Dark sense, or none, lines lame and rough; 50
 Without a thought, air or address,
 All the whole loggerhead confests.
 From clouded notions in the brain,
 They scribble in a cloudy strain;
 Desire of verse they reckon wit, 55
 And rhyme without one grain of it.
 Then hurry forth in public town
 Their scrawls, lest they should be unknown.
 Rather than want a fame, they chuse
 The plague of an infamous muse. 60
 Unthinking, thus the sots aspire,
 And raise their own reproach the high'r:
 By meddling with the modes and fashions
 Of women of politest nations.
 Perhaps by this they'd have it told us, 65
 That in their spirit something bold is,
 To challenge those who have the skill,
 By charms to save, and frowns, to kill.

If not ambition, then 'tis spite,
 Which makes the puny insects write. 70
 Like old and mouldy maids turn'd sour,
 When distant charms have lost their pow'r,
 Fly out in loud transports of passion,
 When ought that's new comes first in fashion;
 'Till by degrees it creeps right snodly 75
 On hips and head-dress of the g—y.
 Thus they to please the sighing sisters,
 Who often beat them in their misters,
 With their malicious breath set sail,
 And write these silly things they rail. 80
 Pimps! such as you can ne'er extend
 A flight of wit, which may amend
 Our morals; that's a plot too nice
 For you to laugh folks out of vice.

Sighing,

78, Beat them in their misters.) Oblige them upon occasion.

Sighing, oh hey! ye cry, alas!

85

This fardingale's a great disgrace!

And all indeed, because an ancle,

Or foot is seen, might monarchs mancle;

And makes the wife, with face upright,

Look up, and blest heav'n for their sight.

90

In your opinion nothing matches,

O horrid sin! the crime of patches!

'Tis false, ye clowns; I'll make't appear,

The glorious sun does patches wear:

Yea, run thro' all the frame of nature,

You'll find a patch for ev'ry creature:

Even you yourselves, ye blackned wretches,

To *Heliconians* are the patches.

95

But grant that ladies modes were ills

To be reform'd; your creeping skills,

Ye rhimers, never wou'd succeed,

Who write what the polite ne'er read,

To cure an error of the fair,

Demands the nicest prudent care;

Wit utter'd in a pleasing strain,

A point so delicate may gain:

But that's a task as far above

Your shallow reach, as I'm from *Jove*.

100

105

No more then let the world be vexed

With baggage empty and perplexed:

But learn to speak with due respect

Of *Peggie's* breasts and ivory neck.

Such purblind eyes as your's, 'tis true,

Shou'd ne'er such divine beauties view.

If *Nellie's* hoop be twice as wide,

As her two pretty limbs can stride;

What then? will any man of sense

Take umbrage, or the least offence,

At what even the most modest may

Expose to *Phoebus'* brightest ray?

Does not the handsome of our city,

The pious, chaste, the kind and witty,

Who can afford it, great and small,

Regard well-shapen fardingale?

110

115

120

And will you, *Mag-pyer*, makes a noise? 125
 You grumble at the lady's choice!
 But leav't to them, and mothers wise,
 Who watch their conduct, mein and guise,
 To shape their weeds as fits their ease;
 And place their patches as they please. 130
 This shou'd be granted without grudging,
 Since we all know they're best at judging,
 What from mankind demands devotion,
 In gesture, garb, free airs, and motion.
 But you! unworthy of my pen! 135
 Unworthy to be class'd with men!
 Haste to *Caffar*, ye clumsy sots,
 And there make love to *Hottentots*.

Another set with ballads waste
 Our paper, and debauch our taste 140
 With endless 'larums on the street,
 Where crowds of circling rabble meet.
 The vulgar judge of poetry,
 By what these hawkers sing and cry:
 Yea, some who claim to wit amiss, 145
 Cannot distinguish That from This.
 Hence poets are accounted now
 In *Scotland* a mean empty crew:
 Whose heads are craz'd, who spend their time
 In that poor wretched trade of rhyme. 150
 Yet all the learn'd discerning part
 Of mankind own the heav'nly art
 Is as much distant from such trash,
 As lay'd *Dutch* coin from *Sterling* cash.

Others in lofty nonsense write; 155
 Incomprehensible's their flight;
 Such magic pow'r is in their pen,
 They can bestow on worthless men
 More virtue, merit and renown,
 Than ever they cou'd call their own. 160
 They write with arbitrary power,
 And pity 'tis they should fall lower;
 Or sloop to truth, or yet to meddle
 With common sense, for crambo diddle.

But

125 But none of all the rhiming herd
Are more encourag'd and rever'd
By heavy souls to their's ally'd,
Than such who tell who lately dy'd.
No sonner is the spirit flown,
130 From its clay-cage, to lands unknown,
Than some rash hackney gets his name,
And thro' the town laments the same :
An honest burges cannot die,
But they must weep in elegy ;
135 Even when the virtuous soul is soaring
Thro' middle air, he hears it roaring.

165

170

175

These ills and many more abuses
Which plague mankind, and vex the muses,
On pain of poverty shall cease,
40 And all the fair shall live in peace :
And every one shall die contented,
Happy when not by them lamented.
For great *Apollo* in his name,
Has order'd me thus to proclaim :

180

45 ' Forasmuch as a grov'ling crew,
' With narrow mind, and brazen brow,
' Wou'd fain to poets title mount,
' And with vile maggots rub affront
' On an old virtuoso nation,
' Where our lov'd nine maintain their station ;
' We order strict, that all refrain
' To write, who learning want, and brain ;
' Pedants, with *Hebrew* roots o'er-grown,
' Learn'd in each language but their own.
' Each spiritless half-starving sinner,
6 ' Who knows not how to get his dinner :
' Dealers in small ware, clinks, whim-whams,
' Acrostics, puns, and anagrams ;
' And all who their productions grudge,
' To be canvast by skilful judge,
8 ' Who can find out indulgent trip,
' Whilst 'tis in harmless manuscript.
' But to all them who disobey,
' And jog on still in their own way ;

185

190

195

200

- ' Be't kend to all men that our will is, 205
 ' Since all they write so wretched ill is :
 ' They must dispatch their shallow ghosts,
 ' To *Pluto's* jakes, and take their posts ;
 ' There to attend, 'till *Dis* shall deign
 ' To use their works ; the use is plain.' 210

Now know, ye scoundrels, if ye stand
 To humph and ha at this command,
 The furies have prepar'd a halter,
 To hang, or drive ye helter skelter,
 Through bogs, and moors, like rats and mice, 215
 Pursu'd with hunger, rags and lice,
 If e'er ye dare again to croak,
 And god of harmony provoke.
 Wherefore pursue some craft for bread,
 Where hands may better serve than head ; 220
 Nor ever hope in verse to shine,
 Or share in *Homer's* fate or —.

C O N T E N T. A P O E M.

*Content is wealth, the riches of the mind ;
 And happy he who can that treasure find :
 But the base miser starves amidst his store,
 Broods on his gold, and gripping still for more,
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.* }

D R Y D E N.

Virtue was taught in verse, and Atheos' glory rose.

P R I O R.

W H E N genial beams wade thro' the dewy morn,
 And from the clod invite the sprouting corn ;
 When chequer'd green, wing'd music, new blown scents,
 Conspir'd to sooth the mind, and please each sense :
 Then down a shady haugh I took my way, 5
 Delighted with each flower and budding spray ;
 Musing on all that hurry, pain and strife,
 Which flow from the fantastic ills of life.
 Enlarg'd from such distresses of the mind,
 Due gratitude to heav'n my thoughts resign'd, 10
 And

And made me in the laughing sage's way,
As a mere farce the murmur'ing world survey;
Finding imagin'd maladies abound,
Tenfold for one, which gives a real wound.

Godlike is he whom no false fears annoy, 15
Who lives content, and grasps the present joy;
Whose mind is not with wild convulsions rent
Of pride, and avarice, and discontent:
Whose well-train'd passions, with a pious awe,
Are all subordinate to reason's law: 20
Then smooth content arises like the day,
And makes each rugged phantom fly away.
To lowest men she gives a lib'ral share
Of solid bliss; she mitigates our care,
Enlarging joys, administering health; 25
The rich man's pleasure, and the poor man's wealth;
A train of comforts on her nod attend,
And to her sway profits and honours bend.

Hail blest content! who art by heav'n design'd
Parent of health and chearfulness of mind; 30
Serene content shall animate my song,
And make the immortal numbers smooth and strong.

Silenus, thou whose hoary beard and head
Experience speak, and youth's attention plead;
Retail thy gather'd knowledge, and disclose 35
What state of life enjoys the most repose.
Thus I address:—And thus the ancient bard;—
First, to no state of life fix thy regard.
All mortals may be happy, if they please,
Not rack'd with pain, nor lingering disease. 40

Midas the wretch, wrapt in his patched rags,
With empty paunch, sits brooding o'er his bags;
Meager his look, his mind in constant fright,
If winds but move his windows in the night;
If dogs should bark, or but a mouse make din, 45
He sweats and starts, and thinks the thief's got in:
His sleep forsakes him 'till the dawn appears,
Which every thing but such a caitiff cheers;

It gives him pain to buy a farthing-light,
 He jums at home in darknefs all the night. 50
 What makes him manage with fuch cautious pain?
 'Twould break a fum; a farthing fpent fo vain!
 If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when fome needful man
 Gives ten *per Cent.* with an infuring pawn;
 Tho' he's provided in as much would ferve 55
 Whole *Neflor's* years, he ever fears to ftarve.
 Tell him of alms; alas! he'd rather chufe
 Damnation and the promis'd blifs refufe.
 —*And is there fuch a wretch beneath the fun*—?
 Yes, he return'd, thousands inftead of one, 60 }
 To whom content is utterly unknown.—
Are all the rich men fuch?—He anfwer'd, no;
Marcus hath wealth, and can his wealth beftow
 Upon himfelf, his friends, and on the poor,
 Enjoys enough, and wifhes for no more. 65

Reverse of thefe, is he who braves the fky,
 Curfing his maker when he throws the die:
 Gods, devils, furies, hell, heaven, blood and wounds,
 Promifcuous fly in burfts of tainted founds:
 He to perdition doth his foul bequeath, 70
 Yet inly trembles when he thinks of death.
 Except at game, he ne'er employs his thought
 'Till his'd and pointed at,—not worth a groat.
 The defp'rate remnant of a large eftate
 Goes at one throw, and points his gloomy fate; 75 }
 He finds his folly now, but finds too late.
 Ill brooks my fondling mafter to be poor,
 Bred up to nought but bottle, game, and whore.
 How pitiful he looks without his rent!
 They who fly virtue, ever fly content. 80

Now I beheld the fage look'd lefs fevere,
 Whilft pity join'd his old fatyric lear.
 The weakly mind, faid he, is quickly torn,
 Men are not gods, fome frailties muft be born:
 Heaven's bounteous hand all in their turn abufe, 85 }
 The happieft men at times their fate refufe,
 Befool themfelves,—and trump up an excufe. }
 Is

Is *Lucius* but a subaltern of foot?
His equal *Gallus* is a coronet.

Sterilla shuns a gossiping, and why? 90
The teeming mother fills her with envy.

The pregnant matron's grief as much prevails,
Some of the children always something ails:
One boy is sick, t'other has broke his head,
And nurse is blam'd when little miss is dead. 95

A dutchess on a velvet couch reclin'd,
Blabs her fair cheeks till she is almost blind;
Poor *Philis*'s death the briny pearls demands,
Who ceases now to snarl and lick her hands.

The politicians, who in learn'd debates, 100
With penetration carve out kingdoms fates,
Look sour, drink coffee, shrug, and read gazettes:
Deep sunk in craft of state their souls are lost,
And all their hopes depend upon the post;
Each mail that's due they curse the contrair wind, 105
'Tis strange if this way men contentment find.
Tho' old, their humours I am yet to learn,
Who vex themselves in what they've no concern.

Ninny the glaring fop, who always runs 109
In tradesmen's books, which makes the careful duns
Often e'er ten to break his slumbering rest:
Whilst with their craving clamours he's oppress'd,
He frames excuses till his cranny akes,
Then thinks he justly damns the cursed sneaks.
The disappointed dun with as much ire, 119
Both threats and curses till his breast's on fire;
Then home he goes, and pours it on his house,
His servants suffer oft, and oft his spouse.

Some groan thro' life amidst a heap of cares,
To load with too much wealth their lazy heirs: 120
The lazy heir turns all to ridicule,
And all his life proclaims his father fool.
He toils in spending—Leaves a thread-bare son,
To scrap anew, as had his grandsire done.

How is the fair *Myrtilla*'s bosom fir'd, 125
If *Leda*'s fable locks are more admir'd;

While

While *Leda* does her secret sighs discharge,
Because her mouth's a straw-breadth, ah! too large.

Thus sung the fire, and left me to evite
The scorching beams in some cool green retreat; 130
Where gentle slumber seiz'd my weary'd brain,
And mimick fancy op'd the following scene.

Methought I stood upon a rising ground,
A splendid landskip open'd all around, 134
Rocks, rivers, meadows, gardens, parks and woods,
And domes which hid their turrets in the clouds;
To me approach'd a nymph divinely fair,
Celestial virtue shone through all her air:
A nymph for grace, her wisdom more renown'd
Adorn'd each grace, and both true valour crown'd.
Around her heav'nly smiles a helmet blaz'd, 141
And graceful as she mov'd, a spear she gently rais'd.
My sight at first the lustre scarce cou'd bear,
Her dazzling glories shone so strong and clear:
A majesty sublime, with all that's sweet, 145
Did adoration claim, and love invite.
I felt her wisdom's charm my thoughts inspire,
Her dauntless courage set my soul on fire.
The maid, when thus I knew, I soon address'd,
My present wishful thoughts the theme suggest: 150
'Of all th' ethereal powers thou noblest maid,
'To human weakness lend'st the readiest aid:
'To where content and her blest train reside,
'Immortal *Pallas* deign to be my guide.' 154
With my request well pleas'd, our course we bent,
To find the habitation of content.

Thro' fierce *Bellona*'s tents we first advanc'd,
Where cannons bounc'd, and nervous horses pranc'd:
Here *Vi & Armis* sat with dreadful awe
And daring front, to prop each nation's law; 160
Attending squadrons, on her motions wait,
Array'd in deaths, and fearless of their fate.
Here chieftain souls glow'd with as great a fire,
As his who made the world but one empire.
Even in low ranks brave spirits might be found, 165
Who wanted nought of monarchs but a crown.

But

But ah ! ambition stood a foe to peace,
Shaking the empty fob and ragged fleece ;
Which were more hideous to these sons of war,
Than brimstone, smoak, and storms of bullets are. 170
Here, said my guide, content is rarely found,
Where blood and noisy jars beset the ground.

Trade's wealthy ware-house next fell in our way,
Where in great bales part of each nation lay,
The *Spanish* citron, and *Hesperia's* oil, 175
Persia's soft product, and the *Chinese* toil ;
Warm *Borneo's* spices, *Arab's* scented gum,
The *Polish* amber, and the *Saxon* mum,
The *Orient* pearl, *Holland's* lace and toys,
And tinsy work, which the fair nun employs. 180

From *India* ivory, and the clouded cane,
And cochineal from the straits of *Magellan*.
The *Scandinavian* rosin, hemp and tar,
The *Lapland* furs, and *Russia* caviare,
The *Gallic* puncheon charg'd with ruby juice, 185
Which makes the hearts of gods and men rejoice.

Britannia here pours from her plenteous horn,
Her shining mirrors, clock-work, cloaths and corn.
Here *Cent. per Cents* sat poring o'er their books,
While many shew'd the bankrupts in their looks, 190
Who by mismanagement their stock had spent,
Curs'd these hard times, and blam'd the government.
The missive letter, and peremptor bill,
Forbade them rest, and call'd forth all their skill.
Uncertain credit bore the scepter here, 195
And her prime ministers were hope and fear.

The surly chufs demanded what we sought,
Content, said I, may she with gold be bought ?
Content ! said one, then star'd and bit his thumb,
And leering ask'd, if I was worth a plum. 200

Love's fragrant fields, where mildest western gales,
Loaden with sweets, perfume the hills and dales ;
Where longing lovers haunt the streams and glades,
And cooling groves, whose verdure never fades ;
Thither with joy and hasty steps we strode, 205
There sure I thought our long'd for bliss abode.

Whom

Whom first we met on that enchanted plain,
Was a tall yellow-hair'd young pensive swain;
Him I address'd,——' O youth, what heavenly power

' Commands and graces yon *Elysian* bower? 210

' Sure 'tis content, else much I am deceiv'd.'

The shepherd sigh'd, and told me that I rav'd.

Rare she appears, unless on some fine day

She grace a nuptial, but soon hastes away:

If her you seek, soon hence you must remove, 215

Her presence is precarious in love.

Thro' these and other shrines we wander'd long,

Which merit no description in my song:

'Till at the last, methought we cast our eye

Upon an antique temple, square and high, 220

Its area wide, its spire did pierce the sky;

On adamantine *Dorick* pillars rear'd,

Strong *Gothick* work the massy pile appear'd:

Nothing seem'd little, all was great design'd,

Which pleas'd the eye at once, and fill'd the mind. 225

Whilst wonder did my curious thoughts engage,

To us approach'd a studious rev'rend sage:

Both awe and kindness his grave aspect bore,

Which spoke him rich with wisdom's finest store.

He ask'd our errand there,——Straight I reply'd, 230

' Content; in these high towers does she reside?

Not far from hence, said he, her palace stands,

Ours she regards, as we do her demands;

Philosophy sustains her peaceful sway,

And in return she feasts us every day. 235

Then straight an antient telescope he brought,

By *Socrates* and *Epictetus* wrought,

Improved since, made easier to the sight,

Lengthen'd the tube, the glasses ground more bright:

Through this he shew'd a hill, whose lofty brow 240

Enjoy'd the sun, while vapours all below,

In pitchy clouds, encircled it around,

Where phantoms of most horrid forms abound;

The ugly brood of lazy spleen and fear,

Frightful in shape, most monstrous appear. 245

Then thus my guide,——

Your

Your way lies through yon gloom, be not aghast,
Come briskly on, you'll jest them when they're past:
Mere empty spectres, harmless as the air,
Which merit not your notice, less your care. 250

Encourag'd with her word, I thus address
My noble guide; and grateful joy express.
' O sacred wisdom! thine's the source of light,
' Without thy blaze the world wou'd grope in night;
' Of woe and bliss thou only art the test, 255
' Falshood and truth before thee stand confess:
' Thou mak'st a double life: one nature gave,
' But without thine, what is it mortals have?
' A breathing motion grazing to the grave. }

Now thro' the damps methought we boldly went,
Smiling at all the grins of discontent:
Tho' oft pull'd back, the rising ground we gain'd,
Whilst inward joy my weary'd limbs sustain'd.
Arriv'd the height, whose top was large and plain,
And what appear'd soon recompens'd my pain, 265
Nature's whole beauty deck'd th' enamel'd scene. }

Amidst the glade the sacred palace stood,
The architecture not so fine as good;
Nor scrimp, nor goulty, regular and plain,
Plain were the columns which the roof sustain: 270
An easy greatness in the whole was found,
Where all that nature wanted did abound.
But here no beds are screen'd with rich brocade,
Nor fewel-logs in silver grates are laid:
No broken *China*-bowls disturb the joy 275
Of waiting handmaid, or the running boy;
Nor in the cupboard heaps of plate are rang'd,
To be with each splenetic fashion chang'd.

A weather-beaten sentry watch'd the gate,
Of temper cross, and practis'd in debate: 280
'Till once acquaint with him, no entry here,
Tho' brave as *Caesar*, or as *Helen* fair:
To strangers fierce, but with familiars tame,
And *Touchstone Disappointment* was his name.

This fair inscription shone above the gate, 285
Fear none but him whose will directs thy fate.

With smile austere he lifted up his head,
 Pointed the characters, and bid us read:
 We did, and stood resolv'd. The gates at last
 Op'd of their own accord, and in we past. 290

Each day a herald, by the queen's command,
 Was order'd on a mount to take his stand,
 And thence to all the earth this offer make,
 * Who are inclin'd her favours to partake,
 * Shall have them free, if they small rubs can bear 295
 * Of disappointment, spleen and bug-bear fear.'

Rais'd on a throne within the outer-gate,
 The goddess sat, her vot'ries round her wait:
 The beautiful divinity disclos'd
 Sweetness sublime, which roughest cares compos'd :
 Her looks sedate, yet joyful and serene, 301
 Not rich her dress, but suitable and clean :
 Unfurrow'd was her brow, her cheeks were smooth,
 Tho' old as time, enjoy'd immortal youth ;
 And all her accents so harmonious flow'd, 305
 That every list'ning ear with pleasure glow'd.
 An olive garland on her head she wore,
 And her right hand a *Cornucopia* bore.
 Cross *Touchstone* fill'd a bench without the door,
 To try the *Sterling* of each human ore : 310
 Grim judge he was, and them away he sent,
 Unfit t'approach the shrine of calm content.

To him a hoary dotard load with bags :
 Unweildy load ! to one who hardly drags
 His being.——More than seventy years, said he, 315
 I've sought this court, 'till now unsound by me :
 Now let me rest.——' Yes, if ye want no more ;
 * But e'er the sun has made his annual tour,
 * Know, grov'ling wretch, thy wealth's without thy }
 pow'r.'

The thoughts of death, and ceasing from his gain,
 Brought on the old man's head so sharp a pain, 321
 Which dim'd his optic nerves, and with the light
 He lost the palace, and crawl'd back to night.

Poor griping thing, how useless is thy breath,
 While nothing's so much long'd for as thy death ? 325
 How

How meanly hast thou spent thy lease of years?
 A slave to poverty, to toils and fears;
 And all to vie with some black rugged hill,
 Whose rich contents millions of chests can fill.
 As round the greedy rock clings to the mine, 330
 And hinders it in open day to shine,
 'Till diggers hew it from the spar's embrace,
 Making it circle, stamp'd with *Caesar's* face;
 So dost thou hoard, and from thy prince purloin
 His useful image, and thy country coin 335
 'Till gaping heirs have free'd th' imprison'd slave,
 When to their comfort thou hast fill'd a grave.

The next, who with a janty air approach'd,
 Was a gay youth, who thither had been coach'd:
 Sleek were his *Flanders* mares, his liv'ries fine, 340
 With glittering gold his furniture did shine.
 Sure such methought may enter when they please,
 Who have all these appearances of ease.
 Strutting he march'd, nor any leave he crav'd,
 Attempt' to pass, but found himself deceiv'd: 345
 Old *Touchstone* gave him on the breast a box,
 Which op'd the sluices of a latent pox;
 Then bid his equipage in haste depart.
 The youth look'd at them with a fainting heart;
 He found he cou'd not walk, and bid them stay, 350
 Swore three cramp oaths, mounted and wheel'd away.

The pow'r express'd herself thus with a smile,
 ' These changing shadows are not worth our while;
 ' With smallest trifles oft their peace is torn,
 ' If here at night, they scarcely wait the morn.' 355

Another beau as fine, but more vivace,
 Whose airs sat round him with an easy grace,
 And well bred motion, came up to the gate,
 I lov'd him much, and trembl'd for his fate.
 The sentry broke his clouded cane—he smil'd, 360
 Got fairly in, and all our fears beguil'd.
 The cane was soon renew'd which had been broke,
 And thus the virtue to the circle spoke;
 ' Each thing magnificent or gay we grant,
 ' To them who're capable to bear their want.' 365

Two handsome toasts came next ; them well I knew,
 Their lovely make the court's observance drew ;
 Three waiting-maids attended in the rear,
 Each loaden with as much as she cou'd bear :
 One mov'd beneath a load of silks and lace, 370
 Another bore the offsets of the face ;
 But the most bulkly burden of the three,
 Was her's who bore the utensils of *Bohea*.
 My mind indulgent in their favour pled,
 Hoping no opposition would be made : 375
 So mannerly, so smooth, so mild their eye,
 Enough almost to give content envy.
 But soon I found my error ; the bold judge,
 Who acted as if prompted by some grudge,
 Them thus saluted with a hollow tone, 380
 ' You're none of my acquaintance, get you gone ;
 ' What loads of trimp'ry these ?--ha, where's my cross ?
 ' I'll try if these be solid ware or bofs ;'
 The *China* felt the fury of his blow,
 And lost a being, or for use or show ; 385
 For use or show no more's each plate or cup,
 But all in sherds upon the threshold drop.
 Now every charm which deck'd their face before,
 Gives place to rage, and beauty is no more.
 The briny stream their rosy cheeks besmear'd, 390
 Whilst they in clouds of vapours disappear'd.

A rustic hind, attir'd in home spun grey,
 With forked locks, and shoes bedaub'd with clay ;
 Palms shod with horn, his front fresh brown and broad,
 With legs and shoulders suited for a load ; 395
 He 'midst ten bawling children laugh'd and sung,
 While comfort hobnails on the pavement rung :
 Up to the porter unconcern'd he came,
 Forcing along his offspring and their dame.
 Cross *Touchstone* strove to stop him, but the clown 400
 At handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him down.
 And spite of him, into the palace went,
 Where he was kindly welcom'd by Content.

Two *Busbian* philosophers put in their claims,
Camaliel and *Critis* were their names ; 405
 But

But soon's they had our *British Homer* seen,
 With face-unruff'd waiting on the queen,
 Envious hate their surly bosoms fir'd,
 Their colour chang'd, they from the porch retir'd:
 Backward they went, reflecting with much rage 410
 On the bad taste and humour of the age,
 Which paid so much respect to nat'ral parts,
 While they were starving graduates of arts.
 The goddesses fell a laughing at the fools,
 And sent them packing to their grammar-schools; 415
 Or in some garret elevate to dwell,
 There with *Sisyphian* toil to teach young *Beaus* to spell.

Now all this while a gale of eastern wind,
 And cloudy skies oppress the human mind;
 The wind set west, back'd with the radiant beams, 420
 Which warm'd the air, and danc'd upon the streams,
 Exhal'd the spleen, and sooth'd a world of souls,
 Who crowded now the avenue in shoals.
 Numbers in black, of widowers, relicts, heirs,
 Of new-wed lovers many handsome pairs; 425
 Men landed from abroad, from camps and seas;
 Others got through some dangerous disease:
 A train of *Belles* adorn'd with something new,
 And even of ancient prudes there were a few,
 Who were refresh'd with scandal and with tea, 430
 Which for a space set them from vapours free,
 Here from their cups the lower species flockt,
 And knaves with bribes and cheating methods stockt.

The pow'r survey'd the troop, and gave command
 They should no longer in the entry stand, 435
 But be convey'd into *Chimera's* tower,
 There to attend her pleasure for an hour.

Soon as they enter'd, apprehension shook
 The fabric: fear was fixt on every look;
 Old age and poverty, disease, disgrace, 440
 With horrid grin, star'd full in every face;
 Which made them, trembling at their unknown fate,
 Issue in haste out by the postern-gate.

None waited out their hour but only two,
 Who had been wedded fifteen years ago. 445

The man had learn'd the world, and fixt his mind ;
 His spouse was chearful, beautiful and kind :
 She neither fear'd the shock, nor phantom's stare :
 She thought her husband wise, and knew that he was there.
 Now while the court was sitting, my fair guide 450
 Into a fine *Elysium* me convey'd ;
 I saw, or thought I saw, the spacious fields
 Adorn'd with all prolific nature yields,
 Profusely rich, with her most valu'd store :
 But as m' enchanted fancy wander'd o'er 455
 The happy plain, new beauties seem'd to rise,
 The fields were fled, and all was painted skies.
 Pleas'd for a while, I wish'd the former scene ;
 Straight all return'd, and eas'd me of my pain.
 Again the flow'ry meadows disappear, 460
 And hills and groves their stately summits rear ;
 These sink again, and rapid rivers flow,
 Next from the rivers cities seem to grow.

Sometime the fleeting scene I had forgot,
 In busy thought entranc'd, with pain I sought 465
 To know the hidden charm ; straight all was fled,
 And boundless heav'ns o'er boundless oceans spread ;
 Impatient I obtest my noble guide,
 Reveal this wondrous secret, she reply'd.

We carried on what greatly we design'd, 470
 When all these human follies you resign'd,
 Ambition, lux'ry, and a cov'tous mind ;
 Yet think not true content can thus be bought,
 There's wanting still a train of virtuous thought.

When me your leader prudently you chose, 475
 And list'ning to my counsel, did refuse
 Fantastic joys, your soul was thus prepar'd
 For true content ; and thus I do reward
 Your gen'rous toil. Observe this wond'rous clime ;
 Of nature's blessings here are hid the prime : 480
 But wise and virtuous thought in constant course,
 Must draw these beauties from their hidden source ;
 The smallest intermissions will transform
 The pleasant scene, and spoil each perfect charm.

'Tis

'Tis ugly vice will rob you of content,
 And to your view all hellish woes present.
 Nor grudge the care in virtue you employ,
 Your present toil will prove your future joy.
 Then smil'd she heav'nly sweet, and parting said,
 Hold fast your virtuous mind, of nothing be afraid. 490

A while the charming voice so fill'd my ears,
 I griev'd the divine form no more appears.
 Then to confirm my yet unsteady mind.
 Under a lonely shadow I reclin'd,
 To try the virtues of the clime I sought; 495
 Then straight call'd up a train of hideous thought,
 Famine, and blood, and pestilence appear,
 Wild shrieks and loud laments disturb mine ear;
 New woes and horrors did my sight alarm:
 Envy and hate compos'd the wretched charm. 500

Soon as I saw, I dropt the hateful view,
 And thus I sought past pleasures to renew.
 To heav'nly love my thoughts I next compose,
 Then quick as thought the following sights disclose:
 Streams, meadows, grotto's, groves, birds carolling, 505
 Calmness, and temp'rate warmth, and endless spring;
 A perfect transcript of these upper bow'rs,
 The habitation of th' immortal pow'rs,

Back to the palace ravished I went,
 Resolved to reside with blest Content, 510
 Where all my special friends methought I met,
 In order 'mongst the best of mankind set:
 My soul with too much pleasure overcharg'd,
 The captiv'd senses to their post enlarg'd:
 Lifting mine eyes I view'd declining day, 515
 Sprang from the green, and homeward bent my way,
 Reflecting on that hurry, pain and strife,
 Which flow from false and real ills of life.

RICHY and SANDY, a Pastoral on the Death of
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.:

RICHY.

WHAT gars thee look sae dowf, dear *Sandy*, say?
Chear up, dull fallow, take thy reed and play
My Apron Deary,—or some wanton tune:

Be merry, lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

Sand. Na, na, it winna do! leave me to mane, 5
This aught days twice o'er tell'd I'll whistle nane.

Rich. Wow man, that's unco' sad,—Is't that ye'r jo
Has ta'en the strunt?—Or has some bogle-bo
Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws gi'en ye a fleg?
Or has some dauted wedder broke his leg? 10

Sand. Naithing like that, sic troubles eith were born,
What's bogles, wedders, or what *Mausy's* scorn?
Our loss is meikle mair, and past remeed,
Eddie, that play'd, and sang sae sweet, is dead.

Rich. Dead, say'st thou; oh! had up my heart, O *Pan*!
Ye gods; what laids ye lay on fecklefs man! 16
Alake therefore, I canna wyt ye'r wae,
I'll bear ye company for year and day.
A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,
Or hounded coly o'er the mossy bent: 20
Blyth at the bought how aft ha' we three been,
Heartsome on hills, and gay upon the green.

Sand. That's true indeed! but now thae days are gane,
And with him a' that's pleasant on the plain.
A summer-day I never thought it lang. 25
To hear him make a roundel or a sang.
How sweet he sung where vines and myrtles grow,
Of wimpling waters which in *Latium* flow.
Titry the *Mantuan* herd wha lang finsyne.
Best sung on acten reed the lover's pine, 30
Had he been to the fore now in our days,
Wi' *Eddie* he had frankly dealt his bays.

Richy and Sandy.) Sir Richard Steel and Mr. Alexander Pope.
27. How sweet.) His poetie epistle from Italy to the Earl of
Hallifax.

As lang's the warld shall *Amaryllis* ken,
 His *Rosamond* shall echo thro' the glen;
 While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows, 35
 Or wand'ring lambs rin bleeting after ewes,
 His fame shall last: last shall his sang of weirs,
 While *British* bairns brag of their bauld forbears.
 We'll meikle miss his blyth and witty jest
 At spaining time, or at our *Lambmas* feast. 40
 O, *Richy*, but 'tis hard death ay reaves
 Away the best fowk, and the ill anes leaves.
 Hing down ye'r heads, ye hills, greet out ye'r springs;
 Upon ye'r edge na mair the shepherd sings.

Rich. Than he had ay a good advice to gi'e, 45
 And kend my thoughts amais't as well as me;
 Had I been thowless, vext, or oughtlins sow'r,
 He wad have made me blyth in haff an hour.
 Had *Rosie* ta'en the dorts,——or had the tod
 Worry'd my lamb,——or were my feet ill-shod, 50
 Kindly he'd laugh when sae he saw me dwine,
 And tauk of happiness like a divine.
 Of ilka thing he had an unco' skill,
 He kend be moon-light how tides ebb and fill,
 He kend, what kend he no? e'en to a hair 55
 He'd tell or night gin neist day wad be fair.
 Blind *John*, ye mind, wha sang in kittle phrase,
 How the ill sp'rit did the first mischief raise;
 Mony a time beneath the auld birk tree,
 What's bony in that sang he loot me see. 60
 The lasses aft slang down their rakes and pails,
 And held their tongues, O strange! to hear his tales.

Sand. Sound be his sleep, and fast his wak'ning be,
 He's in a better case than thee or me:
 He was o'er good for us; the gods hae ta'en 65
 Their ain but back,—he was a borrow'd len;
 Let us be good gin virtue be our drift,
 Then we may yet forgether 'boon the list.

34. *Rosamond*.) An opera wrote by him.

37. Sang of weirs.) His campaign; an heroic poem.

57. Blind John.) The famous Mr Milton, the author of the excellent poem on *Paradise Lost*, was blind.

But see the sheep are wyding to the cleugh;
Thomas has loos'd his ousen frae the pleugh;
Maggy by this has bewk the supper-scones,
 And nuckle kye stand rowting in the loans:
 Come, *Richy*, let us truse and hame o'er bend,
 And make the best of what we canna mend.

To Mr ALLAN RAMSAY, on his *Richy* and *Sandy*.

By Mr BURCHET.

WELL fare thee, *Allan*, who in mother tongue
 So sweetly hath of breathless *Addy* sung.
 His endless fame thy nat'ral genius fir'd.
 And thou hast written as if he inspir'd.
Richy and *Sandy*, who do him survive,
 Long as thy rural stanza's last, shall live.
 The grateful swains thou'lt made, in tuneful verse,
 Mourn sadly o'er their late--lost patron's hearse.
 Nor would the *Mantuan* bard, if living, blame
 Thy pious zeal, or think thou'lt hurt his fame,
 Since *Addison's* inimitable lays
 Give him an equal title to the bays.
 When he of armies sang, in lofty strains,
 It seem'd as if he in the hostile plains
 Had present been. His pen hath to the life,
 Trac'd every action in the sanguine strife.
 In council now sedate the chief appears,
 Then loudy thunders in *Bavarian* ears;
 And still pursuing the destructive theme,
 He pushes them into the rapid stream.
 Thus beaten out of *Blenheim's* neighb'ring fields,
 The *Gallic* gen'ral to the victor yields,
 Who, as *Britannia's* *Virgil* hath observ'd,
 From threaten'd fate all *Europe* then preserv'd.

Nor dost thou, *Ramsay*, sightless *Milton* wrong,
 By ought contain'd in thy melodious song;
 For none but *Addy* could his thoughts sublime
 So well unriddle, or his mystic rhyme.

And

And when he deign'd to let his fancy rove
Where sun-burnt shepherds to the nymphs make love,
No one e'er told in softer notes the tales
Of rural pleasures in the spangled vales.

So much, Oh *Allan*! I thy lines revere,
Such veneration to his mem'ry bear,
That I no longer could my thanks refrain
For what thou'st sung of the lamented swain.

To JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

THirsling for fame, at the *Pierian* Spring
The poet takes a waught then seys to sing
Nature, and with the tentiest view to hit
Her bonny side with bauldest turns of wit.
Streams slide in verse, in verse the mountains rise, 5
When earth turns toom he rummages the skies,
Mounts up beyond them, paints the fields of rest,
Douns down to visit ilka law-land ghaist.
O hartsome labour! wordy time and pains,
That, frae the best, esteem and friendship gains. 10
Be that my luck, and let the greedy bike
Stock job the warld among them as they like.

In b'yth braid *Scots* allow me, sir, to shaw
My gratitude, but fleetching or a flaw.
May rowth o' pleasures light upon ye lang, 15
'Till to the blest *Elysian* bow'rs ye gang;
Wha've clapt my head fae brawly for my sang.
When honour'd *Burchet* and his maikes are pleas'd
With my corn-pipe, up to the stars I'm heez'd;
Whence far I glowr to the fag-end of time, 20
And view the warld delighted wi' my rhyme.
That when the pride of sprush new words are laid;
I like the *Classic* authors shall be read.
Stand yont, proud *Czar*, I wadna niffer fame
With thee, for a' thy furs and paughty name. 25

14. But fleetching.) *But* is frequently used for *without*. i. e. without flatt'ring.

If sic great ferlies, fir, my muse can do,
 As spin a three-plait praise where it is due,
 Frae me there's nane deserves it mair than you.
 Frae me ! frae ilky ane ; for sure a breast
 Sae gen'rous is of a' that's good posselt.
 'Till I can serve ye mair, I'll wish ye weell,
 And aft in sparkling claret drink your heal :
 Minding the mem'ry of the great and good
 Sweet *Addison*, the wale of human blood,
 Wha fell, (as *Horace* anes said to his billy)
Nulli flebilior quam tibi Virgili.

S I R,

Yours, &c.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Familiar Epistles between Lieutenant WILLIAM HAMILTON and ALLAN RAMSAY.

E P I S T L E I.

GILBERTFIELD, June 26th, 1719.

O Fam'd and celebrated ALLAN !
 Renowned RAMSAY, canty callan,
 There's nowther highlandman nor lawlan,
 In poetrie,
 But may as soon ding down *Tamtallan*
 As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
 I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
 When frae *Parnassus* thou didst thunder,
 Wi' wit and skill,
 Wherefore I'll soberly knock under,
 And quat my quill.

Of poetry the hail quintessence
 Thou has suck'd up, left nae excreffence
 To petty poets, or sic messens,
 Tho' round thy stool,

4. *Tamtallan.*) An old fortification upon the firth of Forth in East Lothian.

They

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons
At *Ramsay's* school. 97 12

Tho' *Ben* and *Dryden* of renown
Were yet alive in *London* town,
Like kings contending for a crown;
'Twad be a pingle,
Whilk o'you three wad gar words sound 16
And best to gingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
We'rt in my pow'r but I'd create
Thee upo' fight the laureat
Of this our age,
Since thou may'st fairly claim to that 20
As thy just wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame
Gin they respect not *Ramsay's* name,
Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
To their great loss;
And sent them a' right sneaking hame 24
Be weeping-crofs.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
When thou consults thy dictionary
Of ancient words,
Which come from thy poetic quarry, 28
As sharp as swords.

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,
And be as light as *Aristotle*,
At *Ed'nburgh* we fall ha'e a bottle
Of reaming claret,
Gin that my haff-pay filler shottle 32
Can safely spare it.

13. Tho' Ben.) The celebrated Ben Johnson.

19. The Laureat.)

Scots *Ramsay* press'd hard, and sturdily vaunted,
He'd fight for the laurel before he would want it:
But visit *Apollo*, and cry'd, Peace there, old stile,
Your wit is obscure to one half of the ille.

B. Sess. of Poets.

31. Haff-pay.) He held his commission honourably in my Lord
Hyndford's regiment.

And may the stars who shine aboon
With honour notice real merit,

98 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

At crambo then we'll rack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aiking pain,
Whilk aften does our spirits drain

Of true content ;

Woy, woy ! but we's be wonder fain,
When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,
Then enter in a lasting league,
Free of ill aspect or intrigue,

And gin you please it,

Like princes when met at the *Hague*,
We'll solemnize it.

Accept of this and look upon it
With favour, tho' poor I have done it ;
Sae I conclude and end my sonnet,

Who am most fully,

While I do wear a hat or bonnet,
Yours—wanton *Willy*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

BY this my postscript I incline
To let you ken my hail design
Of sic a lang imperfect line,

Lyes in this sentence,

To cultivate my dull ingine
By your acquaintance.

Your answer therefore I expect,
And to your friend you may direct,
At *Gilbertfield* do not neglect

When ye have leisure,

Which I'll embrace with great respect
And perfect pleasure.

A N S W E R I.

EDINBURGH, *July* 10th, 1719.

SONSE fa me, witty, wanton *Willy*,
Gin blyth I was na as a filly ;

Be to my friend auspicious soon.

And cherish ay sae fine a spirit.

51. *Gilbertfield,*) Nigh *Glasgow*.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

99

Not a fow pint, nor short hought gilly,
Or wine that's better,
Cou'd please fae meikle, my dear *Billy*,
As thy kind letter.

4

Before a lord and eik a knight,
In goffy *Don's* be candle-light,
There first I saw't, and ca'd it right,
And the maist feck
Wha's seen't sinfyne, they ca'd as tight
As that on *Heck*.

8

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna say
But I may cock my nose the day,
When *Hamilton* the bauld and gay
Lends me a heezy,

In verse that slides sae smooth away,
Well tell'd and easy.

Sae roos'd by aye of well kend mettle,
Nae sma did my ambition pettle,
My canker'd critics it will nettle,
And e'en sae be't :

This month I'm sure I winna settle,
Sae proud I'm wi't. 16

When I begoud first to can verse,
And cou'd your *Ardry Whins* rehearse,
Where *Bonny Heck* ran fast and fierce,
It warm'd my breast ;

Then emulation did me pierce,
Whilk since ne'er ceast. 20

May I be licket wi' a bittle,
Gin of your numbers I think little,
Ye're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,
But blyth and gabby.

And hit the spirit to a tittle,
Of standart *Habby*. 24

Ye'll quat your quill ! that were ill-willy,
Ye's fing some mair yet, nill ye will ye,
O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,
And gar ye four,

18. Ardry Whins.) The last words of Bonny Heck of which he was author.

-24 Standart Habby.) The elegy on Habby Simpson, piper of
Kilbarchan, a finish'd piece of its kind.

- Then up and war them a' yet *Willy*,
 'Tis in your power. 28
- To knit up dollars in a clout,
 And then to eard them round about,
 Syne to tell up, they downa lout
 To lift the gear ;
 The malifon lights on that rout, 32
 Is plain and clear.
- The chieils of *London, Cam, and Ox*,
 Ha'e rais'd up great poetic stocks
 Of *Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks and Locks*,
 While we neglect
 To shaw their betters. This provokes 36
 Me to reflect
- On the lear'd days of *Gawn Dunkell* ;
 Our country then a tale cou'd tell,
Europe had nane mair snack and snell
 At verse or prose ;
 Our kings were poets too themself, 40
 Bauld and jocosel.
- To *Ed'nburgh*, sir, when e'er ye come,
 I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,
 Were't frae the gill bells to the drum,
 And tak a bout,
 And faith & hope we'll not sit dumb, 44
 Nor yet cast out.



E P I S T L E II.

GILBERTFIELD, July 24th, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epistle,
 It made me dance, and sing, and whistle ;
 O sic a fyke, and sic a fistle
 I had about it !

37. *Gawn Dunkell.*) *Gawn Douglass*, brother to the earl of Angus, bishop of Dunkell, who, besides several original poems, hath left a most exact translation of Virgil's *Acneis*.

40. *Our kings.*) James the first and fifth.

43. *Frae the gill-bells.*) From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the music-bells begin to play, frequently call'd the gill-bells, from peoples taking a whetting dram at that time. To the

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

That e'er was knight of the *Scots* thistle 4
Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou sent me,
How to the nines they did content me ;
Tho', sir, sae high to compliment me,
Ye might defer'd ;
For had ye but haff well a kent me,
Some less wad ser'd.

With joyfou heart beyond expreffion,
They're fafely now in my poffeffion :
O gin I were a winter feffion,
Near by thy lodging,
I'd clofs attend thy new profeffion,
Without e'er budging.

In even down earnest, there's but few
To vie with *Ramsay* dare avow,
In verse, for to gi'e thee thy due,
And without fleetching,
Thou's better at that trade, I trow, 16
Than some's at preaching.

For my part, 'till I'm better leart,
To troke with thee I'd best forbear't;
For an' the fouk of *Ed'nburgh* hear't,
They'll ca' me daft,
I'm unco' irie and dirt-feart
I mak wrang wast.

Thy verses nice as ever nicket,
Made me as canty as a cricket;
I ergh to reply, lest I fsticket it,
Syne like a coof
I look, or ane whose poutch is picket
As bare's my loof. 24

the drum, at ten a-clock at night, when the drum goes round to warn sober folks to call for a bill.

4. Knight of the Scots thistle.) The ancient and most noble order of knighthood, erected by king Achaius. The ordinary ensign, worn by the knights of the order, was a green ribband, to which was appended a thistle of gold crown'd with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto, 'Nemo me impune lacesset.'

16. Than some's at preaching.) This compliment is entirely free of the fulsome hyperbole.

Heh winsom ! how thy fast sweet sllie,
 And bonny auld words gar me smile ;
 Thou's travell'd fure mony a mile

Wi' charge and cost.

To learn them thus keep rank and file, 28
 And ken their post.

For I maun tell thee honest *Allie*,
 I use the freedom so to call thee,
 I think them a' fae brae and walie,
 And in sic order,

I wad nae care to be thy vallie, 32
 Or thy recorder.

Has thou with *Rosicrucians* wandert ?
 Or thro' some doncie desert dandert ?
 That with thy magic, town and landart,
 For ought I see,
 Maun a' come truckle to thy standart 36
 Of poetrie.

Do not mistake me, dearest heart,
 As if I charg'd thee with black art ;
 'Tis thy good genius still alert,
 That does inspire
 Thee with ilk thing that's quick and smart, 40
 To thy desire.

E'en mony a bonny knacky tale,
 Bra to set o'er a pint of ale :
 For fifty guineas I'll find bail,
 Against a bodle,
 That I wad quat ilk day a mail, 44
 For sic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby,
 As either thee, or honest *Habby*,
 That I lin'd a thy claes wi' tabby,
 Or velvet plush,
 And then thou'd be so far frae shabby, 48
 Thou'd look right sprush.

What tho' young empty airy sparks
 May have their critical remarks

33. *Rosicrucians*.) A people deeply learned in the occult sciences, who conversed with aerial beings. Gentlemanlike kind of necromancers, or so.

On

On thir my blyth diverting warks ;

'Tis sma presumption

To say they're but unlearned clarks,

52

And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether

To ty up a' their lang loose lether ;

If they and I chance to forgether,

The tane may rue it,

For an' they winna had their blether,

56

They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry

In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I ;

Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,

And ca' them skellums,

I'm sure thou needs set little by

60

To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I'm sae bleirt and doited,

That when I raise, in troth I stoited ;

I thought I shou'd turn capernoited,

For wi' a gird,

Upon my bum I fairly cloited

64

On the cald card.

Which did oblige a little duple

Upon my doup, close by my rumple :

But had ye seen how I did trumple,

Ye'd split your side,

Wi' mony a long and weary wimple,

68

Like trough of *Clyde*.

ANSWER II.

EDINBURGH, *August*, 4th, 1719.

DEAR *Hamilton*, ye'll turn me dyver,

My muse sae bonny ye describe her,

Ye blaw her sae, I'm fear'd ye rive her,

For wi' a whid,

Gin ony higher up ye drive her,

4

She'll rin red-wood.

4. Rin red-wood. Run distracted.

Said

Said I,—‘ Whisht, quoth the vougj jade,
 ‘ *William’s* a wise judicious lad,
 ‘ Has havins mair than e’er ye had,
 ‘ Ill-bred bog-staker ;
 ‘ But me ye ne’er sae crouse had craw’d, 8
 ‘ Ye poor scull-thacker.

‘ It sets ye well indeed to gadge !
 ‘ E’er I t’ *Apollo* did ye cadge,
 ‘ And got ye on his honour’s badge,
 ‘ Ungratefou beast,
 ‘ A *Glasgow* capon and a fadge 12
 ‘ Ye thought a feast.
 ‘ Swith to *Castalius’* fountain-brink,
 ‘ Dad down a grouf, and take a drink,
 ‘ Syne whisk out paper, pen and ink,
 ‘ And do my bidding ;
 ‘ Be thankfou, else I’se gar ye stink 16
 ‘ Yet on a midding.’

My mistress dear, your servant humble,
 Said I, I shou’d be laith to drumble
 Your passions, or e’er gar ye grumble,
 ’Tis ne’er be me
 Shall scandalize, or say ye bummil 20
 Ye’r poetrie.

Frae what I’ve tell’d, my friend may learn
 How sadly I ha’e been forfairn,
 I’d better been a yont side *Kairn-*
 amount, I trow ;

7. Ill-bred bog-staker, but me, &c.) The muse not unreasonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours she has done, by bring me from stalking over bogs or wild marshes, to lift my head a little briskeer among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanic. Scull-thacker, i. e. thatcher of sculls.

9. It sets ye well indeed to gadge.) Ironically she says, it becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily and affront my benefactress by alledging so meanly, that it were possible to praise her out of her solidity.

12. A Glasgow capon &c.) A herring. A fadge, a coarse kind of leaven’d bread, used by the common people.

14. Dad down a grouf.) Fall flat on your belly.

23. Kairn-amount.) A noted hill in the north of Scotland.

I've kiss'd the taz like a good bairn, 24

Now, sir, to you.

Heal be your heart, gay couthy carle,

Lang may ye help to toom a barrel;

Be thy crown ay unclow'd in quarrel,

When thou inclines

To knoit thrawn gabbed sumphs that snarl 28

At our frank lines.

Ilk good chiel says, Ye're well worth gowd,

And blythnefs on ye's well bestow'd,

'Mang witty *Scots* ye'r name's be row'd,

Ne'er fame to tine;

The crooked clinkers shall be cow'd, 32

But ye shall shine.

Set out the burnt side of your shin,

For pride in poets is nae sin,

Glory's the prize for which they rin,

And fame's their jo;

And wha blaws best the horn shall win: 36

And wherefore no?

Quisquis vocabit nos vain glorious,

Shaw scanter skill, than *malos mores*,

Multi et magni men before us

Did stamp and swagger,

Probatum est, exemplum Horace 40

Was a bauld bragger.

Then let the doofarts fash'd wi' spleen,

Cast up the wrang side of their een,

Pegh, fry and girn wi' spite and teen,

And fa a flyting,

Laugh, for the lively lads will screen 44

Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypsies dinna spung us,

And foreign whiskers ha'e na dung us;

24 I've kiss'd the taz.) Kiss'd the rod, own'd my fault like a good child.

32. The crooked clinkers, &c.) The scribbling rhimers, with their lame versification. Shall be cow'd, i. e. shorn off.

33. Set out the burnt side of your shin.) As if one would say, Walk stately with your toes out; an expression used when we would bid a person (merrily) look brisk.

Gin I can snifter thro' mundungus,
 Wi' boots and belt on,
 I hope to see you at St *Mungo's* 48
 Atween and beltan.

E P I S T L E III.

GILBERTFIELD, *August* 24th, 1719.

ACCEPT my third and last essay
Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright *Ramsay*, and altho' it may
Seem doilt and donsie,
Yet thrice of all things, I heard say
Was ay right sonsie.

Wherefore I scarce cou'd sleep or slumber,
'Till I made up that happy number,
The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber,
In every part,
And snoov't away like three hand Ombre,
Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, bearing date
August the fourth, I grant receipt ;
 It was fae bra, gart me look blate,
 'Maist tyne my senses,
 And look just like poor country *Kate*
 In Lucky *Spence's*. 12

I shaw'd it to our parish-priest,
Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast;
He says, thou may had up thy creest,
And craw fu' crouse,
The poets a' to thee's but jest,
Not worth a souce.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,
Of compliments is sae profuse ;
For my good havins dis me roose
Sae very finely

48. St. Mungo's.) The high church of Glasgow.

8. Snoov't away.) Whirl'd smoothly round. Snooving, always expresses the action of a top or spindle, &c.

12. Country Kate.) vide Lucky Spence's elegy, line 51.

It were ill-breeding to refuse

20

To thank her kindly.

What tho' sometimes in angry mood,
When she puts on her barlic-hood,
Her dialect seem rough and rude;

Let's ne'er be fleet.

But tak our bit when it is good,

24

And buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna cawmly thole her banter,
She'll take the flings; verse may grow scanter,
Syne wi' great shame

We'll rue the day that we do want her,

28

Then wha's to blame?

But let us still her kindness culzie,
And wi' her never breed a tulzie,
For we'll bring aff but little spulzie,

In sic a barter;

And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie,

32

And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhiming ware,
My pack I scarce dare apen mair,
'Till I take better wi' the lair,

My pen's sae blunted;

And a' for fear I file the fair,

36

And be affronted.

The dull draff-drink makes me sae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;
Yet set me in a claret howff,

Wi' fowk that's chancy,

My muse may len me then a gowff

40

To clear my fancy.

Then *Bacchus* like I'd bawl and bluster,
And a' the muses 'bout me muster;
Sae merrily I'd squeeze the cluster,

And drink the grape,

27. She'll take the flings.) Turn sullen, restive, and kick.

36. For fear I file the fair.) This phrase is used when one attempts to do what's handsome, and is affronted by not doing it right,—not a reasonable fear in him.

37. Dull draff-drink.) Heavy malt-liquor.

'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre,
And better shape.

47

The pow'rs aboon be still auspicious
To thy atchievements maist delicious,
Thy poems sweet and nae way vicious,
But blyth and kanny ;
To see, I'm anxious and ambitious,
Thy miscellany.

48

A' blessings, *Ramsay*, on thee row,
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
Until thou claw an auld man's pow ;
And thro' thy creed,
Be kept frae the wirricow
After thou's dead.

52

A N S W E R III.

EDINBURGH, *September 2d, 1719.*

My Trusty TROJAN,

THY last oration orthodox,
Thy innocent auld-fairren jokes,
And sonie saw of three provokes
Me anes again,
Tod lowrie like, to loose my pocks,
And pump my brain.

4

By a' your letters I ha'e read,
I eithly scan the man well-bred,
And soger that where honour led,
Has ventur'd bauld ;
Wha' now to youngsters leaves the yed,
To 'tend his fald.

8

That bang'ler billy *Caesar July*,
Wha at *Pharsalia* wan the tooly,

49. A' blessings, &c.) All this verse is a succinct cluster of kind wishes, elegantly express'd, with a friendly spirit, to which I take the liberty to add Amen.

4. Tod lowrie like.) Like Reynard the fox, to betake myself to some more of my wiles.

8. Leaves the yed to 'tend his fald.) Leaves the martial contention, and retires to a country life.

Had

Had better sped, had he mair hooly
 Scamper'd thro' life,
 And 'midst his glories sheath'd his gooly, 12
 And kiss'd his wife.

Had he, like you, as well he cou'd,
 Upon burn banks the muses woo'd,
 Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,
 Wha'd been aboon him?
 The senate's durks, and faction loud, 16
 Had ne'er undone him.

Yet sometimes leave the riggs and bog,
 Your howms, and braes, and shady scrog,
 And helm-a-lee the claret cog,
 To clear your wit:
 Be blyth, and let the warld e'en shog, 20
 As it thinks fit.

Ne'er fash about your neist year's state,
 Nor with superior powers debate,
 Nor cantrapes cast to ken your fate;
 There's ills anew
 To cram our days, which soon grow late; 24
 Let's live just now.

When northern blasts the ocean snurl,
 And gars the heights and hows look gurl,
 Then left about the bumper whirl,
 And toom the horn,
 Grip fast the hours which hasty hurl, 28
 The morn's the morn.

Thus to *Leuconoe* sang sweet *Flaccus*,
 Wha nane e'er thought a *Gillygacus*:
 And why should we let whimsies bawk us,
 When joy's in season,
 And thole sae aft the spleen to whauk us 32
 Out of our reason?

Tho' I were laird of tenscore acres,
 Nodding to jouks of hallen-shakers,

13. As well he cou'd:) 'Tis well known he could write as well as fight.

27. Toom the horn.) 'Tis frequent in the country to drink beer out of horn-cups, made in shape of a water-glass.

29. Thus to *Leuconoe*.) Vide book I. 11. Ode of Horace.

34. Hallen-shakers.) A hallen is a fence (built of stone, turf, or

Yet crush'd wi' humdrums, which the weaker's
Contentment ruins,

I'd rather roost wi' caufey-rakers, 36
And sup cauld sowens.

I think, my friend, an fowk can get
A doll of rost beef pypin het,
And wi' red wine their wyson wet,
And cleathing clean,
And be nae sick, or drown'd in debt, 40
They're no to mean.

I red this verse to my ain kimmer,
Wha kens I like a leg of gimmer,
Or sic and sic good belly-timmer;
Quoth she, and leugh,
' Sicker of thae winter and simmer, 44
' Ye're well eneugh.'

My hearty goss, there is nae help,
But hand to nive we twa maun skelp
Up *Rhine* and *Thames*, and o'er the *Alp-*
piners and *Pyrenians*.
'The chearfou carles do fae yelp 48
To ha'e 's their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme fae rare,
Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,
Sae gash and gay, gars fowk gae gare.
To ha'e them by them;
Tho' gaffin they wi' sides fae fair, 52
Cry, ' Wae gae by him!'

Fair fa that foger did invent
To ease the poets toil wi' print:
Now, *William*, wi' maun to the bent,
And poufs our fortune,

a moveable flake of Heather) at the sides of the door in country places, to defend them from the wind. The trembling attendant about a forgetful great man's gate or levee, is all express'd in the term Hal'enshaker.

51. Gars fowk gae gare.) Make people very earnest.

52. Wi' sides fae fair, cry, ' Wae gae by him! 'Tis usual for many, after a full laugh, to complain of sore sides, and to bestow a kindly curse on the author of the jest. But the folks of more tender consciences have turned expletives to friendly wishes, such as this; or, Sonse fa' ye, and the like.

And

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

III

And crack wi' lads wha're well content 56
Wi' this our sporting.

Gin ony four-mou'd girning bucky
Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
That we like nags whase necks are yucky,
Ha'e us'd our teeth ;
I'll answer fine, — Gae kiss ye'r Lucky, 60
She dwells i' Leith.

I ne'er wi' lang tales fash my head,
But when I speak, I speak indeed :
Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,
I'll own I am fae,
And while my champers can chew bread, 64
Yours — ALLAN RAMSAY.

*An Epistle to Lieutenant HAMILTON, on the receiving
the compliment of a barrel of of Lochfin herrings from
him.*

Y OUR herrings, sir, came hale and fecr,
In healsome brine a' soumin,
Fu' fat they are and gussy gear,
As e'er I laid my thumb on :
Bra' fappy fish 5
As ane cou'd wish
To clap on fadge or scon ;
They relish fine
Good claret wine,
That gars our cares stand yon. 10
Right mony gabs wi' them shall gang
About Auld Reekie's ingle,
When kedgy carles think nae lang,
Where stoups and trunchers gingle ;
Then my friend leal, 15
We tofs ye'r heal,

60. Gae kiss ye'r Lucky, &c.) Is a cant phrase, from what
rise I know not ; but 'tis made use of when one thinks it is not
worth while to give a direct answer, or think themselves foolishly
accused.

1. Hale and fecr,) Whole, without the least fault or want.

112 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

And with bald brag advance,
 What's hoorded in
 Lochs *Broom* and *Fin*
 Might dings the stocks of *France*. 20

A jelly sum to carry on
 A fishery's design'd,
 Twa million good of *Sterling* pounds,
 By men of money's sign'd.
 Had ye but seen 25
 How unco' keen
 And thrang they were about it,
 That we are bald,
 Right rich and ald-
 Farran ye ne'er wad doubted. 30

Now, now I hope we'll ding the *Dutch*,
 As fine as a round *Robin*,
 Gin greediness to grow soon rich
 Invites not to stock-jobbing : 35
 That poor boss shade
 Of sinking trade,
 And weather-glass politic,
 Which heaves and sets,
 As public gets 40

A heezy, or a wee kick.
 Fy, fy ! but yet I hope 'tis daft
 To fear that trick come hither,
 Na, we're aboon that dirty craft
 Of biing ane anither.
 The subject rich 45
 Will gi' a hitch
 T' increase the public gear,
 When on our seas,
 Like bify bees, 50

Ten thousand fishers steer.
 Could we catch the united shoals
 That crowd the western ocean,
 The *Indies* wou'd prove hungry holes,
 Compar'd to this our *Geshen* :

19. *Broom* and *Fin*.) Two lochs on the western seas, where plenty of herrings are taken.

22. A fishery.) The royal fishery ; success to which is the wish and hope of every good man. Then

Then let's to wark
 With net and bark,
 Them fish and faithfu' cure up;
 Gin sae we join,
 We'll cleek in coin,
 Frae a' the ports of *Europ*. 60

Thanks t'ye, Captain, for this swatch
 Of our store, and your favour;
 Gin I be spar'd, your love to match
 Shall still be my endeavour. 65

Next unto you,
 My service due
 Please gi'e to *Matthew Cumin*,
 Wha with fair heart
 Has play'd his part,
 And sent them true and trim in. 70

=====

WEALTH, or the WOODY. *A Poem on the South-Sea. Wrote June 1720.*

*Illi robur & aes triplex
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem
 Primus,——*

HOR.

Daring and unco' stout he was,
 With heart hool'd in three sloughs of brass,
 Wha ventur'd first upon the sea
 With hempen branks, and horse of tree.

THALIA, ever welcome to this isle,
 Descend, and glad the nation with a smile;
 See frae yon bank where South-Sea ebbs and flows,
 How sand blind chance woodies and wealth bestows:

67. *Matthew Cumin*) Merchant in Glasgow, and one of the late magistrates of that city.

1. *Thalia ever welcome*) *Thalia* the cheerful muse that delights to imitate the actions of mankind, and produces the laughing comedy.——That kind of poetry ever acceptable to Britons.

Aided by thee, I'll sail the wond'rous deep, 5
 And thro' the crowded alleys cautious creep.
 Not easy task to plow the swelling wave,
 Or in flock-jobbing prefs my guts to save:
 But naething can our wilder passions tame,
 Wha rax for riches or immortal fame. 10

Long had the grumblers us'd this murm'ring found,
Poor Britain in her public debt is drown'd!
 At fifty millions late we started a',
 And wow we wonder'd how the debt wad fa';
 But sonfy fauls wha first contriv'd the way, 15
 With project deep our charges to defray;
 O'er and aboon it heaps of treasure brings,
 That fouk be guefs become as rich as kings.
 Lang heads they were that first laid down the plan,
 Into the which round anes headlang ran, 20
 'Till overstock'd, they quat the sea, and fain wa'd been
 at land. }

Thus when braid flakes of snaw have clade the green,
 Aften I have young sportive gilpies seen,
 The waxing ba' with meikle pleasure row,
 'Till past their pith, it did unweildy grow. 25

'Tis strange to think what changes may appear
 Within the narrow circle of a year.
 How can ae project, if it be well laid,
 Supply the simple want of trifling trade!
 Saxty lang years a man may rack his brain, 30
 Hunt after gear baith night and day wi' pain,
 And die at last in debt, instead of gain.
 But O, South-Sea! what mortal mind can run
 Thro' a' the miracles that thou hast done?
 Nor scrimply thou thy sell to bounds confines,
 But like the sun on ilka party shines. 35
 To poor and rich, the fools as well as wise,
 With hand impartial stretches out the prize.

21. Fain wad be at land.) Land, in the time of this golden two, or three months, was sold at 45, or 50 years purchase.

29. Trifling trade.) All manner of traffic and mechanics was at that time despised. Subscriptions and transfers were the only commodities.

Like *Nilus* swelling frae his unkend head,
 Frae bank to brae o'erflows ilk rig and mead, 40
 Infilling lib'ral store of genial sap,
 Whence sun-burn'd gyplices reap a plenteous crap :
 Thus flows our sea, but with this diff'rence wide,
 But anes a year their river heaves his tide :
 Ours aft ilk day, t' enrich the common weal, 45
 Bangs o'er its banks, and dings *Egyptian Nile*.

Ye rich and wise, we own success your due,
 But your reverse their luck with wonder view.
 How without thought these dawted petts of fate
 Have jobb'd themselves into sae high a state, 50
 By pure instinct sae leal the mark have hit,
 Without the use of either fear or wit.
 And ithers wha last years their garrets kept,
 Where duns in vision fash'd them while they slept ;
 Wha only durst in twilight or the dark, 55
 Steal to a common cook's with haff a mark,
 A' their hale flock.—Now by a kanny gale,
 In the o'erflowing ocean spread their sail,
 While they in gilded galleys cut the tide,
 Look down on fisher-boats wi' meikle pride. 60

Mean time the thinkers wha are out of play,
 For their ain comfort kenna what to say ;

39. Like *Nilus*.) A river which crosses a great part of Africa ; the spring head thereof unknown 'till of late. In the month of June it swells and overflows Egypt. When it rises too high, the inundation is dangerous, and threatens a famine. In this river are the monstrous amphibious animals named Crocodiles, of the same species with the late Alligators of the South-Sea, which make a prey of, and devour all human creatures they can lay hold on.

48. Your reverse.) Poor fools.

52. Of either fear or wit.) One was reckoned a timorous thinking fool, who took advice of his reason in the grand affair.

60. Look down on fisher-boats.) Despised the virtuous design of propagating and carrying on a fishery, which can never fail to be a real benefit to Britain.

61. The thinkers.) Many of just thinking at that time were vexed to see themselves trudging on foot, when some others of very indifferent capacities were setting up gilded equipages ; and notwithstanding of all the doubts they formed against it, yet fretted because they were not so lucky as to have some shares.

That

That the foundation's loose fain wa'd they shaw,
 And think na but the fabric soon will fa.'
 That's a' but sham—for inwardly they fry, 65
 Vext that their fingers were na in the pye.
 Faint-hearted wights, wha dully stood afar,
 Tholling your reason great attempts to mar ;
 While the brave dauntless, of sic fetters free,
 Jumpt headlong glorious in the golden sea : 70
 Where now, like gods, they rule each wealthy jaw,
 While you may thump your pows against the wa.'

On summer's e'en the welkin cawm and fair,
 When little midges frisk in lazy air,
 Have ye not seen thro' ither how they reel, 75
 And time about how up and down they wheel ?
 Thus eddies of stock-jobbers drive about ;
 Upmost to day, the morn their pipe's put out.
 With pensive face, whene'er the market's hy,
Minutius crys, ah ! what a gowk was I. 80
 Some friend of his wha wisely seems to ken
 Events of causes mair than ither men,
 Push for your interest yet, nae fear, he crys,
 For South-Sea will to twice ten hunder rise.
 Waes me for him that sells paternal land, 85
 And buys when shares the highest fums demand :
 He ne'er shall taste the sweets of rising stock,
 Which faws neist day : nae help for't, he is broke.

Dear sea, be tenty how thou flows at shams
 Of *Hogland Gad'rens* in their froggy dams, 90
 Lest in their muddy boggs thou chance to sink,
 Where thou may'st stagnate, syne of course maun stink.

This I forsee, (and time shall prove I'm right ;
 For he's nae poct wants the second sight,)

70. Jumpt headlong.) Threw off all the fetters of reason, and plunged gloriously into confusion.

81. Wha wisely.) With grave faces many at that time pretended they could demonstrate this hop'd-for rise of South-Sea.

90. *Hogland Gad'rens*.) The Dutch, whom a learned author of a late essay has endeavour'd to prove to be descended after a strange manner from the *Gaderens* : which essay *Lewis XIV.* was mightily pleased with, and bounteously rewarded the author.

When

WEALTH, or the WOODY. 117

When autumn's stores are ruck'd up in the yard, 95
 And fleet and snaw dreeps down cauld winter's beard;
 When bleak *November* winds make forests bare,
 And with splenetic vapours fill the air:
 Then, then in gardens, parks, or silent glen,
 When trees bear naithing else, they'll carry men, 110
 Wha shall like paughty *Romans* greatly swing
 Aboon earth's disappointments in a string.
 Sac ends the tawring faul that downa see
 A man move in a higher sphere than he.

Happy that man who has thrawn up a main, 105
 Which makes some hundred thousands a' his ain,
 And comes to anchor on so a firm a rock,
Britannia's credit, and the South-sea stock.
 Ilk blythsome pleasure waits upon his nod,
 And his dependants eye him like a god. 110
 Clofs may he bend *Champain* frae e'en to morn,
 And look on cells of tippony with scorn.
 Thrice lucky pimps, or smug-fac'd wanton fair,
 That can in a' his wealth and pleasure skair,
 Like *Jove* he sits, like *Jove*, high heav'n's goodman,
 While the inferior gods about him stand,
 'Till he permits with condescending grace,
 That ilka ane in order take their place.
 Thus with attentive look mensfow they sit,
 'Till he speak first, and shaw some shining wit; 120
 Syne circling wheels the flattering gaffaw,
 As well they may, he gars their beards wag a'.
 Imperial gowd, what is't thou canna grant?
 Posselt of thee, what is't a man needs want?
 Commanding coin, there's nathing hard to thee, 125
 I canna guess how rich fowk come to die.

Unhappy wretch, link'd to the threed-bare nine,
 The dazzling equipage can ne'er be thine:
 Destin'd to toil thro' labyrinths of verse,
 Dar'st speak of great stock-jobbing as a farce. 130
 Poor thoughtless mortal, vain of airy dreams,
 The flying horse, and bright *Apollo's* beams,

122. Their beards wag a'.) Feasts them at his own proper cost;
 hence the proverb, 'Tis fair in ha', where beards wag a'.

And

And *Helicon's* werth well thou ca'st divine,
Are nathing like a mistress, coach and wine.

Wad some good patron (whase superior skill 135
Can make the South-sea ebb and flow at will,)
Put in a stock for me, I own it fair,
In epic strain I'd pay him to a hair;
Immortalize him, and what e'er he loves,
In flowing numbers I shall sing, *approves*; 140
If not, fox like, I'll thraw my gab, and gloom,
And ca' your hundred thousand a *jour plum*.

Edinburgh's *Salutation to the most Honourable my Lord
Marquis of Carnarvon.*

WElcome, my lord, heav'n be your guide,
And furdur your intention,
To what e'er place you sail or ride,
To brighten your invention. 4
The book of mankind lang and wide,
Is well worth your attention:
Wherefore please some time here abide,
And measure the dimension 8
Of minds right stout.

O that ilk worthy *British* peer
Wad follow your example,
My auld grey-head I yet wad rear,
And spread my skirts mair ample. 12
Shou'd *London* poutch up a' the gear?
She might spare me a sample:
In troth his highness shou'd live here;
For without oil our lamp will 16
Gang blinkan out.

141. A four plum) The fox in the fable that despised the plumbs he cou'd not reach, is well known. 100,000 pounds being called a plum, make this a right pun; and some puns deserve not to be class'd amongst low wit, tho' the generality of them do. (Marquis of Carnarvon.) Eldest son to his grace the duke of Chandos, who in May 1720 was at Edinburgh, in his tour thro' Scotland.

12. Shou'd London) Edinburgh too justly complains that the north of Britain is so remote from the court, and so rarely enjoys the influence of British stars of the first magnitude.

Lang

Lang syne, my lord, I had a court,
 And nobles fill'd my cawfy ;
 But since I have been fortune's sport,
 I look nae hawff sae gawfy. 20
 Yet here brave gentlemen resort,
 And mony a handsome lassie ;
 Now that you're lodg'd within my port,
 Fow well I wat they'll a' say, 24

 Welcome, my lord.
 For you my best chear I'll produce,
 I'll no make muckle vaunting ;
 But routh for pleasure and for use,
 Whatever you be wanting. 28
 You's have at will to chap and chuse ;
 For few things am I scant in ;
 The wale of well set ruby juice,
 When you like to be rantin, 32
 I can afford.

Than I, nor *Paris*, nor *Madrid*,
 Nor *Rome*, I trow's mair able
 To busk you up a better bed,
 Or trim a tighter table. 36
 My sons are honourably bred,
 To tru h and friendship stable :
 What my detracting faes have said,
 You'll find a feigned fable, 40

 At the first sight.
 My classic lear and letters belle,
 And travelling conspire,
 Ilk unjust notion to repell,
 And god-like thoughts inspire ; 44
 That in ilk action wise and snell
 You may shaw manly fire :
 Sae the fair picture of himsell,
 Will give his grace your fire 48

 Immenfe delight.

31. The wale of well-set, &c.) The most choice of fine clear claret.

38. What my detracting faes.) These who from a malicious low prejudice (only the scum indeed of our neighbours) have falsely reproached us with being rude, inhospitable and false.

*The Prospect of Plenty: A Poem on the NORTH-SEA
FISHERY, inscribed to the Right Hon. the Royal Bur-
rows of SCOTLAND.*

— *Εὐαὶ δὲ πόντος μὲγα κερδὸς ὕμνῃται.*

Oppian. Halieutic. lib. III.

THALIA anes again in blythsome lays,
In lays immortal chant the North-sea's praise.
Tent how the *Caledonians* lang supine,
Begin, mair wise, to open baith their een;
And, as they ought, t'employ that store which heav'n 15
In sic abundance to their hands has given.
Sae heedless heir, born to a lairdship wide,
That yields mair plenty than he kens to guide;
Not well acquainted with his ain good luck,
Lets ilka sneaking fellow take a pluck; 10
'Till at the lang-run, wi' a heart right fair,
He sees the bites grow bein, as he grows bare:
Then wak'ning, looks about with glegger glour,
And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

Nae nation in the world can parallel 15
The plenteous product of this happy isle:
But past'ral heights, and sweet prolific plains,
That can at will command the fastest strains,
Stant yont; for *Amphitrite* claims our sang,
Wha round fair *Thule* drives her finny thrang, 20
O'er shaws of coral, and the pearly sands,
To *Scotia's* smoothest lochs and crystal strands.
There keeps the tyrant pike his awfu' court,
Here trouts and salmond in clear channels sport.
Wae to that hand, that dares by day or night 25
Defile the stream where sporting fries delight.

19. *Amphitrite.*) The wife of Neptune.

20. *Thule.*) The northern islands of Scotland are allowed by all to be the Thule of the antients.

25. Wae to that hand, &c.) There are acts of parliament, which severely prohibit steeping of lint, or any other way defiling these clear rivers where salmond abound.

But

But herrings, lovely fish, like best to play
 In rowan ocean, or the open bay :
 In crowds amazing thro' the waves they shine,
 Millions on millions form ilk equal line : 30
 Nor dares th' imperial whale, unless by stealth,
 Attack their firm united commonwealth.
 But artfu' nets, and fishers' wylie skill,
 Can bring the scaly nations to their will.
 When these retire to caverns of the deep, 35
 Or in their oozy beds thro' winter sleep,
 Then shall the tempting bait, and tented string,
 Beguile the cod, the sea-cat, tusk, and ling.
 Thus may our fishery thro' a' the year
 Be still employ'd, t' increase the public gear. 40

Delytfou' labour, where the industrious gains
 Profit surmounting ten times a' his pains.
 Nae pleasure like success ; then lads stand be,
 Ye'll find it endless in the *Northern-Sea*.
 O'er lang with empty brag we have been vain 45 }
 Of toom dominion on the plenteous main,
 While others ran away with a' the gain. }
 Thus proud *Iberia* vaunts of sov'reign sway
 O'er countries rich, frae rise to set of day ;
 She grasps the shadows but the substance tines, 50
 While a' the rest of *Europe* milk her mines.

But dawns the day sets *Britain* on her feet,
 Lang look'd-for's come at last, and welcome be't :
 For numerous fleets shall hem *Æbudan* rocks,
 Commanding seas, with rowth to raise our stocks, 55
 Nor can this be a toom chimera found,
 The fabric's bigget on the surest ground.
 Sma is our need to toil on foreign shores,
 When we have baith the *Indies* at our doors.
 Yet, for diversion, laden vessels may 60
 To far aff nations cut the liquid way ;
 And fraught frae ilka port what's nice or braw,
 While for their trifles we maintain them a'.

48. *Iberia*,) Spain.

54. *Æbudan*, rocks.) The Lewis, and other western islands.

Goths, Vandals, Gauls, Hesperians, and the Moors,
 Shall a' be treated frae our happy shores : 65
The rantin Germans, Russians, and the Poles,
 Shall feast with pleasure on our gusty shoals :
 For which deep in their treasures we shall dive :
 'Thus by fair trading, North-sea stock shall thrive.

Sae far the bonny prospect gave delight, 70
 The warm ideas gart the muse take flight :
 When straight a grumbletonian appears,
 Peghing fou fair beneath a lade of fears,
 'Wow! that's braw news, quoth he, to make fools fain,
 'But gin ye be nae warlock, how d'ye ken? 75
 'Does *Tam* the *Rhimer* spae oughtlins of this ?
 'Or do ye prophesy just as ye wish ?
 'Will projects thrive in this abandon'd place ?
 'Unsonsy we had ne'er sae meikle grace.
 'I fear, I fear, your tow'ring aim fa' short, 80
 'Alake we winn o'er far frae king and court ?
 'The *Southerns* will with pith your project bauk,
 'They'll never thole this great design to tak.'

Thus do the dubious ever countermine,
 With party wrangle, ilka fair design. 85
 How can a saul that has the use of thought,
 Be to sic little creeping fancies brought ?
 Will *Britain's* king or parliament gainstand
 The universal profit of the land ?
 Now when nae sep'rate interest eags to strife, 90
 The antient nations join'd like man and wife,
 Maun study clos for peace and thriving's sake,
 Aff a' the wiss'en'd leaves of spite to shake :
 Let's weave and fish to ane anither's hands,
 And never think wha serves or wha commands ; 95
 But baith alike consult the common weal,
 Happy that mōment friendship makes us leal
 To truth and right,——then springs a shining day,
 Shall clouds of sma' mistakes drive fast away.

76. *Tam the rhimer.*) Thomas Learmond, alias the rhimer, lived in the reign of Alexander III. king of Scots, and is held in great esteem by the vulgar for his dark predictions.

Mistakes

Mistakes and private int'rest hence be gane,
Mind what ye did on dire *Pharsalia's* plain,
Where doughty *Romans* were by *Romans* slain.

100 }
}

A meaner phantom neist, with meikle dread,
Attacks with senseless fears the weaker head.
' The *Dutch*, say they, will strive your plot to slap,
' They'll toom their banks before you reap their crap :
' Lang have they ply'd that trade like bily bees,
' And suck'd the profit of the *Piclland* seas,
' Thence riches fish'd mair by themselves confess,
' Than e'er they made by *India's* east and west.' 110

O mighty fine, and greatly was it spoke !
Maun bauld *Britannia* bear *Batavia's* yoke ?
May she not open her ain pantry door,
For fear the paughty state shou'd gi'e a roar ?
Dare she nane of herrings sell or prive, 115
Afore she say, dear *Matkie* wi' ye'r leave ?
Curse on the wight wha tholes a thought sae tame,
He merits not the manly *Briton's* name.
Grant they're good allies, yet it's hardly wise,
To buy their friendship at sae high a price, 120
But frae that airth we needna fear great skaith,
These people, right auldfarran, will be laith
To thwart a nation, wha with ease can draw
Up ilka sluice they have, and drown them a'.

Ah slothfu' pride ! a kingdom's greatest curse, 125
How dowf looks gentry with an empty purse ?
How worthless is a poor and haughty drone,
Wha thowless stands a lazy looker-on ?
While active fauls a stagnant life despise,
Still ravish'd with new pleasures as they rise. 130
O'er lang, in troth, have we by standers been,
And loot fowk lick the white out of our een :
Nor can we wyt them, since they had our vote ;
But now they'se get the whistle of their groat.

Here did the muse intend a while to rest, 135
'Till hameo'er spitefu' din her lugs opprest ;

132. And loot fowk lick, &c.) This phrase is always applied when people with pretence of friendship, do you an ill-turn, as one licking a mote out of your eye makes it blood shot.

Anither set of the envysou kind
 (With narrow notions horridly confin'd)
 Wag their boss noddles ; syne with silly spite
 Land ilka worthy project in a bite. 140
 They force with aukward girn their ridicule,
 And ca' ilk ane concern'd a simple fool,
 Excepting some wha a' the lave will nick,
 And gi'e them nought but bare whop-shafts to lick.

Malicious envy ! root of a' debates,
 The plague of government and bane of states :
 The nurse of positive destructive strife,
 Fair friendship's foe, which sow'rs the sweets of life ;
 Promoter of sedition and base feud,
 Still overjoy'd to see a nation bleed. 150
 Stap, stap, my lads, forgetna where ye'r gawn,
 If ye rin on, heav'n kens where ye may land ;
 Turn to your fishers sang, and let fowk ken
 The north-sea skippers are leal-hearted men,
 Vers'd in the critic seasons of the year, 155
 When to ilk bay the fishing-bush should steer ;
 There to hawl up with joy the plenteous fry,
 Which on the decks in shining heaps shall ly ;
 'Till carefou hands, even while they've vital heat,
 Shall be employ'd to save their juices sweet : 160
 Strick tent they'll tak to stow them wi' strange brine,
 In barrels tight, that shall nae liquor tine ;
 Then in the foreign markets we shall stand
 With upright front, and the first sale demand.
 This, this our faithfou trustees have in view, 165
 And honourably will the task pursue :
 Nor are they bigging castles in a cloud,
 Their ships already into action scud.

Now, dear ill-natur'd billies, say nae mair,
 But leave the matter to their prudent care : 170

141. Lads) The muse,

154. North-sea skippers.) The managers.

159. Vital heat.) 'Tis a vast advantage to cure them immediately after they are taken.

161. Strange brine.) Foreign salt.

168. Into action scud.) Several large ships are already employ'd, and took in their salt and barrels a month ago.

They're

They're men of candor, and right well they wate
That truth and honesty hads lang the gate :
Shouder to shouder let's stand firm and stout,
And there's nae fear but we'll soon make it out ;
We've reason, law, and nature on our side, 175
And have nae bars, but party, slowth, and pride.

When a's in order as it soon will be,
And fleets of bushes fill the Northern sea,
What hopefou' images with joy arise,
In order rang'd before the muse's eyes ? 180
A wood of masts, well man'd—their jovial din,
Like eydent bees gawn out and coming in.
Here haff a nation, healthfou, wise, and stark,
With spirits only tint for want of wark,
Shall now find place their genius to exert, 185
While in the common good they act their part.
These fit for servitude, shall bear a hand,
And these find government form'd for command.
Besides, this as a nursery shall breed
Stout skill'd marines, when *Britain's* navies need. 190
Pleas'd with their labour, when their task is done,
They'll leave green *Thetis* to embrace the sun :
Then freshest fish shall on the brander bleez,
And lend the bisy browster-wife a heez :
While healthfou hearts shall own their honest flame,
With reaming quaff, and whomelt to her name, 196
Whase active motion to his heart did reach,
As she the cods was turning on the beech.
Curs'd poortith, Love and *Hymen's* deadly fae,
(That gars young fowk in prime cry aft, *Oh hey,* 200
And single live, 'till age and runcles shaw
Their canker'd spirit's good for nought at a' ;))
Now slit your camp, far frae our confines scour,
Our lads and lasses soon shall slight your power ;
For rowth shall cherish love, and love shall bring 205
Mae men t' improve the soil and serve the king.

171. Hads lang the gate.) He lds long up its head, longest keeps the high way or gate.

198. The beech.) The beech is a number of big stones, where they dry the cod and ling.

Thus universal plenty shall produce
Strength to the state, and arts for joy and use.

O Plenty, thou delyt of great and sma,
Thou nervous sinnow of baith war and law : 210
The statesman's drift, spur to the artist's skill,
Nor does the very *flamens* like thee ill ;
The shabby poet hate thee ! that's a lee,
Or else they are nae of a mind wi' me.

Plenty shall cultivate ilk scawp and moor, 215
Now lee and bare; because the landlord's poor.
On scroggy braes shall akes and ashes grow,
And bonny gardens clead the brecken how.
Do others backward dam the raging main,
Raising on barren sands a flow'ry plain ? 220
By us then shou'd the thought o't be endured,
To let braid tracts of land ly unmanur'd ?
Uncultivate nae mair they shall appear,
But shine with a' the beauties of the year ;
Which start with ease frae the obedient soil, 225
And ten times o'er reward a little toil.

Alang wild shores, where tumbling billows break,
Plerisht with nought but shells and tangle-wreck,
Braw towns shall rise, with steeples mony a ane,
And houses bigget a' with estler stane : 230
Where schools polite shall lib'ral arts display,
And maké auld barb'rous darkness fly away.

Now *Nereus* rising frae his watry bed,
The pearly drops hap down his lyart head ;
Oceanus with pleasure hears him sing, 235
Tritons and *Nereids* form a jovial ring ;
And dancing on the deep, attention draw,
While a' the winds in love, but sighing, blaw.
The sea-born prophet sang in sweetest strain,
' *Britons* be blyth, fair queen of isles be fain ; 240
' A richer people never saw the sun :
' Gang tightly throw what fairly you've begun ;

212. *Flamens*.) Priests.

219. The raging main.) The Dutch have gained a great deal from the sea.

The Rise and Fall of Stocks.

127

' Spread a' your sails and streamers in the wind,
' For ilka power in sea and air's your friend ;
' Great *Neptune's* unexhausted bank has store 205
' Of endless wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er.'
He sang sae loud, round rocks the ecchos flew,
'Tis true, he said; they're return'd, 'tis true.

September 1720.

The Rise and Fall of Stocks, 1720.

*An Epistle to the Right Honourable my Lord RAMSAY,
now in PARIS.*

*Your pettifoggers damn their souls !
To share with knaves in cheating fools ;
And merchants ven'tring on the main
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns for gain.*

HUDIBRAS.

My LORD,

Withoutten preface or preamble,
My fancy being on a ramble;
Transported with an honest passion,
Viewing our poor bambouzl'd nation,
Biting her nails, her knuckles wringing,
Her cheek sae blae, her lip sae hinging;
Grief and vexation's like to kill her,
For tyning baith her tick and filler.

Allow me, then, to make a comment
On this affair of greatest moment, 10
Which has fa'n out, my lord, since ye
Left *Lothian* and the *Edge-well* tree:
And, with your leave, I needna stickle
To say we're in a sorry pickle,

12. *Edge-well tree.*) An oak tree which grows on the side of a fine spring, nigh the castle of Dalhousie, very much observed by the country people, who give out, that before any of the family died, a branch fell from the *Edge-well* tree. The old tree some few years ago fell altogether; but another sprung from the same root, which is now tall and flourishing, and lang be't sae.

Since

Since poortith o'er ilk head does hover 15
 Frae *John a Groat's* house, south to *Dover*;
 Sair have we pelted been with stocks,
 Casting our credit at the cocks,
 Lang guilty of the highest treason
 Against the government of reason; 20
 We madly at our ain expences,
 Stock-job'd away our cash and senses.

As little bairns frae winnocks hy
 Drap down saip bells to waiting fry,
 Wha run and wrestle for the prize, 25
 With face erect and watchfou' eyes;
 The lad wha gleggest waits upon it,
 Receives the bubble on his bonnet,
 Views with delight the shining beau-thing,
 Which in a twinkling bursts to nothing. 30
 Sae *Britain* brought on a' her troubles,
 By running dafily after bubbles.

Impos'd on by langnebit jugglers,
 Stock-jobbers, brokers, cheating smugglers,
 Wha set their gowden girns sae wylie, 35
 Tho' ne'er sae cautious they'd beguile ye.
 The covetous infatuation
 Was smittle out o'er all the nation;
 Clergy and lawyers and physicians,
 Mechanics, merchants, and musicians; 40
 Baith sexes of a' sorts and fizes
 Drap ilk design, and jobb'd for prizes.
 Frae noblemen to livery varlets,
 Frae topping toasts to hackney harlots.
 Poetic dealers were but scarce, 45
 Less browden still on cash than verse;
 Only ae bard to coach did mount,
 By singing praise to Sir *John Blunt*;
 But since his mighty patron fell,
 He looks just like *Jock Blunt* himsel. 50

16. *John a Groat's* house.) The northmost house in Scotland.

47. Only ae bard, &c.) Vide *Dick Francklin's* epistle.

50. He looks just like *Jock Blunt*.) This is commonly said of a person who is out of countenance at a disappointment.

Some lords and lairds sell'd riggs and castles,
And play'd them aff with tricky rascals,
Wha now with routh of riches vapour,
While their late honours live on paper.
But ah ! the difference 'twixt good land, 55
And a poor bankrupt bubble's band.

Thus *Europeans* *Indians* rifle,
And give them for their gowd some trifle ;
As deugs of velvet, chips of crystal,
A facon's bell, or baubee whistle. 60

Merchants and bankers heads-gade wrang,
They thought to millions they might spang ;
Despis'd the virtuous road to gain,
And look'd on little bills with pain :
The well-win thousands of some years, 65
In ae big bargain disappears.
'Tis fair to bide, but wha can help it,
Instead of coach, on foot they skelp it.

The ten *per Cents* wha durstna venture,
But lent great sums upon indenture, 70
To billies wha as frankly war'd it,
As they out of their guts had spar'd it,
When craving money they have lent,
They're answer'd, *item*, A' is spent.
The miser hears him with a gloom, 75
Girns like a brock and bites his thumb,
Syne shores to grip him by the wyson,
And keep him a' his days in prison.
Sae may ye do, replies the debtor,
But that can never mend the matter : 80
As soon can I mount *Charle wain*,
As pay ye back your gear again.
Poor mouldy rins quite by himsel,
And bans like ane broke loose frae hell.
It lulls a wee my mullygrubs, 85
To think upon these bitten scrubs,

83. By himsel.) Mad, out of his wits.

When

When naething saves their vital low,
But the expences of a tow.

Thus children aft with carefu' hands,
In summer dam up little strands, 90
Collect the drizel to a pool,
In which their glowing limbs they cool;
'Till by comes some ill-deedy gift,
Wha in the bulwark makes a rift,
And with ae strake in ruins lays, 95
The work of use, art, care and days.

Even handy-crafts-men too turn'd saucy,
And maun be coaching't thro' the caufy;
Syne stroot fou paughty in the alley,
Transferring thousands with some valley: 100
Grow rich in fancy, treat their whore,
Nor mind they were, or shall be poor.
Like little *Joves* they treat the fair,
With gowd frae banks built in the air;
For which their *Danaes* lift the lap, 105
And compliment them with a clap.
Which by aft jobbing grows a pox,
'Till brigs of noses fa' with stocks.

Here coachmen, grooms, or pasment trotter,
Glitter'd a while, then turn'd to snoter: 110
Like a shot starn, that thro' the air
Skyts east or west with unko glare,
But sound neist day on hillock side,
Nae better seems nor paddock ride.

Some reverend brethren left their flocks, 115
And sank their stipends in the stocks;
But tining baith, like *Æsop's* colly,
O'er late they now lament their folly.

For three warm months, *May, June, and July,*
There was odd scrambling for the spulzy; 120
And mony a ane, 'till he grew tyr'd,
Gather'd what gear his heart desir'd.

93. Ill-deedy gift) A roguish boy, who is seldom without doing
a bad action.

105. *Danaes.*) Danae the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos,
to whom Jupiter descended in a shower of gold.

We

We thought that dealer's stock an ill ane,
That was not wordy haff a million.

O had this golden age but lasted,
And no sae soon been broke and blasted,

There is a person well I ken
Might wi' the best gane right far ben ;

His project better had succeeded,
And far less labour had he needed :

But 'tis a daffin to debate,
And aurgle-bargle with our fate.

Well, had this gowden age but lasted,
And not soon been broke and blasted,

O woy, my-lord, these had been days
Which might have claim'd your poet's lays ;

But soon alake ! the mighty *Dagon*
Was seen to fa' without a rag on.

In harvest was a dreadfu' thunder,
Which gart a' *Britain* glowr and wonder ;

The phizzing bout came with a blatter,
And dry'd our great sea to a gutter.

But mony fowk with wonder speir,
What can be come of a' the gear ?

For a' the country is repining,
And ilka ane complains of tyning.

Plain answer I had best let be,
And tell ye just a simile.

Like *Belzie* when he nicks a witch,
Wha sells her saul she may be rich ;

He finding this the bait to damn her,
Casts o'er her een his cheating glamour :

She signs and seals, and he affords
Her heaps of visionary hoords ;

But when she comes to count the cunzie,
'Tis a sklata-stanes instead of money.

Thus we've been trick'd with braw projectors,
And faithfu' managing directors,

Wha for our cash, the saul of trade,
Bonny propines of paper made ;

127. A person, &c.) Meaning myself, with regard to my
printing this volume by subscription.

On footing clean, drawn unco' fair,
Had they not vanisht into air.

When *South-Sea* tyde was at a hight,
My fancy took a daring flight,
Thalia, lovely muse, inspired
My breast, and me with fore-sight fir'd; 165
Rapt into future months, I sa'
The rich aerial *Babel* fa',
'Yond seas I saw the upstarts drifting,
Leaving their coaches for the listing. 170
These houses fit for wights gane mad,
I saw cramn'd fou as they cou'd had;
While little fauls sunk with despair,
Implor'd could death to end their care.
But now a sweeter scene I view, 175
Time has, and time shall prove I'm true;
For fair *Astrea* moves frae heav'n,
And shortly shall make a' odds ev'n.
The honest man shall be regarded,
And villians as they ought rewarded. 180
The setting moon and rosie dawn
Bespeak a shining day at hand;
A glorious sun shall soon arise,
To brighten up *Britannia's* skies.
Our king and senate shall engage 185
To drive the vultures off the stage:
Trade then shall flourish, and ilk art,
A lively vigour shall impart
To credit languishing and famisht,
And *Lombard-street* shall be replenisht. 190
Got safe ashore after this blast,
Britons shall smile at follies past.

God grant your lordship joy and health,
Lang days and rowth of real wealth;
Safe to the land of cakes heav'n send ye, 195
And frae cros accidents defend ye.

Edinb. March 25,

1721.

164. My fancy, &c.) Wealth or the Woody, wrote in the
month of June last.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

Spoke by one of the young gentlemen, who, for their improvement and diversion, acted the Orphan, and Cheats of Scapin, the last night of the year 1719.

B R A W lads, and bonny lasses, welcome here,—
 But wha's to entertain ye,—never speer.—
 Quietness is best.—Tho' we be leal and true,
 Good sense and wit's mair than we dare avow.—
 Some body says to some fowk, we're to blame, 5
 That 'tis a scandal and black burning shame
 To thole young callands thus to grow sae snack,
 And lear—O mighty crimes!—to speak and act.—
 Stage-plays, quoth *Dunce*, are unco' things indeed!
 He said, he gloom'd—and shook his thick bofs head.
 They're *Papery, Papery!*—cry'd his nibour neist,
 Contriv'd at *Rome* by some malignant priest,
 To witch away fowks minds frae doing well,
 As saith *Rab Ker*, *M^cMillan* and *M^cNeil*.

But let them tauk.—In spite of ilk cadaver, 15
 We'll cherish wit, and scorn their sead or favour;
 We'll strive to bring in active eloquence,
 Tho' for a while upon our fame's expence.
 I'm wrang.—Our fame will mount with mettled carles,
 And for the rest, we'll be aboon their snarls.— 20
 Knock down the fools, wha dare with empty rage
 Spit in the face of virtue and the stage.
 'Cause heretics in pulpits thump and rair,
 Must naithing orthodox b' expected there?
 Because a rump cut off a royal head, 25
 Must not anither parli'ment succeed?
 Thus tho' the *Drama's* aft debauch'd and rude,
 Must we, for some are bad, refuse the good?
 Answer me that—if there be ony log,
 That's come to keek upon us here *incog*, 30
 Anes, twice, thrice.—But now I think on't, stay,
 I've something else to do, and must away.—

16. *Rab Ker*.) One who put the canting phrases of *M^cMillan* and *M^cNeil* (two non-conforming hill preachers) into wretched rhyme.

This prologue was design'd for use and sport,
The chiel that made it, let him answer for't.

CUPID *thrown into the South-Sea.*

MYRTILLA, as like *Venus*' fell,
As e'er an egg was like anither,
Anes *Cupid* met upon the *Mall*,

And took her for his bonny mither.

He wing'd his way up to her breast;

She started, he cry'd, Mam, 'tis me;

The beauty, in o'er rash a jest,

Flang the arch gytling in *South Sea*.

Frae thence he raise wi' gilded wings,

His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd;

Deel's i' the sea, quoth he, it dings;

Syne back to *Mall* and park he rang'd.

Breathing mischief, the god look'd gurlly,

With transfers a' his darts were feather'd;

He made a horrid hurly burly,

Where *Beaus* and *Belles* were thickest gather'd.

He tentily *Myrilla* sought,

And in the thrang *Change-Alley* got her;

He drew his bow, and quick as thought

With a brow new subscription shot her.

*The SATYR's Comic Project for recovering a young Bank-
rupt Stock-jobber.*

A S O N G.

ON the shore of a low ebbing sea,

A sighing young jobber was seen,

Staring wishfully at an old tree

Which grew on the neighbouring green.

From the beginning to the 20th line, sing to the tune of *Colin's Complaint*.

There's

There's a tree that can finish the strife
 And disorder that wars in my breast,
 What need one be pain'd with his life,
 When a halter can purchase him rest? 8

Sometimes he would stamp and look wild,
 Then roar out a terrible curse
 On bubbles that had him beguil'd,
 And left ne'er a doit in his purse. 12

A *Satyr* that wander'd along,
 With a laugh to his raving reply'd ;
 The savage maliciously sung,
 And jok'd while the stock-jobber cry'd. 16

To mountains and rocks he complain'd,
 His cravat was bath'd with his tears ;
 The *Satyr* drew near like a friend,
 And bid him abandon his fears. 20

Said he, have ye been at the sea,
 And met with a contrary wind,
 That you rail at fair fortune so free ?
 Don't blame the poor goddess, she's blind. 24

Come hold up thy head, foolish wight,
 I'll teach thee the loss to retrieve ;
 Observe me this project aright,
 And think not of hanging, but live. 28

Hecatiſſa conceited and old,
 Affects in her airs to seem young,
 Her jointure yields plenty of gold,
 And plenty of nonsense her tongue. 32

Lay siege to her for a short space,
 Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or grey ;
 Extol her for beauty and grace,
 And doubt not of gaining the day. 36

In wedlock ye fairly may join,
 And when of her wealth you are sure,
 Make free with the old woman's coin,
 And purchase a sprightly young W——. 40

From the 21st line, where the *Satyr* begins to speak, to the
 tune of, The Kirk wad let me be.

To the MUSIC CLUB.

E'ER on old *Shinar's* plain the fortress rose,
 Rear'd by those giants who durst heav'n oppose ;
 An universal language mankind us'd,
 'Till daring crimes brought accents more confus'd ;
 Discord and jar for punishment were hurl'd
 On hearts and tongues of the rebellious world.

The primar speech with notes harmonious clear,
 Transposing thought, gave pleasure to the ear :
 Then music in its full perfection shin'd,
 When man to man melodious spoke his mind.

As when a richly fraughted fleet is lost
 In rolling deeps, far from the ebbing coast,
 Down many fathoms of the liquid mass,
 The artist dives in ark of oak, or brass,
 Snatches some ingots of *Peruvian* ore,
 And with his prize rejoicing makes the shore.
 Oft this attempt is made, and much they find ;
 They swell in wealth tho' much is left behind.

Amphion's sons, with minds elate and bright,
 Thus plunge th' unbounded ocean of delight,
 And daily gain new stores of pleasing sounds
 To glad the earth, fixing to spleen its bounds ;
 While vocal tubes and consort strings engage
 To speak the dialect of the golden age.
 Then you whose symphony of souls proclaim
 Your kin to heav'n, add to your country's fame,
 And shew that music may have as good fate
 In *Albion's* glens, as *Umbria's* green retreat :
 And with *Correlli's* soft *Italian* song
 Mix *Cowden Knolls*, and *Winter nights are long*.
 Nor should the martial *Pibrough* be despis'd,
 Own'd and refin'd by you, these shall the more be priz'd.

Each ravish'd ear extols your heavenly art,
 Which sooths our care, and elevates the heart,
 Whilst hoarser sounds the martial ardors move,
 And liquid notes invite to shades and love.

Hail,

Hail, safe restorer of distemper'd minds,
 That with delight the raging passion binds :
 Extatic concord only banish'd hell,
 Most perfect where the perfect beings dwell.
 Long may our youth attend thy charming rites,
 Long may they relish thy transporting sweets.

=====

WINE and MUSIC, an Ode.

S Y M O N.

O *Colin*, how dull is't to be,
 When a soul is sinking wi' pain,
 To one who is pained like me :
 My life's grown a load,
 And my faculties nod,
 While I sigh for cold *Jeanie* in vain ;
 By beauty and scorn I am slain ;
 The wound it is mortal and deep,
 My pulses beat low in each vein,
 And threaten eternal sleep.

C O L I N.

Come, here are the best cures for thy wounds,
 O boy, the cordial bowl !
 With soft harmonious sounds,
 Wounds, these can cure all wounds,
 With soft harmonious sounds,
 And pull off the cordial bowl :
 O *Symon*, sink thy care, and tune up thy drooping soul ;
 Above, the gods beinly bouze,
 When round they meet in a ring ;
 They cast away care, and carouse
 Their *Nectar*, while they sing.
 Then drink and chearfully sing,
 These make the blood circle fine ;
 Strike up the music,
 The safest physic,
 Compounded with sparkling wine.

On the Great Eclipse of the SUN, the 22d of April, nine o'clock of the morning, wrote a month before it happened, March 1715.

NOW do I press among the learned throng,
To tell a great Eclipse in little song.
At me nor scheme, nor demonstration ask,
That is our *Gregory's*, or fam'd *Halley's* task:
'Tis they who are conversant with each star,
We know how planets planets rays debar.
This to pretend, my muse is not so bold,
She only echoes what she has been told.

Our rolling globe will scarce have made the sun
Seem half way up *Olympus* to have run,
When night's pale queen in her oft changed way,
Will intercept in direct line his ray,
And make black night usurp the throne of day.
The curious will attend that hour with care,
And wish no clouds may hover in the air,
To dark the medium, and obstruct from sight
The gradual motion and decay of light,
Whilst thoughtless fools will view the water pail,
To see which of the planets will prevail:
For then they think the sun and moon make war;
Thus nurses tales oftimes the judgment mar.

When this strange darkness overshades the plains,
'Twill give an odd surprise t' unwarned swains;
Plain honest hinds, who do not know the cause,
Nor know of orbs, their motions or their laws,
Will from the half-plough'd furrows homeward bend,
In dire confusion, judging that the end
Of time approacheth; thus possess'd with fear,
They'll think the general conflagration near.
The traveller benighted on the road
Will turn devout, and supplicate his god.
Cocks with their careful mates and younger fry,
As if't were evening, to their roosts will fly.

4. Our *Gregory's*.) Mr Gregory, professor of mathematics in Edinburgh. Fam'd *Halley*, fellow of the royal society, London.

9. Rolling globe.) According to the Copernican system.

The

The horned cattle will forget to feed,
 And come home lowing from the grassy mead. 35
 Each bird of day will to his nest repair,
 And leave to bats and owls the dusky air.
 The lark and little robin's softer lay
 Will not be heard till the return of day.
 Now this will be great part of *Europe's* case, 40
 While *Phebe's* as a mask on *Phoebus'* face.
 The unlearn'd clowns who don't our *Æra* know,
 From this dark *Friday* will their ages show;
 As I have often heard old country men
 Talk of dark *Monday*, and their ages then. 45

Not long shall last this strange uncommon gloom
 When light dispels the ploughman's fear of doom;
 With merry heart he'll lift his ravish'd sight
 Up to the heav'ns, and welcome back the light.
 How just's the motions of these whirling spheres! 50
 Which ne'er can err while time is met by years.
 How vast is little man's capacious soul!
 That know how orbs thro' wilds of *Æther* roll.
 How great's the power of that omnific hand!
 Who gave them motion by his wise command, 55
 That they should not, while time had being, stand.

*The GENTLEMAN'S QUALIFICATIONS, as debated by
 some of the Fellows of the EASY CLUB, April 1715.*

FROM different ways of thinking comes debate,
 This we despise, and that we over-rate,
 Just as the fancy takes, we love or hate.

Easy Club.) A juvenile society, of which I am a fellow, from the general antipathy we all seem'd to have at the ill-humour and contradictions which arise from trifles, especially those which constitute Whig and Tory, without having the grand reason for it; this engaged us to take a pleasure in the sound of an Easy Club.

The Club, by one of our special laws, must not exceed twelve; and any gentleman at his admission was to take the name of some Scots author, or one eminent for something extraordinary, for obscuring his real name in the register of our lucubrations, such as are named in this debate, Tippermalloch, Buchanan, Hector Boece, &c.

Hence

Hence *Whig* and *Tory* live in endless jar,
 And most of families in civil war: 5
 Hence 'mongst the easiest men beneath the skies,
 Ev'n in their easy dome, debates arise:
 As late they did with strength of judgment scan
 These qualities that form a gentleman.
 First *Tippermalloch* pled with *Spanish* grace 10
 That gentry only sprung from antient race,
 Whose names in old records of time were fix'd,
 In whose rich veins some royal blood was mix'd.
 I being a poet sprung from a *Douglas'* loin,
 In this proud thought did with the doctor join; 15
 With this addition, if they could speak sense,
 Ambitious I, ah! had no more pretence.
Buchanan, with stiff argument and bold,
 Pled gentry took its birth from powerful gold,
 Him *Hector Boece* join'd, they argu'd strong; 20
 Said they, to wealth that title must belong;
 If men are rich, they're gentle; and if not,
 You'll own their birth and sense are soon forgot.
 Pray say, said they, how much respectful grace
 Demands an old red-coat and mangled face? 25
 Or one, if he could like an angel preach,
 If he to no rich benefice can reach?
 Ev'n progeny of dukes are at a stand
 How to make out bare gentry without land.
 But still the doctor would not quit the field, 30
 But that rich upstarts should to birth right yield;
 He grew more stiff, nor would the plea let go,
 Said he was right, and swore it should be so.
 But happy we, who have such wholesome laws,
 Which without pleading can decide a cause. 35
 To this good law recourse we had at last,
 That throws off wrath, and makes our friendship fast;
 In which the legislators laid the plot,
 To end all controversy by a vote.
 Yet that we more good-humour might display, 40
 We frankly turn'd the vote another way;
 As in each thing we common topics shun,
 So the great prize, nor birth nor riches won,

The vote was carried thus, that easy he
 Who should three years a social fellow be, 45
 And to our *Easy Club* give no offence,
 After *triennial* tryal, should commence
 A gentleman, which gives as just a claim
 To that great title, as the blast of fame
 Can give to them who trade in human gore, 50
 Or those who heap up hoards of coined ore;
 Since in our social friendship nought's design'd
 But what may raise and brighten up the mind;
 We aiming close to walk by virtue's rules,
 To find true honour's self, and leave her shade to fools.

On W I T.

MY easy friends, since ye think fit
 This night to lucubrate on wit;
 And since ye judge that I compose
 My thoughts in rhyme better than prose,
 I'll give my judgment in a sang, 3
 And here it comes, be't right or wrang.
 But first of a' I'll tell a tale
 That with my case runs parallel.

There was a manting lad in *Fife*,
 Wha cou'd na for his very life 10
 Speak without stammering very lang,
 Yet never manted when he sang.
 His father's kiln he anes saw burning,
 Which gart the lad run breathless mourning;
 Hameward with cliver strides he lap, 15
 To tell his daddy his mishap.
 At distance e'er he reach'd the door,
 He stood and rais'd a hideous roar.
 His father when he heard his voice,
 Stept out and said, why a' this noise? 20

3. Since ye judge, &c.) Being but an indifferent sort of an orator, my friends would merrily alledge that I was not so happy in prose as rhyme; it was carried in a vote, against which there is no opposition, and the night appointed for some lessons on wit, I was ordered to give my thoughts in verse.

The

The calland gap'd and glowr'd about,
 But no ae word cou'd he lug out.
 His dad cry'd, kening his defect,
 Sing, sing, or I shall break your neck.
 Then soon he gratify'd his fire,
 And sang aloud, *your kiln's a-fire.*

25

Now ye'll allow there's wit in that,
 To tell a tale sae very pat.
 Bright wit appears in mony a shape,
 Which some invept and others ape.
 Some shaw their wit in wearing claiiths,
 And some in coining of new aiths ;
 There's crambo wit in making rhyme,
 And dancing wit in beating time :
 There's mettld wit in story telling,
 In writing grammar, and right spelling :
 Wit shines in knowledge of politics,
 And wow ! what wit's amang the critics.

30

35

So far, my mates, excuse me while I play
 In strains ironic with that heavenly ray,
 Rays which the human intellects refine,
 And makes the man with brilliant lustre shine,
 Marking him sprung from origin divine.
 Yet may a well-rigg'd ship be full of flaws,
 So may loose wits regard no sacred laws :
 That ship the waves will soon to pieces shake,
 So 'midst his vices sinks the witty rake.
 But when on first-rate virtues wit attends,
 It both itself and virtue recommends,
 And challenges respect where-e'er it blaze extends.

40

45



On FRIENDSHIP.

THE earth-born clod who hugs his idol pelf,
 His only friends are *Mammon* and himself :
 The drunken sots, who want the art to think,
 Still cease from friendship when they cease from drink.
 The empty fop, who scarce for man will pass,
 Ne'er sees a friend but when he views his glass.

5

Friend-

Friendship first springs from sympathy of mind,
Which to complete the virtues all combine,
And only found 'mongst men who can espy,
The merits of his friend without envy.
Thus all pretending friendship's but a dream,
Whose base is not reciprocal esteem.

KEITHA: A Pastoral, lamenting the death of the Right
Hon. MARY Countess of Wigtoun.

RINGAN.

O 'ER ilka thing a gen'ral sadness hings !
The burds wi' melancholy droop their wings ;
My sheep and kye neglect to moup their food,
And seem to think as in a dumpish mood.
Hark how the winds souch mournfu' throu' the broom,
The very list puts on a heavy gloom :
My neibour *Colin* too, he bears a part,
His face speaks out the fairness of his heart ;
Tell, tell me, *Colin*, for my bodding thought,
A bang of fears into my breast has brought.

10

COLIN.

Where hast thou been, thou simpleton, wha speers
The cause of a' our sorrow and our tears ?
Wha unconcern'd can hear the common skaith
The warld receives by lovely *Keitha's* death ?
The bonniest sample of what's good and kind ;
Fair was her make, and heav'nly was her mind. 15
But now this sweetest flower of a' our plain
Leaves us to sigh, tho' a' our sighs are vain ;
For never mair she'll grace the heartsome green,
Ay heartsome, when she deign'd there to be seen, 20
Speak, flow'ry meadows, where she us'd to wauk ;
Speak, flocks and burds, wha've heard her sing or tauk ;
Did ever you see meikle beauty bear ?
Or ye so mony heav'nly accents hear ?
Ye painted haughs, ye minstrels of the air 25
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

RINGAN.

RINGAN.

Ye westlin winds that gently us'd to play
 On her white breast, and steal some sweets away,
 Whilst her delicious breath perfum'd your breeze,
 Which gratefu' *Flora* took to feed her bees ; 30
 Bear on your wings, round earth, her spotless fame,
 Worthy that noble race from whence she came :
 Resounding braes, where e'er she us'd to lean,
 And view the crystal burn glide o'er the green,
 Return your echoes to our mournfu' sang, 35
 And let the streams in murmurs bear't along.
 Ye unkend powers, wha water haunt or air,
 Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

COLIN.

Ah ! wha' cou'd tell the beauties of her face ?
 Her mouth, that never op'd but wi' a grace ? 40
 Her een, which did with heav'nly sparkles low ?
 Her modest cheek, flush'd with a rosie glow ?
 Her fair brent brow, smooth as th' unruddled deep,
 When a' the winds are in their caves asleep ?
 Her presence, like a simmer's morning ray, 45
 Lighten'd our hearts, and gart ilk place look gay.
 Now twin'd of life, these charms look cauld and blae,
 And what before gave joy, now makes us wae.
 Her goodness shin'd in ilka pious deed, —
 A subject, *Ringan*, for a lofty reed ! 50
 A shepherd's sang maun sic high thoughts decline,
 Lest rustic notes should darken what's divine.
 Youth, beauty, graces, a' that's good and fair
 Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

RINGAN.

How tenderly she smooth'd our master's mind, 55
 When round his manly waist her arms she twin'd,
 And look'd a thousand fast things to his heart,
 While native sweetness sought nae help frae art !
 To him her merit still appear'd mair bright, 60
 As yielding she own'd his superior right.
 Baith fast and sound he slept within her arms,
 Gay were his dreams, the influence of her charms.

32. Worthy that noble race.) She was daughter to the late Earl Marshal, the third of that honourable rank of nobility.

Soon as the morning dawn'd he'd draw the screen,
And watch the op'ning of her fairer een;
Whence sweetest rays gusht out in sic a thrang,
Beyond expression in my rural sang.

COLIN.

O *Clementina*! sprouting fair remains
Of her, wha was the glory of our plains,
Dear innocence, with infant-darkness blest,
Which hides the happiness that thou hast mist,
May a' thy mither's sweets thy portion be,
And a' thy mither's graces shine in thee.

RINGAN.

She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the hill,
And a' she gae, she geed it wi' good will;
Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that day
On which frae us she's tane sae soon away;
Baith hynds and herds wha's cheeks bespake nae scant,
And throu' the howms could whistle, sing and rant,
Will miss her fair, 'till happily they find
Anither in her place sae good and kind.
The lasses wha did at her graces mint,
Ha'e by her death their bonniest pattern tint.
O ilka ane who did her bounty skair,
Lament, for gen'rous *Keitha* is nae mair.

COLIN.

O *Ringan, Ringan*! things gang sae unev'n,
I canna well take up the will of heav'n.
Our crosses teughly last us mony a year,
But unco soon our blessings disappear.

RINGAN.

I'll tell thee, *Colin*, my last *Sunday's* note,
I tented well mafs *Thomas* ilka jot.
The powers aboon are cautious as they're just,
And dinna like to gi'e o'er meikle trust
To this unconstant earth, with what's divine,
Left in laigh damps they should their lustre tine.
Sae let's leave aff our murmuring and tears,
And never value life by length of years:
But as we can in goodness it employ,
Syne wha dies first, first gains eternal joy.

N

100
Come,

146 *Address to the Council of Edinburgh.*
Come, *Colin*, dight your cheeks and banish care,
Our lady's happy, tho' with us nae mair.

To the Right Hon. the Town-Council of EDINBURGH,
The Address of ALLAN RAMSAY.

Y OUR poet humbly means and shaws,
That contrair to just rights and laws
I've suffer'd muckle wrang
By Lucky *Reid*, and ballad-singers,
Wha thum'd with their coarse dirty fingers 5
Sweet *Edie*'s funeral-sang.
They spoil'd my sence and staw my cash,
My muse's pride murgully'd,
And printing it like their vile trash,
The honest lieges whilly'd. 10
Thus undone, to *London*
It gade to my disgrace,
Sae pimpin and limpin
In rags wi' bluther'd face.
Yet gleg eyed friends throw the disguise 15
Receiv'd it as a dainty prize,
For a' it was sae hav'ren,
Gart *Lintot* take it to his press,
And clead it in a braw new dress,
Synce took it to the tavern. 20
But tho' it was made clean and braw,
~~and~~ sae fair it had been knoited,
It blather'd buff before them a',
And aften times turn'd doited.

4. Lucky Reid.) A printer's relit, who with the hawkers reprinted my pastoral on Mr Addison, without my knowledge, on ugly paper, full of errors.

11. To London.) One of their uncorrect copies was re-printed at London by Bernard Lintot, in Folio first, before he printed it a second time from a correct copy of my own, with the honourable Mr Burchet's English version of it.

23. Blather'd buff.) Spoke nonsense, from words being wanting, and many wrong spell'd and chang'd, such as gras for gars, praille for phrase, &c.

It

INSCRIPTION, &c.

147

It griev'd me, and reav'd me 25
Of kindly sleep and rest,
By carliogs and gorlings
To be fair opprest.

Wherefore to you, ne'er kend to guide ill,
But wisely had the good town's bridle, 30
My case I plainly tell,

And, as your ain, plead I may have
Your word of weight, when now I crave
To guide my gear my sell.
Then clean and fair the type shall be, 35

The paper like the snaw,
Nor shall our town think shame wi' me,
When we gang far awa.
What's wanted, if granted
Beneath your honour'd wing, 40
Baith hantily and cantily
Your supplicant shall sing.



*Inscription on the Gold Tea-pot, gain'd by Sir JAMES-
CUNNINGHAM of Milncraig, Bart.*

AFTER the gaining *Edinburgh's* prize
The day before with running thrice,
Me *Milncraig's* rock-moist fairly won,
When thrice again the course he run:
Now for diversion 'tis my share
To run three heats, and please the fair.

31. As your ain.) A free citizen.

33. Your word of weight.) To interpose their just authority
in my favour, and grant me an act to ward off these little pirates,
which I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of.

52. Shall sing) There being abundance of their petitioners
who daily oblige themselves to pray.

*Inscription engraven on the Piece of Plate, which was a
Punch-bowl and Ladle, given by the Captains of the
Train'd-Bands of Edinburgh, and gain'd by Captain
CH. CROCKAT's Swallow.*

CHARGE me with Nantz and limpid spring,
Let sour and sweet be mixt,
Bend round a health syne to the King,
To Edinburgh's captains next,
Wha form'd me in fae blyth a shape,
And gave me lasting honours,
Take up my ladle fill and lape,
And say, fairfa' the donors.

=====

To the WHIN-BUSH CLUB, The Bill of Allan Ramsay.

OF *Crawfurd-Moor*, born in *Lead-hill*,
Where min'ral springs *Glengoner* fill,
Which joins sweet flowing *Clyde*,
Between auld *Crawfurd-Lindsay's* towers,
And where *Deneetne* rapid pours 5
His stream thro' *Gletta's* tide ;
Native of *Clydesdale's* upperward,
Bred fifteen summers there,
Tho', to my loss, I'm no a laird
By birth, my title's fair 10
'To bend wi' ye and spend wi' ye
An evening, and gaffaw,

Whin-Bush.) This club consists of Clydesdale-shire gentlemen who frequently meet at a diverting hour, and keep up a good understanding amongst themselves over a friendly bottle. And from a charitable principle, easily collect into their treasurer's box a small fund, which has many a time relieved the distresses of indigent persons of that shire.

1. Leadhill.) In the parish of Crawfurd Moor, famous for the lead and gold mines belonging to the Earl of Hoptoun.

2. Glengoner.) The name of a small river, which takes its rise from the Lead-hills, and enters Clyde between the castle of Crawfurd and the mouth of Deneetne, another of the branches of Clyde.

An Epistle to Mr ARBUCKLE.

149

If merit and spirit
Be found without a flaw.

Since doubly ye do nought at random,
Then take my bill to *Avifandum*;

15

And if there's nae objection,
I'll deem't my honour and be glad
To come beneath your *Whin-bush* shade,
And claim to its protection.

20

If frae the caverns of a head
That's bos a storm should blaw,
Etling wi' spite to rive my reed,
And give my muse a fa,'

When poring and soaring
O'er *Heliconian* heights,
She traces these places
Where *Cynthia* delights.

25

An Epistle to Mr JAMES ARBUCKLE of Belfast, A. M.

EDINBURGH, January 1719.

A S errant knight with sword and pistol,
Bestrides his steed with mighty fittle;
Then stands some time in jumbled swither
To ride in this road or that ither;
At last spurs on, and disna care for
A how, a what way, or a wherefore.

5

Or like extemporary quaker,
Wasting his lungs, t' enlighten weaker
Lanterns of clay, where light is wanting,
With formless phrase, and formal canting;
While *Jacob Behmen's* salt does season,
And saves his thought frae corrupt reason,
Gowling aloud with motions queerest,
Yerking these words out which lie nearest.

10

Thus I (no longer to illustrate
With similes, lest I should frustrate

15

11. Jacob Behmen.) A quaker, who wrote volumes of an unintelligible enthusiastic bombast.

An Epistle to Mr ARBUCKLE. 151

Fausse flatt'ry nane but fools will tickle, 55
That gars me hate it like auld *Nicol* :
But when ane's of his merit conscious,
He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunshes.

Thirdly, not tether'd to connection,
But rattling by inspir'd direction, 60
When ever fame, with voice like thunder,
Sets up a chield a warld's wonder,
Either for slashing fowk to dead,
Or having wind-mills in his head,
Or poet, or an airy beau, 65
Or ony twa leg'd rary show,
They wha have never seen't are bissy
To speer what like a carlie is he.

Imprimis, then, for tallness I
Am five foot and four inches high : 70
A black-a-vic'd snod dapper fallow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow.
With phiz of a *Morocco* cut,
Resembling a late man of wit.
Auld-gabbet *Spec*, wha was sae cunning 75
To be a dummie ten years running.

Then for the fabric of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd.
I rather choose to laugh at folly,
Than show dislike by melancholy; 80
Well judging a sower heavy face
Is not the truest mark of grace.

I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton.
Great tables ne'er engag'd my wishes, 85
When crowded with o'er mony dishes,
A healthfu' stomach sharply set
Prefers a back-sey pipin her.

I never cou'd imagin't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious : 90

75. Auld-gabbet *Spec*.) The Spectator, who gives us a fictitious description of his short face and taciturnity, that he had been esteemed a dumb man for ten years.

Proud

Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I court occasion thus to show it.

Second of thirdly—pray take heed,
Ye's get a short swatch of my creed.
To follow method negatively
Ye ken takes place of positively.

Well then, I'm nowther Whig nor Tory,
Nor credit give to purgatory.
Transub, Loretta-bouse, and mae tricks,
As prayers to saints, *Katties and Patricks*;
Nor *Asgilite*, nor *Bess Clarksonian*,
Nor *Mountaineer*, nor *Mugletonian*;
Nor can believe, ant's nae great ferly,
In *Cotmoor fowk*, and *Andrew Harley*.

Neist *Anti-Toland*, *Blunt* and *Wh—*,
Know positively I'm a Christian,
Believing truths and thinking free,
Wishing thrawn parties wad agree.

Say, wad ye ken my gate of sending,
My income, management, and spending?
Born to nae lairdship, mair's the pity!
Yet denison of this fair city.
I make what honest shift I can,
And in my ain house am good-man,
Which stands on *Edinburgh's* street the sun-side:
I theek the out, and line the inside

102. Nor *Asgilite*.) Mr *Asgil*, a late member of parliament advanced (whether in jest or earnest I know not) some very whimsical opinions, particularly, that people need not die if they pleased, but be translated alive to heaven like *Enoch* and *Elijah*. *Clarksonian*, *Bessy Clarkson* a *Lanerkshire* woman. Vide the history of her life and principles.

103. *Mountaineer*.) Our wild folks, who always prefer a hill-side to a church under any civil authority. *Mugletonian*, a kind of quakers, so called from one *Mugleton*. See *Leslie's* snake in the grass.

105. *Cotmoor fowk*.) A family or two who had a particular religion of their own, valued themselves on using vain repetitions in prayers of six or seven hours long: were pleased with ministers of no kind. *Andrew Harlaw*, a dull fellow of no education, was head of the party.

To the Earl of DALHOUSIE. 153

Of mony a douse and witty pash,
 And baith ways gather in the cash;
 Thus heartily I graze and beau it, 120
 A keep a wife ay great wi' poet.
 Contented I have sic a skair,
 As' does my business to a hair,
 And fain wa'd prove to ilka Scot
 That poortith's no the poet's lot. 123

Fourthly and lastly baith together,
 Pray let us ken when ye come hither;
 There's mony a canty carle and me
 Wa'd be much comforted to see ye.
 But if your outward be refractory, 130
 Send us your inward manufactory,
 That when we're kedgy o'er our claret,
 We correspond may with your spirit.

Accept of my kind wishes, with
 The same to dons Butler and Smith; 135
 Health, wit and joy, fauls large and free,
 Be a' your fates—sae God be wi' ye.

To the Right Hon. WILLIAM Earl of DALHOUSIE.

Maecenas atavis edite regibus. HORACE.

DALHOUSIE of an auld descent,
 My chief, my stoup and ornament,
 For entertainment a wee while,
 Accept this sonnet with a smile;
 Setting great Horace in my view,
 He to *Maecenas*, I to you:
 But that my muse may sing with ease,
 I'll keep or drap him as I please.

How differently are fowk inclin'd,
 There's hardly twa of the same mind;
 Some like to study, some to play,
 Some on the links to win the day,
 And gar the courser rin like wood,
 A' drappin down with sweat and blood:

The

The winner syne assumes a look
 Might gain a monarch or a duke.
 Neist view the man with pawký face
 Has mounted to a fashous place,
 Inclín'd by an o'er ruling fate,
 He's pleas'd with his uneasy state :
 Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fou braw,
 'Till frae his kittle post he fa.'

The *Lothian* farmer he likes best
 To be of good faugh riggs posselt,
 And sen upon a frugal stock,
 Where his forbears had us'd the yoke,
 Nor is he fond to leave his wark,
 And venture in a rotten bark,
 Syne unto far aff countries steer
 On tumbling waves to gather gear.

The merchant wreck'd upon the main
 Swears he'll ne'er venture on't again ;
 That he had rather live on cakes,
 And shyrest swats, with landart maiks,
 As rin the risk by storms to have,
 When he is dead, a living grave.
 But seas turn smooth, and he grows fain,
 And fairly takes his word again :
 Tho' he shou'd to the bottom sink,
 Of poverty he downa think.

Some like to laugh their time away,
 To dance while pipes or fiddles play,
 And have nae sense of ony want
 As lang as they can drink and rant.

The rat'ling drum and trumpet's tout
 Delight young swankies that are stout :
 What his kind frightened mother ugs,
 Is music to the foger's lugs.

The hunter with his hounds and hawks
 Bangs up before his wife awakes ;
 Nor speers gin she has ought to say,
 But scours o'er highs and hows a' day,

Throw

Throw moss and moor, nor does he care
Whether the day be foul or fair,
If he his trusty hounds can cheer
To hunt the tod or drive the deer.

May I be happy in my lays,
And won a lasting wreath of bays,
Is a' my wish; well-pleas'd to sing
Beneath a tree, or by a spring,
While lads and lasses on the mead
Attend my *Caledonian* reed,
And with the sweetest notes rehearse
My thoughts, and roose me for my verse.

If you, my lord, class me amang
Those who have sung baith fast and strang,
Of smiling love or doughty deed,
To starns sublime I'll lift me head.

HORACE to VIRGIL, on his taking a Voyage to Athens.

Sic te diva potens Cypri,—

O Cyprian goddess twinkle clear,
And *Helen's* brithers ay appear;
Ye stars wha shed a lucky light,
Auspicious ay keep in a sight;
King *Eol* grant a tydie tirl,
But boast the blast that rudely whirl;
Dear ship be canny with your care,
At *Athens* land my *Virgil* fair,
Syn e soon and safe, baith lith and spaul,
Bring hame the tae haff o' my saul.

Daring and unco' stout he was,
With heart hool'd in three sloughs of brass,
Wha ventur'd first on the rough sea,
With hempen branks and hoise of tree:
Wha in the weak machine durst ride
Thro' tempests, and a rairing tide;
Not clinty craigs, nor hurricane,
That drives the *Adriatic* main,

And

And gars the ocean gowl and quake,
 Cou'd e'er a soul sae sturdy shake.
 The man wha cou'd sic rubs win o'er,
 Without a wink at death might glowr,
 Wha unconcern'd can take his sleep
 Amang the monsters of the deep.

Jove vainly twin'd the sea and eard,
 Since mariners are not afraid,
 With laws of nature to dispense,
 And impiously treat providence.
 Audacious men at nought will stand
 When vicious passions have command.
Prometheus ventur'd up and staw
 A lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha';
 Unsonfy thift, which fevers brought
 In bikes, which fowk likes sybows hought:
 Then death erst slaw began to ling,
 And fast as haps to dart his sling.
 Neist *Dedalus* must contradict
 Nature forsooth, and feathers stick
 Upon his back, syne upward streek,
 And in at *Jove's* high winnocks keek,
 While *Hercules*, wi's timber mell,
 Plays rap upo' the yates of hell.

What is't man winna ettle at?
 E'en wi' the gods he'll bell the cat:
 Tho' *Jove* be very laith to kill,
 They winna let his bowt ly still.

An ODE to Mr F——.

Solvitur acris hiems——

HORACE.

NOW gowans sprout and lavrocks sing,
 And welcome west winds warm the spring,
 O'er hill and dale they saftly blaw,
 And drive the winter's cauld awa.
 The ships lang gyzen'd at the peer
 Now spread their sails and smoothly steer,

The

The nags and nowt hate wiffen'd strae,
 And frisking to the fields they gae;
 Nor hynds wi' elson and hemp lingle,
 Sit solling shoon out o'er the ingle.
 Now bonny haughs their verdure boast,
 That late were clad wi' snaw and frost,
 With her gay train the *Paphian* queen
 By moon light dances on the green;
 She leads, while nymphs and graces sing,
 And trip around the fairy ring.
 Mean time poor *Vulcan* hard at thrift,
 Gets mony a fair and heavy lift,
 Whilst rinnen down, his haff-blind lads
 Blaw up the fire, and thump the gads.

Now leave your sitted on the dew,
 And busk ye'r sell in habit new.
 Be gratefu' to the guiding powers,
 And blythly spend your easy hours.
 O kanny *F*——! tutor time,
 And live as lang y'er in your prime;
 That ill-bred death has nae regard
 To king or cottar, or a laird;
 As soon a castle he'll attack,
 As waus of divots roof'd wi' thack,
 Immediately we'll a' take flight
 Unto the mirk realms of night,
 As stories gang, with ghaishts to roam,
 In gloumie *Pluto's* gousty dome;
 Bid fair good day to pleasure syne
 Of bonny lasses and red wine.

Then deem ilk little care a crime,
 Dares waste an hour of precious time;
 And since our life's sae unko short,
 Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.

To the Ph——, an ODE.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum

Soracte.——

HORACE.

LOOK up to *Pentland's* tow'ring taps,
 Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,

O

O'er

O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar and slap,
As high as ony *Roman* wa.'

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
There's no nae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douffer fowk wysing a jee
The byast bouls on *Tamson's* green.

Then sling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben,
That mutchken stoup it hads but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret bests keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fashous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wood;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' fight the hailstains thud.

But soon as ere they cry, be quiet,
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme *Jove*.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless powers.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time,
Then lads and lasses while it's *May*,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;
Syn e frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide her sell in some dark nook :

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant ;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

To Mr WILLIAM AIKMAN.

'T IS granted, Sir, pains may be spar'd
Your merit to set forth,
When there's sae few wha claim regard,
That disna ken your worth.

Yet poets give immortal fame
To mortals that excel,
Which if neglected they're to blame ;
But you've done that your sell.

While frae originals of yours
Fair copies shall be tane,
And fix'd on bras to busk our bow'rs,
Your mem'ry shall remain.

To your ain deeds the maist deny'd,
Or of a taste o'er fine,
May be ye're but o'er right, afraid
To sink in verse like mine.

160 *Spoken to three YOUNG LADIES, &c.*

The last can ne'er the reason prove,

Else wherefore with good will

Do ye my nat'ral lays approve,

And help me up the hill?

By your assistance unconstrain'd

To courts I can repair,

And by your art my way I've gain'd

To closets of the fair.

Had I a muse like lofty *Pope*,

For tow'ring numbers fit,

Then I the ingenious mind might hope

In truest light to hit.

But comic tale and sonnet flee

Are coosten for my share,

And if in these I bear the gtee,

I'll think it very fair.

*Spoken to three YOUNG LADIES, who would have me
to determine which of them was the bonniest.*

ME anes three beauties did surround,

And ilka beauty gave a wound,

Whilst they with smiling eye,

Said, *Allan*, which think ye maist fair?

Gi'e judgment frankly, never spare.

Hard is the task, said I:

But added, seeing them sae free,

Ladies ye maun say mair to me,

And my demand right fair is;

First, like the gay celestial three,

Shaw a' your charms, and then ha'e wi' ye,

Faith I shall be your *Paris*.

To Sir WILLIAM BENNET of Grubbet, Bart.

WHILE now in discord giddy changes reel,

And some are rack'd about on fortune's wheel,

You

You with undaunted stalk, and brow serene,
 May trace your groves, and press the dewy green ;
 No guilty twangs your manly joys to wound,
 Or horrid dreams to make your sleep unsound.

To such as you, who can mean care despise,
 Nature's all beautiful 'twixt earth and skies.
 Not hurried with the thirst of unjust gain,
 You can delight yourself on hill or plain,
 Observing when those tender sprouts appear,
 Which crowd with fragrant sweets the youthful year.
 Your lovely scenes of *Marlesfield* abound
 With as much choice as is in *Britain* found :
 Here fairest plants from nature's bosom start
 From soil prolific, serv'd with curious art :
 Here oft the heedful gazer is beguil'd,
 And wanders through an artificial wild,
 While native flow'ry green, and crystal strands,
 Appear the labours of ingenious hands.

Most happy he who can these sweets enjoy
 With taste refin'd, which does not easy cloy.
 Not so *Plebeian* souls, whom sporting fate
 Thrusts into life upon a large estate,
 While spleen their weak imagination sows,
 They're at a loss how to employ their hours :
 The sweetest plants which fairest gardens show,
 Are lost to them, for them unheeded grow.
 Such purblind eyes ne'er view the son'rous page,
 Where shines the raptures of poetic rage :
 Nor through the microscope can take delight,
 T' observe the tusks and bristles of a mite ;
 Nor by the lengthen'd tube learn to descry
 These shining worlds which roll around the sky.
 Bid such read hist'ry to improve their skill,
 Polite excuse ! their memories are ill.
Moll's maps may in their dining-rooms make show,
 But their contents they're not oblig'd to know ;
 And gen'rous friendship's out of sight too fine,
 They think it only means a glass of wine.

But he whose chearful mind hath higher flown,
 And adds learn'd thoughts of others to his own,

Has seen the world, and read the volume *man*,
 And can the springs and ends of action scan;
 Has fronted deaths service of his king,
 And drunken deep of the *Castalian* spring?
 This man can live—and happiest life's his due,
 Can be a friend—a virtue known to few;
 Yet all such virtues strongly shine in you.

}

~~~~~  
*An EPISTLE to a Friend at Florence, in his way to Rome.*

**Y**OUR steady impulse foreign climes to view,  
 To study nature and what art can shew,  
 I now approve, while my warm fancy walks  
 O'er *Italy*, and with your genius talks;  
 We trace with glowing breast and piercing look,  
 The curious gall'ry of th' illustrious duke,  
 Where all those masters of the arts divine,  
 With pencils, pens, and chizels greatly shine,  
 Immortalizing the *Augustan* age,  
 On medals, canvas, stone, or written page.  
 Profiles and busts originals express,  
 And antique scrolls, old e'er we knew the press.  
 For's love to science, and each virtuous *Scot*,  
 May days unnumber'd be great *Cosmus*' lot.

The sweet *Hesperian* fields you'll next explore,  
 'Twixt *Arno*'s banks and *Tiber*'s fertile shore.  
 Now, now I wish my organs could keep pace,  
 With my fond muse and you these plains to trace;  
 We'd enter *Rome* with an uncommon taste,  
 And feed our minds on every famous waste;  
 Amphitheatres, columns, royal tombs,  
 Triumphal arches, ruins of vast domes,  
 Old aerial aqueducts, and strong pav'd roads,  
 Which seem to've been not wrought by men but gods.

These view'd, we'd then survey with utmost care  
 What modern *Rome* produces fine or rare,  
 Where buildings rise with all the strength of art,  
 Proclaiming their great architect's desert,

Which

Which citron shades surround and jessamin,  
And all the soul of *Raphael* shines within :  
Then we'd regale our ears with sounding notes,  
Which warble tuneful thro' the beardless throats,  
Join'd with the vib'rating harmonious strings,  
And breathing tubes, while the soft eunuch sings.

Of all those dainties take a hearty meal ;  
But let your resolution still prevail :  
Return, before your pleasure grow a toil,  
To longing friends, and your own native soil :  
Preserve your health, your virtue still improve,  
Hence you'll invite protection from above.

---

*The beautiful ROSE-TREE inclosed.*

WITH awe and pleasure we behold thy sweets,  
Thy lovely roses have their pointed guards,  
Yet tho' the gath'rer opposition meets,  
The fragrant purchase all his pain rewards.

But hedg'd about and watch'd with wary eyes,  
O plant superior, beautiful and fair,  
We view thee like yon stars which gem the skies,  
But equally to gain we must despair.

Ah ! wert thou growing on some secret plain,  
And found by me, how ravish'd would I meet  
All thy transporting charms to ease my pain,  
And feast my raptur'd soul on all that's sweet.

Thus sung poor *Symon* : *Symon* was in love,  
His too aspiring passion made him smart ;  
The rose-tree was a mistress far above  
The shepherd's hope, which broke his tender heart.



## To R—H—B—. an ODE.

*Nullum, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem,  
Circa mite solum Tiburis, & moenia Catili.* HOR.

O B—, cou'd these fields of thine  
Bear as in *Gaul* the juicy vine,  
How sweet the bonny grape wou'd shine  
On wau's where now,  
Your apricocks and peaches fine  
Their branches bow.  
Since human life is but a blink,  
Why should we its short joys sink ;  
He disna live that canna link  
The glafs about,  
When warm'd with wine, like men we think,  
And grow mair stout.  
The cauldrie carlies clog'd wi' care,  
Wha gathering gear gang hyt and gare,  
If ram'd we red, they rant and rair  
Like mirthfu' men,  
It soothly shaws them they can spare  
A rowth to spend.  
What soger, when with wine he's bung,  
Did e'er complain he had been dung,  
Or of his toil, or empty spung ;  
Na, o'er his glafs,  
Nought but braw deeds employ his tongue,  
Or some sweet lass.  
Yet trowth, 'tis proper we should flint  
Our sells to a fresh mod'rate pint,  
Why should we (the blyth blessing) mint  
To waist or spill,  
Since, aften, when our reason's tint  
We may do ill.  
Let's set these hair brain'd fowk in view,  
That when they're stupid, mad and fow  
Do brutals deeds, which aften they rue  
For a' their days,

Which

Which frequently prove very few

To such as these.

Then let us grip our bliss mair sicker,  
And tape our heal, and sprightly liquor,  
Which sober tane makes wit the quicker,  
And sense mair keen,

While graver heads that's muckle thicker  
Grane wi' the spleen.

May ne'er sic wicked fumes arise  
In me shall break a' sacred ties,  
And gar me like a fool despise

With stiffness rude,  
Whatever my best friends advise,  
Tho' ne'er so gude.

'Tis best then to evite the sin  
Of bending 'till our sauls gae blin,  
Left, like our glass, our breasts grow thin,  
And let fowk peep,  
At ilka secret hid within  
That we should keep.

## CLYDE's Welcome to his Prince.

WHAT chearful sounds from ev'ry side I hear,  
How beauteous on their banks my nymphs appear,  
Got throw these massy mountains at my source,  
O'er rocks stupendous of my upper course,  
To these fair plains where I more smoothly move, 5  
Throw verdant vales to meet *Evana's* love.  
Yonder she comes beneath *Dodona's* shade,  
How blyth she looks! how sweet and gaylie clade;  
Her flow'ry bounds bear all the pride of *May*,  
While round her soft meanders shepherds play.

4. Rocks stupendous ) The river falls over several high precipices, such as Corra's Lin, Stane-Byre Lin, &c.

6 *Evana* ) The small river Evan which joins Clyde near Hamilton.

Hail,

Hail, lovely *Naid!* to my bosom large,  
 Amidst my stores commit thy crystal charge,  
 And speak these joys all thy deportment shews,  
 That to old ocean I may have good news.  
 With solemn voice, thus spoke majestic *Clyde*,  
 In softer notes lov'd *Evan* thus reply'd. 15

Great *Glotta*, long have I had cause to mourn,  
 While my forsaken stream gush'd from my urn.  
 Since my late LORD, his nation's just delight,  
 Greatly lamented sunk in endless night. 20  
 His hopeful STEM, our chief desire and boast,  
 Expos'd to danger on some foreign coast,  
 Lonely for years, I've murmur'd on my way,  
 When dark I wept, and sigh'd in shining day.

The fire return'd, just reasons for thy pains, 25  
 So long to wind through solitary plains :  
 Thy loss was mine, I sympathiz'd with thee,  
 Since one our griefs, then share thy joys with me.

Then hear me, liquid chistain of the dale,  
 Hush all your cat'racts, 'till I tell my tale, 30  
 Then rise and roar, and kiss your bord'ring flowers,  
 And sound our joys around yon lordly towers :  
 Yon lordly towers, which happy now contain,  
 Our brave and youthful PRINCE return'd again.

Welcome, in loudest raptures cry'd the flood, 35  
 His welcome echo'd from each hill and wood ;  
 Enough *Evana*, long may they contain  
 The noble youth safely return'd again.  
 From the green mountain where I lift my head,  
 With my twin brothers *Annan* and the *Tweed*, 40  
 To those high arches where, as *Culdees* sing,  
 The pious *Mungo* fish'd the trout and ring.

39. Green mountain.) From the same hill the rivers Clyde, Tweed and Annan have their rise, yet run to three different seas, viz, the Northern ocean, the German ocean, and the Irish sea.

41. High arches.) The bridge of Glasgow, where, as 'tis reported, St Mungo the patron of that city, drew up a fish that brought him a ring, which had been dropt; which miracle Glasgow retains the memory of in their arms.

My fairest nymphs shall on my margin play,  
 And make ev'n all the year one holy day.  
 The *Sylvan* powers and watches of each hight, 45  
 Where fleecy flocks and climbing goats delight,  
 Shall from their groves and rocky mountains roam,  
 To join with us, and sing his welcome home.  
 With lofty notes we'll sound his high descent,  
 His dawning merits and heroic bent. 50  
 These early rays which stedfastly shall shine,  
 And add new glories to his ancient line.  
 A line ay loyal, and fir'd with generous zeal,  
 The bravest patrons of the common weal.  
 From him who plung'd his sword (so muses sing) 55  
 Deep in his breast, who durst defame our king:  
 We'll sing the fire, which in his bosom glows  
 To warm his friends, and scorch his daring foes;  
 Endow'd with all these sweet, yet manly charms,  
 As fit him for the fields of love, or arms. 60  
 Fixt in an high and independent state,  
 Above to act what's little, to be great.

Guard him, first power, whose hand directs the sun,  
 And teach me through caverns dark to run;  
 Long may he on his own fair plains reside, 65  
 And slight my rival *Thames*, and love his *Clyde*.

55. So muses sing.) Vide the ingenious Mr Patrick Gordon's account of this illustrious family in his poem on the valiant achievements of our great king Robert, surnam'd the Bruce, p. 45, beginning at this stanza, the prophet speaks to our monarch.

- Now in thy time, quoth he, there shall arrive
- A worthy knight, that from his native land
- Shall fly, because he bravely shall deprive,
- In glorious fight; a knight that shall withstand
- Thy praises due, while he doth thee describe;
- Yea, even this knight, shall with victorious hand
- Come here, whose name his seed shall eternize,
- And still thy virtuous line shall sympathize.

*On the most Honourable the Marquis of BOWMONT'S  
cutting off his hair.*

**S** HALL *Berenice's* tresses mount the skies,  
And by the muse to shining fame arise;  
*Belinda's* lock invite the smoothest lays  
Of him whose merit claims the *British* bays,  
And not, dear *Bowmont*, beautiful and young,  
The graceful ringlets of thy head be sung!  
How many tender hearts thine eyes hath pain'd!  
How many sighing nymphs thy locks have chain'd!

The god of love beheld him with envy,  
And on *Cyth'rea's* lap began to cry,  
All drench'd in tears, O mother, help your son!  
Else by a mortal rival I'm undone;  
With happy charms h' incroaches on my sway,  
His beauty disconcerts the plots I lay.  
When I've made *Cloe* her humble slave admire,  
Straight he appears and kindles new desire;  
She sighs for him, and all my art beguiles,  
Whilst he, like me, commands and careless smiles.  
Ah me! these sable circles of his hair,  
Which wave around his beauties red and fair,  
I cannot bear! *Adonis* would seem dim,  
With all his flaxen locks, if plac'd by him.

*Venus* reply'd, No more, my dearest boy,  
Shall those enchanting curls thy peace destroy;  
For ever sep'rate they shall cease to grow,  
Or round his cheek, or on his shoulders flow;  
I'll use my slight, and make them quickly feel  
Their honour's lost by the invading steel:  
I'll turn myself in shape of mode and health,  
And gain upon his youthful mind by stealth;  
Three times the sun shall not have rouz'd the morn,  
E'er he consent these from him shall be shorn.

The promise she perform'd; but labour vain,  
And still shall prove, while his bright eyes remain;  
And of revenge blind *Cupid* must despair,  
As long's the lovely sex are grac'd with hair;

They'll



They'll yield the conquering glories of their heads,  
To form around his beauty, easy shades;  
And in return, *Thalia* spaes and sings,  
His lop'd off locks shall sparkle in their rings.

*To some YOUNG LADIES, who had been displeased at a Gentleman's too imprudently asserting, that to be condemn'd to perpetual Virginity was the greatest punishment could be inflicted on any of their Sex.*

W Hether condemn'd to virgin state  
By the superior powers,  
Would to your sex prove cruel fate,  
I'm sure it would to ours.

From you the numerous nations spring,  
Your breasts our beings save,  
Your beauties make the youthful sing,  
And sooth the old and grave.

Alas! how soon would every wight  
Despise both wit and arms,  
To primitive old chaos night  
We'd sink without your charms,

No more our breath would be our care,  
Were love from us exil'd,  
Sent back to heaven with ail the fair,  
This world would turn a wild.

Regardless of these sacred ties,  
Wife, husband, father, son,  
All government we would despise,  
And like wild tygers run.

Then ladies, pardon the mistake,  
And with the accus'd agree,  
I beg it for each lover's sake,  
Low bended on my knee.

And frankly wish what has been said  
By the audacious youth,  
Might be your thought; but I'm afraid  
It will not prove a truth.

170 To Mr JOSEPH MITCHEL,

For often, ah! you make us groan  
By your too cold disdain,  
Then quarrel with us when we moan  
And rave amidst our pain.

=====

To Mr JOSEPH MITCHELL, on the successful Representation of a Tragedy wrote by him.

BUT jealousy, dear Jos, which aſt gives pain  
To ſcrimpit faults, I own myſell right vain  
To ſee a native truſty friend of mine,  
Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing billies ſhine.  
Yes, wherefore no, ſhaw them the frozen north  
Can tow'ring minds with heav'nly heat bring forth;  
Minds that can mount with an uncommon wing,  
And frae black heath'ry headed mountains ſing,  
As faſt as he that haughs *Hesperian* trades,  
Or leans beneath the *Aromatic* ſhades.  
Bred to the love of lit'rature and arms,  
Still ſomething great a *Scottiſh* boſom warms:  
Tho' nurs'd on ice, and educate in ſnaw,  
Honour and liberty eggs him to draw  
A hero's ſword, or an heroic quill,  
The monſt'rous faes of right and wit to kill.

Well may ye further in your leal deſign,  
To thwart the gowks, and gar the brethren tine  
The wrang opinion which they lang have had,  
That a' which mounts the ſtage—is ſurely bad.  
Stupidly dull! but fools ay fools will be,  
And nane's ſae blind as them that winna ſee.  
Where's vice and virtue ſet in juſter light?  
Where can a glancing genius ſhine mair bright?  
Where can we human life review mair plain,  
Than in the happy plot and curious ſcene?

If in themſells ſic fair deſigns were ill,  
We ne'er had pried the ſweet dramatic ſkill  
Of *Congreve*, *Addiſon*, *Steel*, *Rowe*, and *Hill*;  
*Hill*, wha the hiſheſt road to fame doth chuſe,  
And has ſome upper ſeraph for his muſe:

It maun be fae, else how could he display  
With so just strength the great tremendous day.

Sic patterns, *Joseph*, always keep in view,  
Ne'er fash if ye can please the thinking few,  
Then spite of malice, worth shall have its due.

}

---

*Spoken to two YOUNG LADIES, who ask'd if I could say  
any thing on them: One excell'd in a beautiful com-  
plexion, the other in fine eyes.*

*To the first.*

U P O N your cheek sits blooming youth.

*To the other.*

Heaven sparkles in your eye.

*To both.*

There's something sweet about each mouth,  
Dear ladies, let me try.

---

The Poet's Wish. An ODE.

*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem  
Vates? —*

HOR.

F R A E great *Apollo*, poet say,  
What is thy wish, what wadst thou hae,  
When thou bows at his shrine?  
Not *Karst* o' *Gowrie*'s fertile field,  
Nor a' the flocks the *Grampians* yield,  
That are baith sleek and fine:  
Not costly things brought frae afar,  
As ivory, pearl and gems;  
Nor those fair straths that water'd are  
With *Tay* and *Tweed*'s smooth streams,  
Which gently and dantily  
Eat down the flow'ry baes,  
As greatly and quietly  
They wimple to the seas.

172 *The Response of the ORACLE.*

Whaever by his kanny fate  
 Is master of a good estate,  
 That can ilk thing afford,  
 Let him enjoy't withoutten care,  
 And with the wale of curious fare  
 Cover his ample board.  
 Much dawted by the gods is he,  
 Wha to the *Indian* plain,  
 Successfu' ploughs the wally sea,  
 And safe returns again,  
 With riches that hitches  
 Him high aboon the rest  
 Of sma' fowk, and a' fowk  
 That are wi' popritth prest.

For me, I can be well content  
 To eat my bannock on the bent,  
 And kitchen't wi' fresh air;  
 Of lang-kail I can make a feast,  
 And cantily had up my crest,  
 And laugh at dishes rare.  
 Nought frae *Apollo* I demand,  
 But throw a lengthen'd life  
 My outer fabric firm may stand,  
 And saul clear without strife.  
 May he then but gie then  
 Those blessings for my skair,  
 I'll fairly and squairly  
 Quite a' and seek nae mair.

---

*The Response of the ORACLE.*

**T**O keep thy saul frae puny strife,  
 And beeze thee out of vulgar life,  
 We, in a morning dream,  
 Whisper'd our will concerning thee,  
 To *Marlus*, stretch'd beneath a tree,  
 Hard by a pop'ling stream;  
 He, full of me, shall point the way  
 Where thou a star shalt see,

The

The influence of whose bright ray  
Shall wing thy muse to flee.

Mair speer na, and fear na,  
But set thy mind to rest,  
Aspire ay still high'r ay,  
And always hope the best.

---

*The RAM and BUCK,*

A Ram, the father of a flock,  
Wha'd mony winters stood the flock  
Of northern winds and driving snaw,  
Leading his family in a raw,  
Through wreaths that clad the laigher field,  
And drave them frae the lowner bield,  
To crop contented frozen fare,  
With honesty on hills blown bare.  
This ram of upright hardy spirit,  
Was really a horn'd head of merit :  
Unlike him was a neighbouring goat,  
A mean-saul'd, cheating, thieving sot ;  
That tho' posselt of rocks the prime,  
Crown'd with fresh herbs and rowth of thime,  
Yet slave to pilfering ; his delight  
Was to break gardens ilka night,  
And round him steal, and aft destroy  
Even things he never could enjoy :  
The pleasure of a dirty mind  
That is sae viciously inclin'd.

Upon a borrowing-day, when fleet  
Made twinters and hog-wedders bleet,  
And quake with cauld : behind a ruck  
Met honest Toop and snaking Buck,  
Frae chin to tail clad with thick hair,  
He bad defiance to thin air ;  
But trusty Toop his fleece had riven,  
When he amang the birns was driven :  
Half naked the brave leader stood,  
His look compos'd, unmov'd his mood :



When thus the Goat (that had tint a'  
 His credit baith with great and sma',  
 Shunn'd by them as a pest, wad fain  
 New friendship with this worthy gain.)  
 Ram, say, shall I give you a part  
 Of mine? I'll do't with all my heart;  
 'Tis yet a lang cauld month to *Beltan*,  
 And ye've a very raggit kelt on;  
 Accept, I pray what I can spare,  
 To clout your doublet with my hair.

No, says the Ram, tho' my coat's torn,  
 Yet ken, thou worthless, that I scorn  
 To be oblig'd at any price  
 To sic as you, whose friendship's vice;  
 I'd have less favour frae the best,  
 Clad in a hatefu' hairy vest,  
 Bestow'd by thee, than as I now  
 Stand but ill drest in native woo,  
 Boons frae the generous make ane smile,  
 From miscr'ants make receivers vile.

## E P I G R A M.

*On receiving a present of an Orange from Mrs G. L.  
 now Countess of ABOYNE.*

NOW, *Priam's* son, thou mayst be mute,  
 For I can blythly boast with thee;  
 Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,  
 The fairest gave the fruit to me.

HEALTH: A POEM. *Inscribed to the Right Honourable  
 the Earl of STAIR.*

BET mine the honour, once again to hear,  
 And see the *best of men* for me appear;  
 I'll proudly chant: be dumb, ye vulgar throng,  
*Stair* bids me sing, to him these lays belong;  
 If he approves, who can condemn my song?

Of health I sing; O health my portion be,  
 And to old age I'll sing, if blest'd by thee.  
 Blessing divine! heaven's fairest gift to man!  
 Soul of his joys! and length'ner of his span!  
 His span of life preserv'd with panting breath,  
 Without thy presence proves a ling'ring death.

The victor kings may cause wide nations bow,  
 And half a globe with conqu'ring force subdue;  
 Bind princes to their axle-trees, and make  
 The wond'ring mob of staring mortals quake:  
 Erect triumphal arches, and obtain  
 The loud huzza from thousands in their train:  
 But if her sweetness balmy health denies,  
 Without delight Pillars or Æneids rise.

*Cosmellius* may on silky twilts repose,  
 And have a num'rous change of finest cloaths;  
 Box'd in his chair, he may be born to dine  
 On *Ortelons*, and sip fine *Tokay* wine.  
 His liver, if an inflammation seize,  
 Or wasting lungs shall make him cough and wheeze,  
 No more he smiles; nor can his richest toys,  
 Or looking-glass restore his wonted joys:  
 The rich brocade becomes a toilsome weight,  
 The brilliant gem offends his weakly sight;  
 Perfumes grow nauseous then, nor can he bear  
 Loud tuneful notes, that us'd to charm his ear.  
 To please his taste the cook attempts in vain,  
 When now each former pleasure gives him pain.

Nor flowing bowls, loud laugh or midnight frick,  
 Nor smutty tale, delight the roving rake;  
 When health forsakes him, all diversions tire;  
 There's nothing pleases, nothing can inspire  
 A blythsome smile; he shuns the shine of light,  
 And broken slumbers make a weary night.  
 If silent sleep attempts to bring him ease,  
 His watching fancy feels the whole disease:  
 He dreams a mountain lies upon his breast,  
 Or that he flies the fury of some beast;  
 Sees, at vast distance, gushing from the rocks,  
 The cooling stream——while burning thirst provokes  
 Him,

Him, fainting, to climb up the craggy edge,  
 And drag his limbs thro' many a thorny hedge;  
 Hangs o'er a precipice, or sinks in waves:  
 And all the while he sweats, turns, starts and raves.

How mad's that man, push'd by his passions wild,  
 Who's of his greatest *happiness* beguil'd;  
 Who seems, whate'er he says, by actions low,  
 To court *disease*, our pleasure's greatest foe?

From *Paris*, deeply skill'd in nice ragoos,  
 In oleos, salmongundies and hogoes,  
*Montanus* sends for cooks, that his large board  
 May all invented luxury afford:  
 Health's never minded, while the appetite  
 Devours the spicy death with much delight.  
 Mean time king *Arthur's* fav'ry knighted loyn  
 Appears a clown, and's not allow'd to join  
 The marinated smelt, and sturgeon joles,  
 Soup vermeceil, souc'd turbet, cray and foals,  
 Fowls *a la daube*, and omelet of eggs,  
 The smother'd coney, and bak'd padocks legs,  
 Pullets a bisk, and orangedo pye,  
 The larded peacock, and the *Tarts de Moy*,  
 The collar'd veal, and pike in cassorole,  
 Pigs *a la Braise*, the tansy and brusole;  
 With many a hundred costlly mingled dish,  
 Wherein the moiety of flesh or fish  
 Is wholly lost, and vitiate as the taste  
 Of them who eat the dangerous repast;  
 Until the feeble stomach's over-cram'd,  
 The fibres weaken'd, and the blood inflam'd.  
 What aiking heads, what spleen, and drowzy eyes,  
 From undigested crudities arise!  
 But when *Montano's* paunch is over-cloy'd,  
 The *Bagnio*, or *Emetic* wine's employ'd.  
 These he imagines methods the most sure,  
 After a surfeit, to compleat a cure:  
 But never dreams how much the balm of life  
 Is wasted by this forc'd unnat'ral strife.  
 Thus peuther vessel must by scouring wear,  
 While plate, more free from dross continues clear.

Long

Long uncomsum'd the oak can bear the beams,  
 Or lie for ages firm beneath the streams ;  
 But when alternately the rain and rays,  
 Now dash, then dry the plank, it soon decays.  
 Luxurious man ! altho' thou'rt blest with wealth,  
 Why should thou use it to destroy thy health ?

Copy *Mellantius*, if you'd learn the art  
 To feast your friends, and keep their souls alert ;  
 One good substantial *British* dish or two,  
 Which sweetly in their natural juices flow,  
 Only appear. And here no danger's found  
 To tempt the appetite beyond its bound ;  
 And you may eat, or not, as you incline ;  
 And, as you please, drink water, beer or wine.  
 Here hunger's safe, and gratefully pleas'd,  
 The spleen's forbid, and all the spirits rais'd,  
 And guests arise regal'd, refresh'd and pleas'd.

*Grumaldo* views, from rais'd parterres around,  
 A thousand acres of fat furrow'd ground,  
 And all his own—but these no pleasure yield,  
 While spleen hangs as a fog o'er every field :  
 The lovely landskip clad with gilded corn,  
 The banks and meads which flowers and groves adorn,  
 No relish have ; his envious sullen mind,  
 Still on the fret, complains his fate's unkind :  
 Something he wants which always flies his reach,  
 Which makes him groan beneath his spreading beach.  
 When all of nature, silent, seem to shun  
 Their cares, and nod till the returning sun,  
 His envious thoughts forbid refreshing sleep,  
 And on the rack his hopeless wishes keep :  
 Fatigu'd and drumbly from the down he flies,  
 With skinny cheek, pale lips and blood-run eyes.  
 Thus toil'd with lab'ring thoughts he looks aghast,  
 And tasteless loaths the nourishing repast :  
 Meagre disease an easy passage finds,  
 Where joy's debarr'd, in such corroded minds.  
 Such take no care the springs of life to save,  
 Neglect their health, and quickly fill a grave.

Unlike gay *Myrtle*, who with chearful air,  
 Less envious, tho' less rich, no slave to care,

Thinks

Thinks what he has enough, and scorns to fret,  
 While he sees thousands less oblig'd to fate,  
 And oftner from his station casts his eye  
 On those below him, than on them more high :  
 Thus envy finds no access to his breast,  
 To sow'r his gen'rous joys, or break his rest.  
 He studies to do actions just and kind,  
 Which with the best reflections cheer the mind :  
 Which is the first preservative of health,  
 To be preferr'd to grandeur, pride and wealth.  
 Let all who would pretend to common sense,  
 'Gainst pride and envy still be on defence.  
 Who love their health, nor would their joys controul,  
 Let them ne'er nurse such furies in their soul.

Nor wait on strolling *Phimos* to the stews,  
*Phimos*, who by his livid colour shews  
 Him load with vile diseases, which are fixt  
 Upon his bones, and with his vitals mixt.  
 Does that man wear the image of his God,  
 Who drives to death on such an ugly road ?  
 Behold him clad, like any bright bridegroom,  
 In richest labours of the *British* loom ;  
 Embroider'd o'er with gold, whilst lace or lawn  
 Waves down his breast, and ruffles o'er his hand,  
 Set off with art, while vilely he employs  
 In sinks of death, for low dear purchas'd joys.  
 He grasps the blasted shadows of the fair,  
 Whose sickly look, vile breath, and falling hair,  
 The flag'd embrace, and mercenary squeeze,  
 The tangs of guilt, and terrors of disease,  
 Might warn him to beware, if wild desire  
 Had not set all his thoughtless soul in fire.  
 O poor mistaken youth ! to drain thy purse,  
 To gain the most malignant human curse !  
 Think on thy flannel, and mercurial dose,  
 And future pains, to save thy nerve and nose.  
 Think, heedless wight how thy infected veins  
 May plague thee many a day with loathsome pains,  
 When the *French* foe his woeful way has made,  
 And all within his dire detachments laid ;

There



There long may lurk, and, with destruction keen,  
Do horrid havock e're the symptom's seen.  
But learn to dread the poisonous disease,  
When heaviness and spleen thy spirits seize ;  
When feeble limbs to serve thee will decline,  
And languid eyes no more with sparkles shine ;  
The roses from thy cheek will blasted fade,  
And leave a dull complexion like the lead :  
Then, then expect the terrible attack  
Upon thy head, thy conduit, nose and back ;  
Pains through thy shoulders, arms, and throat and shins,  
Will threaten death, and damp thee with thy sins.  
How frightful is the loss, and the disgrace,  
When it destroys the beauties of the face !  
When the arch'd nose in rotten ruin lies,  
And all the venom flames around the eyes ;  
When th' *Uvula* has got its mortal wound,  
And tongue and lips form words without a sound ;  
When hair drops off, and bones corrupt and bare,  
Through ulcerated tags of muscles stare.

But vain we sing instruction to his ear,  
Who's no more slave to reason than to fear ;  
Hurried by passion, and o'ercome with wine,  
He rushes headlong on his vile design :  
The nauseous *Bolus*, and the bitter pill,  
A month of spitting, and the surgeon's bill,  
Are now forgot, whilst he——But here 'tis best  
To let the curtain drop, and hide the rest  
Of the coarse scene, too shocking for the sight  
Of modest eyes and ears, that take delight  
To hear with pleasure *Urban's* praises sung,  
*Urban* the kind, the prudent, gay and young,  
Who moves a man, and wears a rosy smile,  
That can the fairest of a heart beguile :  
A virtuous love delights him with its grace,  
Which soon he'll find in *Myra's* lov'd embrace,  
Enjoying health with all its lovely train  
Of joys, free from remorse, or shame or pain.

But *Talpo* sighs with matrimonial cares,  
His cheeks wear wrinkles, silver grow his hairs ;

Before

Before old age, his health decays apace,  
 And very rarely smiles clear up his face.  
*Talpo's* a fool, there's hardly help for that,  
 He scarcely knows himself what he'd be at ;  
 He's avaritious to the last degree,  
 And thinks his wife and children makes too free,  
 With his dear idol ; this creates his pain,  
 And breeds convulsions in his narrow brain.  
 He always startled at approaching fate,  
 And often jealous of his virtuous mate ;  
 Is ever anxious, shuns his friends to save :  
 Thus soon he'll fret himself into a grave ;  
 There let him rot---worthless the muse's lays,  
 Who never read one poem in his days.

I sing to *Marlus*, *Marlus* who regards  
 The well meant verse, and gen'rously rewards  
 The poet's care ; observe now, if you can,  
 Ought in his carriage, does not speak the man :  
 To him his many a winter wedded wife  
 Appears the greatest solace of his life.  
 He views his offspring with indulgent love,  
 Who his superior conduct all approve.  
 Smooth glide his hours ; at fifty he's less old  
 Than some who have not half the number told.  
 The chearing glass he with right friends can share,  
 But shuns the deep debauch with cautious care.  
 His sleeps are sound, he sees the morning rise,  
 And lifts his face with pleasure to the skies ;  
 And quaffs the health that's born on *Zephyr's* wings,  
 Or gushes from the rock in limpid sprigs.  
 From fragrant plains he gains the chearing smell,  
 While ruddy beams all distant dumps-repel.  
 The whole of nature, to a mind thus turn'd,  
 Enjoying health, with sweetness seems adorn'd :  
 To him the whistling ploughman's artless tune,  
 The bleating flocks, the oxen's hollow crune,  
 The warbling notes of the small chirping throng,  
 Delight him more than the *Italian* song.  
 To him the cheapest dish of rural fare,  
 And water cool in place of wine more rare,

Shall

Shall prove a feast. On straw he'll find more ease  
Than on the down, even with the least disease.

Whoever's tempted to transgress the line  
By moderation fix'd to enlivening wine,  
View *Macro*, wasted long before his time,  
Whose head, bow'd down, proclaims his liquid crime.  
The purple dye, with ruby pimples mixt,  
As witnesses upon his face are fixt.  
A constant fever wastes his strength away,  
And limbs enervate gradually decay:  
The gout and palsy follow in the rear,  
And make his being burthensome to bear:  
His squeamish stomach loaths the savory sey,  
And nought but liquids now can find their way.  
To animate his strength, which daily flies,  
'Till the young drunkard's past all hope, and dies.

To praise what we preach, O goddess born!  
Assist thy slave, lest *Bacchanalians* scorn  
Thy inspiration, if the tempting grape  
Shall form the hollow eye, and idiot gape.

But let no wretched misers, who repine,  
And wish there were not such a juice as wine,  
Imagine here that we are so profane  
To think that heav'n gave plenteous vines in vain:  
No; since there's plenty, cups may sparkling flow,  
And we may drink 'till our rais'd spirits glow.  
They will befriend our health, while chearful rounds  
Incline to mirth, and keep their proper bounds.  
Fools should not drink, I own, who still with more,  
And know not when 'tis proper to give o'er.  
Dear *Britons*, let no morning drinks deceive  
Your appetites, which else at noon would crave  
Such proper aliments, as can support  
At even your hearty bottle, health and sport.

Next view we sloth (too oft the child of wealth),  
A seeming friend, but real foe to health.  
*Lethargus* lolls his lazy hours away,  
His eyes are drowsy, and his lips are blue;  
His soft enfeebled hands supinely hang,  
And shaking knees unus'd, together cling:

Q

Close

Close by the fire his easy-chair too stands,  
 In which all day he snotters, nods and yawns.  
 Sometimes he'll drone at piquet, hoping gain,  
 But you must deal his cards, that's too much pain.  
 He speaks but seldom, puffs at every pause,  
 Words being a labour to his tongue and jaws:  
 Nor must his friends discourse above their breath,  
 For the least noise sounds through his ears like death.  
 He causes stop each cranny in his room,  
 And heaps on cloaths, to save him from the rheum:  
 Free air he dreads as his most dangerous foe,  
 And trembles at the sight of ice or snow.  
 The warming pan each night glows o'er his sheets,  
 Then he beneath a load of blankets sweats;  
 The which (instead of shutting) opes the door,  
 And lets in cold at each dilated pore.  
 Thus does the sluggish health and vigour waste,  
 With heavy indolence; till at the last,  
 Sciatic, jaundice, dropsy, or the stone,  
 Alternate makes the lazy lubbard groan.

But active *Hilaris* much rather loves,  
 With eager stride, to trace the wilds and groves;  
 To start the covey, or the bounding roe,  
 Or work destructive *Reynard's* overthrow:  
 The race delights him, horses are his care,  
 And a stout ambling pad his easiest chair.  
 Sometimes, to firm his nerves, he'll plunge the deep,  
 And with expanded arms the billows sweep:  
 Then on the links, or in the estler walls,  
 He drives the goff, or strikes the tennis-balls.  
 From ice with pleasure he can brush the snow,  
 And run rejoicing with his curling throw;  
 Or send the whizzing arrow from the string,  
 A manly game\*, which by itself I sing.  
 Thus chearfully he'll walk, ride, dance or game,  
 Nor mind, the northern blast, or southern flame.  
 East winds may blow, and fullen fogs may fall,  
 But his hale constitution's proof to all.

\* A poem on seeing the archers playing at the rovers.

He knows no change of weather by a corn,  
Nor minds the black, the blue, or ruddy morn.

Here let no youth extravagantly given,  
Who values neither gold, nor health, nor heaven,  
Think that our song encourages the crime  
Of setting deep, or wasting too much time  
On furious game ; which makes the passions boil,  
And the fair mean of health a weak'ning toil,  
By violence excessive, or the pain  
Which ruin'd losers ever must sustain.

Our *Hilaris* despises wealth so won ;  
Nor does he love to be himself undone ;  
But from his sport can with a smile retire,  
And warm his genius at *Apollo's* fire ;  
Find useful learning in the inspired strains,  
And bless the generous poet for his pains.  
Thus he by lit'rature and exercise,  
Improves his soul, and wards off each disease.

Health's op'ner foes we've taken care to show,  
Which make diseases in full torrents flow :  
But when these ills intrude, do what we will,  
Then hope for health from *Clark's* approved skill,  
To such well seen in nature's darker laws,  
That for disorders can assign a cause :  
Who know the virtues of salubrious plants,  
And what each different constitution wants,  
Apply for health.—But shun the vagrant quack,  
Who gulls the crowd with *Andrew's* comick clack :  
Or him that charges gazettes with his bills,  
His *Anodynes*, elixirs, tinctures, pills,  
Who rarely ever cures, but often kills.  
Nor trust thy life to the old woman's charms,  
Who binds with knotted tape thy legs or arms,  
Which they pretend will purple fevers cool ;  
And thus impose on some believing fool.  
When agues shake, or fevers raise a flame,  
Let your physician be a man of fame,  
Of well-known learning, and in good respect  
For prudence, honour, and a mind erect :



Nor scruply save from what's to merit due ;  
He saves your whole estate who succours you.

Be grateful, *Britons*, for your temp'rate beams,  
Your fertile plains, green hills, and silver streams,  
O'erclad with corns, with groves, and many a mead,  
Where rise green heights, where herds in millions feed :  
Here useful plenty mitigates our care,  
And health with freshest sweets embalms the air.

Upon those shores, where months of circling rays  
Glance feebly on the snow, and frozen bays ;  
Where, wrapt in fur, the starving *Lapland* brood  
Scarce keep the cold from curdling of their blood ;  
Here meagre want, in all its pinching forms,  
Combin'd with lengthen'd night and bleakest storms,  
To combat joyful health and calm repose,  
Which from an equal warmth and plenty flows.

Yet rather, O great ruler of the day,  
Bear me to *Weygate*, or to *Hudson's* bay,  
Than scorch me on these dry and blasted plains,  
Where rays direct inflame the boiling veins  
Of gloomy negroes, who're oblig'd to breathe  
A thicken'd air, with pestilential death ;  
Where range out o'er th' unhospitable wastes,  
The hunger-edg'd and fierce devouring beasts ;  
Where serpents crawl, which sure destruction bring,  
Or in the envenom'd tooth or forked sting ;  
Where fleeting sands ne'er yield t' industrious toil  
The golden sheave, or plants for wine and oil :  
Health must be here a stranger, where the rage  
Of fev'rish beams forbid a lengthen'd age.

Ye *Dutch*, enjoy your dams, your bulwarks boast,  
And war with *Neptune* for a sandy coast,  
Whilst frighted by these deep tumultuous powers,  
You scarce dare sleep in your subaqueous bowers :  
Raise high your beds and shun your croaking frogs ;  
And battle with tobacco-smoak your fogs ;  
Soak on your sloves, with spirits charge your veins,  
To ward off agues and rheumatic pains.

Let the proud *Spaniard* strut on naked hills,  
And vainly trace the plain for crystal rills.

Starve on a fallad, or a garlic-head,  
Pray for his daily roots, not daily bread ;  
Be sow'r, and jealous of his friend and wife,  
'Till want and spleen cut short his thread of life.

Whilst we on our auspicious island find  
What'er can please the sense, or chear the mind.  
Blest *Queen of Isles* ! with a devout regard,  
Allow me to kneel down and kiss thy sward,  
Thy flow'ry sward, and offer heaven a vow,  
Which gratitude and love to thee makes due :  
If e'er I from thy *healthful* limits stray,  
Or by a wish, or word, a thought betray,  
Against thy int'rest, or thy fair renown,  
May never *Daphne* furnish me a crown ;  
Nor may the first-rate judges of our isle,  
Or read, or on my blythsome numbers smile.

*Thalia* here, sweet as the light, retir'd,  
Commanding me to sing what she'd inspir'd,  
And never mind the glooming critics bray ;  
The song was hers——she spoke——and I obey.

---

ROBERT, RICHY, and SANDY : *A Pastoral on the death  
of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; Inscribed to the Right  
Honourable Person designed by the Old \* SHEPHERD.*

**R**OBERT the good, by a' the swains rever'd,  
Wife are his words, like filler is his beard :  
Near saxty shining simmers he has seen,  
Tenting his hirsle on the *Moor-land* green :  
Unshaken yet with mony a winter's wind,  
Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind.  
But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see  
Him sae cast down ; ye wadna trow 'tis he.  
By break of day he seeks the dowy glen,  
That he may scowth to a' his mourning len :  
Nane but the clinty craigs and scrogy briers  
Were witnesses of a' his granes and tears ;

\* Robert late Earl of Oxford.

Howder'd wi' hills a crystal burnie ran,  
 Where twa young shepherds fand the good auld man :  
 Kind *Richy Spec*, a friend to a' distrest,  
 And *Sandy*, wha o' shepherds sings the best ;  
 With friendly looks they speer'd wherefore he mourn'd,  
 He rais'd his head, and sighing thus return'd.

*R O B E R T.*

O *Matt* ! poor *Matt* !—My lads, e'en take a skair  
 Of a' my grief ; --sweet-singing *Matt*'s nae mair.  
 Ah heaven's ! did e'er this lyart head of mine  
 Think to have seen the cauldrie mools on thine !

*R I C H Y.*

My heart misga'e me, when I came this way,  
 His dog its lane fat yowling on a brae ;  
 I cry'd, *Isk, isk*---poor *Ringwood*---sairy man ;  
 He wag'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my hand :  
 I clap'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain ;  
 But soon's I gade away, he yowl'd again.  
 Poor kindly beast. Ah, firs ! how sic should be  
 Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we !

*S A N D Y.*

Last ook I dream'd my tup that bears the bell,  
 And paths the snaw, out o'er a high craig fell,  
 And brak his leg.---I started frae my bed,  
 Awak'd, and leugh.---Ah ! now my dream it's red.  
 How dreigh's our cares, our joys how soon away,  
 Like sun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day !  
 Flow fast, ye tears, ye have free leave for me ;  
 Dear sweet-tongu'd *Matt*, thousands shall greet for thee.

*R O B E R T.*

Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear  
 Ye shed for him ; he to us a' was dear :  
*Sandy*, I'm eas'd to see thee look sae wan ;  
*Richy*, thy sighs bespeak the kindly man.

*R I C H Y.*

But twice the simmer's sun has thaw'd the snaw,  
 Since frae our heights \* *Eddie* was tane awa' :  
 Fast *Matt* has follow'd.---Of sic twa bereft,  
 To smoothe our fauls, alake ! wha have we left !

\* Secretary Addison.

Waes me ! o'er short a tack of sic is given,  
 But wha may contradict the will of heaven?  
 Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale  
 Sing o'er his sangs, and tell his merry tale.  
 Last year I had a stately tall ash-tree,  
 Braid were it branches, a sweet shade to me ;  
 I thought it might have flourish'd on the brae,  
 (Tho' past its prime) yet twenty years or sae :  
 But ae rough night the blat'ring winds blew snell,  
 Törn frae its roots, adown it fouchan fell :  
 Twin'd of its nourishment, it lifeless lay,  
 Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay.  
 Sae flourish'd *Matt* : but where's the tongue can tell  
 How fair he grew ? how much lamented fell ?

*S A N D Y.*

How snackly cou'd he gi'e a fool reproof,  
 E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff loof ?  
 How did he warning to the dosen'd sing,  
 By auld *Purganty*, and the *Dutchman's* ring ?  
 And Luck's *filler laddle* shaws how aft  
 Our greatest wises are but vain and daft.  
 The wad-be wits, he bad them a' but pap  
 Their crazy heads into *Tam Tinman's* shap ;  
 There they wad see a squirrel wi' his bells  
 Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themselfs.  
 Thousands of things he wittily cou'd say,  
 With fancy strang, and faul as clear as day ;  
 Smart were his tales : but where's the tongue can tell  
 How blyth he was ? how much lamented fell ?

*R I C H Y.*

And as he blythsome was, sae was he wise,  
 Our laird himsell wa'd aft take his advice.  
 E'en cheek for chew he'd seat him 'mang them a',  
 And tauk his mind 'bout kittle points of law.  
 When \* clan *Red-yards*, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,  
 Had skail'd of ours, but mair of his ain blood ;  
 When I, and mony mae that were right crouse,  
 Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his house :  
 Yet lady *Anne*, a woman meek and kind,  
 A sae to weirs, and of a peacefu' mind,

\* Lewis XIV. King of France.

Since mony in the fray had got their dead,  
 To make the peace, our friend was sent wi' speed.  
 The very faes had for him just regard,  
 Tho' sair he jib'd their † formast singing bard.  
 Careful was *Matt* : but where's the tongue can tell  
 How wise he was? how much lamented fell?

*S A N D Y.*

Wha cou'd, like him, in a short sang define  
 The bonny lass, and her young lover's pine!  
 I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on *May*,  
 Wha brang the poor blate *Symie* to his clay;  
 To gratify the paughty wench's pride,  
 The silly shepherd *bow'd, obey'd and dy'd*.  
 Sic constant lasses as the *Nit-brown Maid*,  
 Shall never want just praises duly paid;  
 Sic claim'd his sang, and still it was his care  
 With pleasing words to guide and ruse the fair.  
 How sweet his voice, when beauty was in view,  
 Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' something new;  
 Nae word stood wrang: but where's the tongue can tell  
 How fast he sung? how much lamented fell?

*R I C H Y.*

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,  
 A minister nae better cou'd behave;  
 Far out of sight of sic he aften flew,  
 When he of haly wonders took a view.  
 Well cou'd he praise the power that made us a',  
 And bids us in return but tent his law;  
 Wha guides us when we're waking or asleep,  
 With thousand times mair care than we our sheep.  
 While he of pleasure, power and wisdom sang,  
 My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang:  
 These to repeat, braid-spoken I wad spill,  
 Altho' I should employ my utmost skill.  
 He tow'r'd aboon: but ah! what tongue can tell  
 How high he flew? how much lamented fell?

*R O B E R T.*

My bennison, dear lads, light on ye baith,  
 Wha ha'e sae true a feeling of our skaith:

† Boileau, whose ode on the taking Namur by the French in 1692 he burlesqu'd, on its being retaken by the British in 1695.

*O Sandy,*



O *Sandy*, draw his likenefs in smooth verfe,  
As weel ye can ;—then ſhepherds ſhall rehearſe  
His merit, while the ſun mets out the day,  
While ews ſhall bleet, and little lambkins mae.

I've been a fauter, now three days are paſt,  
While I for grief have hardly broke my faſt :  
Come to my ſhiel, there let's forget our care,  
I dinna want a rowth of country-fare,  
Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a ſkair.  
Beſides, my lads, I have a browſt of tip,  
As good as ever wuiſh a ſhepherd's lip ;  
We'll take a ſcour o'to put aff our pain,  
For a' our tears and ſighs are but in vain :  
Come, help me up—yon ſooty cloud ſhores rain.

To Mr P O P E.

**T**HREE times I've read your *Iliad* o'er :  
The firſt time pleaſed me *well* ;  
New beauties unobſerv'd before,  
Next pleas'd me *better* ſtill.  
Again I try'd to find a flaw,  
Examin'd ilka line ;  
The third time pleas'd me *beſt* of a',  
The labour ſeem'd divine.  
Henceforward I'll not tempt my fate,  
On dazzling rays to ſtare,  
Leſt I ſhould tine dear ſelf-conceit,  
And read and write nae mair.

EPISTLE to the Honourable DUNCAN FORBES, Lord  
*Advocate.*

**S**HUT in a cloſet ſix foot ſquare,  
No faſh'd with meikle wealth or care,  
I paſs the live-lang day ;  
Yet ſome ambitious thoughts I have,  
Which will attend me to my grave,  
Sic buſked baits they lay.

Theſe

These keep my fancy on the wing,  
 Something that's blyth and snack to sing,  
 And smoothe the runkled brow :  
 Thus care I happily beguile,  
 Hoping a plaudit and a smile,  
 Frae best of men, like you.

You, wha in kittle casts of state,  
 When property demands debate,  
 Can right what is dung wrang ;  
 Yet blythly can, when ye think fit,  
 Enjoy your friend, and judge the wit  
 And slidness of a sang.

How mony, your reverse, unblest,  
 Whase minds gae wand'ring through a mist,  
 Proud as the thief in hell,  
 Pretend, forsooth, they're gentle-fowk,  
 'Cause chance gi'es them of gear the yowk,  
 And better chiefs the shell?

I've seen a we'an aft vex itsell,  
 And greet, because it was not tall:  
 Heez'd on a board, O than !  
 Rejoicing in the artfu' height,  
 How smirky look'd the little wight !  
 And thought itsell a man.

Sic bairns are some blawn up a wee  
 With splendor, wealth and quality,  
 Upon these stilts grown vain ;  
 They o'er the pows of poor fowk stride,  
 And neither are to had nor bide,  
 Thinking this height their ain.

Now shou'd ane speer at sic a puff,  
 What gars thee look sae big and bluff?  
 Is't an attending menzie ?  
 Or fifty dishes on your table ?  
 Or fifty horses in your stable ?  
 Or heaps of glancing cunzie ?

Are these the things thou ca's thyself ?  
 Come, vain gigantic shadow, tell,  
 If thou sayest, yes—I'll shaw

Thy picture, — Means thy silly mind,  
Thy wit's a croil, thy judgment blind,  
And love worth nought ava.

Accept our praise, ye nobly born,  
Whom heaven takes pleasure to adorn  
With ilka manly gift;  
In *Courts* or *Camps* to serve your nation,  
Warm'd with that generous emulation  
Which your forbears did lift.

In duty, with delight, to you  
Th' inferior world do justly bow,  
While you're the maist deny'd;  
Yet shall your worth be ever priz'd,  
When strutting nathings are despis'd  
With a' their stinking pride.

This to set aff as I am able,  
I'll frae a *Frenchman* thigg a fable,  
And busk it in a plaid:  
And tho' it be a bairn of \* *Motte's*,  
When I have taught it to speak *Scots*,  
I am its second dad.

' Twa books, near neighbours in a shop,  
' The tane a gilded *Turkey* fop,  
' The tither's face was weather-beaten,  
' And cauf-skin jacket fair worm-eaten.  
' The corky, proud of his braw suit,  
' Curl'd up his nose, and thus cry'd out,  
' Ah! place me on some fresher binks:  
' Figh! how this mouldy creature stinks!  
' How can a gentle book like me  
' Endure sic scoundrel company?  
' What may fowk say to see me cling  
' Sae close to this auld ugly thing;  
' But that I'm of a simple spirit,  
' And disregard my proper merit?

' Quoth grey-baird, *Whisht, sir, with your din,*  
' For a' your meritorious skin,  
' I doubt if you be worth within.

\* *Monf. la Motte*, who has written lately a curious collection of  
bles, from which the following is imitated.

' For

- ' For as auld-fashion'd as I look,  
 ' May be I am the better book.  
 ' O heavens! I canna thole the clash  
 ' Of this impertinent auld hash;  
 ' I winna stay ae moment langer.  
 ' My lord, please to command your anger;  
 ' Pray only let me tell you that——  
 ' What wad this insolent be at!  
 ' Rot out your tongue—pray, master Symmer,  
 ' Remove me frae this dinsome rhimer:  
 ' If you regard your reputation,  
 ' And us of a distinguish'd station,  
 ' Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,  
 ' For with his stour and stink I'm worried.  
 ' Scarce had he shook his paughty crap,  
 ' When in a customer did pap;  
 ' He up douse *Stanza* lifts, and eyes him,  
 ' Turns o'er his leaves, admires, and buys him:  
 ' *This book*, said he, *is good and scarce*,  
 ' *The saul of sense in sweetest verse*.  
 ' But reading title of gilt cleathing,  
 ' Cries, *Gods! wha buys this bonny naithing?*  
 ' *Nought duller e'er was put in print:*  
 ' *Wow! what a deal of Turkey's tint!*

Now, sir, t' apply what we've invented,  
 You are the buyer represented;  
 And, may your servant hope  
 My lays shall merit your regard,  
 I'll thank the gods for my reward,  
 And smile at ilka fop.

---

The CLOCK and DIAL.

A E day a *Clock* wad brag a *Dial*,  
 And put his qualities to trial;  
 Spake to him thus,——*My neighbour, pray,*  
*Can'st tell me what's the time of day?*  
 The *Dial* said, 'I dinna ken.'——  
*Alake! what stand ye there for then?——*

' I wait

## The CLOCK and DIAL.

' I wait here till the sun shines bright,  
 ' For nought I ken but by his light:  
*Wait on, quoth Clock, I scorn his help,*  
*Baith night and day my lane I skelp;*  
*Wind up my weights but anes a-week,*  
*Without him I can gang and speak:*  
*Nor like an uselefs sumph I stand,*  
*But constantly wheel round my hand:*  
*Hark, hark, I strike just now the hour;*  
*And I am right, one—two—three—four.*

While thus the *Clock* was boasting loud,  
 The bleezing sun brak through a cloud;  
 The *Dial*, faithfu' to his guide,  
 Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride:  
 ' Ye see, said he, I've dung you fair,  
 ' 'Tis four hours and three quarters mair.  
 ' My friend, *he added*, count again,  
 ' And learn a wee to be less vain:  
 ' Ne'er brag of constant claverin cant,  
 ' And that you answers never want;  
 ' For you're not ay to be believ'd:  
 ' Wha trust to you may be deceiv'd.  
 ' Be counsell'd to behave like me;  
 ' For when I dinna clearly see,  
 ' I always own I dinna ken,  
 ' And that's the way of wisest men.

### *An Ode to the Memory of Lady Margaret Anstruther.*

**A**LL in her bloom the graceful fair,  
*Lucinda*, leaves this mortal round;  
 Her loss a thousand mourners share,  
 And beauty feels the cruel wound.  
 Now grief and tears o'er all our joys prevail,  
 Viewing her rosy cheeks all-cold and pale.  
 Thus some fair star distinguish'd bright,  
 Which decks the heavens, and guides the train;  
 When clouds obscure its glorious light,  
 It leaves the gloomy world in pain.



So sudden death has vail'd *Lucinda's* eyes,  
And left us lost in darkness and surprize.

Nor sweetness, beauty, youth nor wealth,  
Nor blood, tho' nobly high it springs;  
Nor virtue's self can purchase health,

When death severe his summon brings:  
Else might the fair *Lucinda*, young and gay,  
Have blest the world with a much longer stay.

But say, sweet shade, was it thy choice  
To leave this low, unconstant globe;

Tir'd with its vain, its jangling noise,  
Thou wisely dropt thy human robe?  
Or tell us, guardian angels, tell us true,  
Did ye not claim her hence as one of you?

Yes, well we know it is your way,  
When here below such beings shine,

To grudge us even our earthly clay,  
Which form'd like her becomes divine.

Such you demand, and free from cares and fears,  
Unmindful of our fruitless sighs and tears.

Yet deign, ye friends to human kind,

The lonely consort to attend;

O sooth the anguish of his mind,

And let his killing sorrows end.

Tell him, his sighs and mourning to assuage,  
Each day she dwelt with him was worth an age.

Ye lovely virgins who excel,

Ye fair to whom such strains belong,

In melting notes her beauties tell,

And weep her virtues in a song:

See that ye place her merit in true light;

For singing her's your own will shine more bright.

Let east and west, and south and north,

Aloud the mournful music hear,

How beauty's fallen beyond the *Forth*;

Let *Britain's* genius cypress wear.

Yet *Britain's* happy, who such beauty yields,  
As forc'd from her's will grace *Elysium's* fields.

Elegy on the Right Honourable JAMES Lord CARNEGIE,  
who died the 7th of January 1722, the eighth year of  
his age.

A S poets feign, and painters draw,  
Love and the *Paphian* bride ;  
Sae we the fair *Southeska* saw,  
*Carnegie* by her side.

Now sever'd frae his sweets by death,  
Her grief wha can exprefs ?  
What muse can tell the wae fu' skaith,  
Or mother's deep distress !

Sae roses wither in their buds,  
Kill'd by an eastlen blast,  
And sweetest dawns in *May* with clouds  
And storms are soon o'ercastr.

Ah checquer'd life ! Ae day gives joy,  
The niest our hearts man bleed :  
Heaven caus'd a seraph turn a boy,  
Now gars us trow he's dead.

Wha can reflect on's ilka grace,  
The sweetness of his tongue,  
His manly looks, his lovely face,  
And judgment ripe sae young ;

And yet forbear to make a doubt,  
As did the Royal Swain,  
When he with grief of heart cry'd out,  
*That man was made in vain ?*

Mortals the ways of providence  
But very scrimpily scan ;  
The changing scene eludes the sense  
And reasonings of man.

How many thousands ilka year,  
Of hopefu' children, crave  
Our love and care, then disappear,  
To glut a gaping grave.

What is this grave ? a wardrobe poor,  
Which hads our rotting duds ;

Th' immortal mind; serene and pure,

Is cleath'd aboon the clouds.

Then cease to grieve dejected fair,

You had him but in trust;

He was your beauteous son, your heir;

Yet still ae haff was dust.

The other to its native skies

Now wings its happy way;

With glorious speed and joy he flies,

There blestfully to stray.

Garnegie then but changes clay,

For fair celestial rays:

He mounts up to eternal day,

And, as he parts, he says,

*Adieu, Mamma, forget my tender fate;*

*These rushing tears are vain, they flow too late.*

This said, he hasted hence with pleasing joy;

I saw the gods embrace their darling boy.

---

*An Ode, sacred to the Memory of the Right Honourable*  
ANNE Lady GAIRLIES.

**H**OW vain are our attempts to know?  
How poor, alas! is reason's skill?

We blindly wander here below,

Yet fondly search heaven's secret will.

Each day we see the young, the great, the small,

The good, the bad, without distinction, fall.

Yet such as have the rest out-shin'd,

We should be faulty to neglect;

Each grace of beauteous *Gardia's* mind

Deserves the muse's high respect.

But how shall she such worth and goodness paint?

A loving daughter, virtuous wife, and saint!

Some seraph, who in endless day

With themes sublime employ the lyre,

Dart in my breast a shining ray,

And all my soul with her inspire;

Else sing yourselves so fair a frame and mind,

As now supplies a place among your kind.

As we the glorious sun admire,  
 Whose beams make ev'ry joy arise,  
 Yet dare not view the dazzling fire,  
 Without much hazarding our eyes;  
 So did her beauties ev'ry heart allure,  
 While her bright virtues kill'd each thought impure.

She breath'd more sweetness than the east,  
 While ev'ry sentence was divine;  
 Her smiles could calm each jarring breast;  
 Her soul was a celestial mine,  
 Where all the precious veins of virtue lay;  
 Too vast a treasure long to lodge in clay.

Tho' sprung from an \* heroic race,  
 Which from the world respect does claim,  
 Yet wanted she no borrow'd grace,  
 Her own demands immortal fame:  
 Worthy as those who shun the vulgar roads,  
 Start from the crowd, and rise amongst the gods.

Such pains as weaker minds possess,  
 Could in her breast no access find;  
 But lowly meekness did confess  
 A steady and superior mind.  
 Unmov'd she bore these honours due the great,  
 Nor could have been depress'd with a more humble fate.

As to the fields the huntsman hies,  
 With joyful shouts he wakes the morn;  
 While nature smiles, serene the skies,  
 Swift fly his hounds, shrill blows his horn:  
 When suddenly the thund'ring cloud pours rain,  
 Defaces day, and drives him from the plain.

Thus young *Brigantius*' circling arms  
 Grasp'd all that's lovely to his heart,  
 Rejoic'd o'er his dear *Anna*'s charms,  
 But not expecting soon to part;  
 When rigid fate, for reasons known above,  
 Snatch'd from his breast the object of his love.

Ah, *Garlies*! once the happiest man,  
 Than e'er before *Brigantine* chief,

\* She was daughter of the Earl Marshal of Scotland.

Now sever'd from your lovely *Anne*,  
 'Tis hard indeed to stem your grief:  
 Yet mind what you might often from her hear,  
 What heaven designs, submissive we should bear.

Oh! ne'er forget that tender care,  
 Those heaven-born thoughts she did employ,  
 To point those ways how you may share  
 Above with her immortal joy.  
 Such a bright pattern of what's good and great,  
 Even angels need not blush to imitate.

---

*The Lovely Lais and the Mirror.*

**A** Nymph, with ilka beauty grac'd,  
 Ae morning by her toilet plac'd,  
 Where the leal-hearted *Looking-glass*  
 With *truths* address the lovely *Lais*;—  
 To do ye justice, heavenly fair,  
 Amaist in charms ye may compare  
 With *Venus*' self.—But mind *amaist*:  
 For tho' your happily posselt  
 Of ilka grace which claims respect,  
 Yet I see faults ye should correct;  
 I own they only trifles are,  
 Yet of importance to the fair.  
 What signifies that patch o'er braid;  
 With which your rosy cheek's o'erlaid?  
 Your natural beauties you beguile,  
 By that too much affected smile:  
 Soften that look—move ay with ease,  
 And you can never fail to please.

Those kind advices she approv'd,  
 And mair her monitor she lov'd;  
 'Till in came visitants a threave:  
 To entertain them, she maun leave  
 Her *Looking-glass*—They fleetching praise  
 Her looks—her dress—and a' she says,  
 Be't right or wrang; she's hale compleat,  
 And fails in naithing fair or sweet.



Sae much was said, the *bonny Lass*  
 Forgat her faithfu' *Looking-glass*.

*Clarinda*, this dear beauty's *You*,

The *mirror* is ane *good* and *wise*,

Wha, by his counsels just, can shew

How nobles may to greatness rise.

God bless the wark :—if you're oppress'd

By parasites with fause design,

Then will sic faithfu' *mirrors* best

These underplotters countermine.

## JUPITER's Lottery.

**A**NES *Jove*, by ae great act of grace,

Wad gratify his human race,

And order'd *Hermes*, in his name,

With tout of trumpet to proclaim

A royal lott'ry frae the skies,

Where ilka ticket was a prize.

Nor was there need for *Ten per Cent*,

To pay advance for money lent :

Nor brokers nor stock-jobbers here

Were thol'd to cheat fowk of their gear.

The first-rate benefits were, *Health*,

*Pleasures*, *Honours*, *Empire* and *Wealth*;

But happy he to whom wad fa'

*Wisdom*, the highest prize of a' :

*Hopes* of attaining things the best,

Made up the maist feck of the rest.

Now ilka ticket sold with ease,

At altars for a sacrifice;

*Jove* a' receiv'd, ky, gates and ewes,

Moor-cocks, lambs, dows or bawbee-rows;

Nor wad debar e'en a poor droll,

Wha nought cou'd gi'e but his parol.

Sae kind was he no to exclude

Poor wights for want of wealth or blood;

Even whiles the gods, as record tells,

Bought several tickets for themselfs.

When

When fou and lots put in the wheel,  
 Aft were they turn'd, to mix them weel;  
 Blind chance to draw *Jove* order'd syne,  
 That nane with reason might repine:  
 He drew, and *Mercury* was clark,  
 The number, prize and name to mark.  
 Now *hopes* by millions fast came forth,  
 But seldom prizes of mair worth,  
 Sic as dominion, wealth and state,  
 True friends, and lovers fortunate.  
*Wisdom*, at last, the greatest prize,  
 Comes up:—aloud clark *Hermes* crys—  
*Number ten thousand*—come, let's see  
 The person blest.----Quoth *Pallas*, Me.----  
 Then a' the gods for blythness sang,  
 Throw heaven glad acclamations rang;  
 While mankind grumbling laid the wyte  
 On them, and ca'd the hale a byte.  
 Yes! cry'd ilk ane, with sobbing heart,  
 Kind *Jove* has play'd a parent's part,  
 Wha did this prize to *Pallas* send,  
 While we're sneg'd off at the wob end.

Soon to their clamours *Jove* took tent,  
 To punish which to wark he went;  
 He straight with *Follies* fill'd the wheel,  
 In *Wisdom's* place they did as well;  
 For ilka ane wha *Folly* drew,  
 In their conceit, a' *Sages* grew:  
 Sae thus contented, a' retir'd,  
 And ilka fool himself admir'd.

---

*The MISER and MINOS.*

**S** HORT syne there was a wretched miser,  
 With pinching had scrap'd up a treasure;  
 Yet frae his hoords he doughtna take  
 As much wou'd buy a mutton-stake,  
 Or take a glass to comfort nature,  
 But scrimply fed on crumbs and water:

In short, he famish'd 'midst his plenty;  
Which made surviving kindred canty,  
Wha scarcely for him pat on black,  
And only in his loof a plack,  
Which even they grudg'd: sic is the way  
Of them wha fa' upon the prey;  
They'll scarce row up the wretch's feet,  
Sae scrimp they make his winding-sheet,  
Tho' he should leave a vast estate,  
And heaps of gowd-like *Arthur's* seat.

Well, down the starving ghaist did sink,  
'Till it fell on the *Stygian* brink;  
Where auld *Van Charon* stood and raught:  
His wither'd loof out for his fraught;  
But them that wanted wherewitha',  
He dang them back to stand and blaw.  
The *Miser* lang being us'd to save,  
Fand this, and wadna passage crave;  
But shaw'd the *Ferryman* a knack,  
Jumpt in——swam o'er, and hain'd his plack.  
*Charon* might damn, and sink and roar;  
But a' in vain — he gain'd the shore.——  
Arriv'd---the three-pow'd dog of hell  
Gowl'd terrible a triple yell;  
Which rouz'd the snaky *Sisters three*,  
Wha furious on this wight did flee,  
Wha play'd the smuggler on their coast,  
By which *Pluto* his dues had lost:  
Then brought him for this trick sae hainous,  
Afore the bench of justice *Minos*.

The case was new, and very kittle,  
Which puzzl'd a' the court na little;  
Thought after thought with unco' speed  
Flew round within the Judge's head,  
To find what punishment was due  
For sic a daring crime and new.  
Shou'd he the plague of *Tantal* feel,  
Or stented be on *Ixion's* wheel,  
Or stung wi' bauld *Prometheus'* pain,  
Or help *Syfish* to row his stane,

Or sent amang the wicked rout  
 To fill the tub that ay rins out?  
 No, no, continues *Minos*, no,  
 Weak are our punishments below,  
 For sic a crime ;----he maun be hurl'd  
 Straight back again into the world.  
 I sentence him to see and hear  
 What use his friends make of his gear.

=====

*The APE and the LEOPARD.*

**T**HE *Ape* and *Leopard*, beasts for show,  
 The first a wit, the last a beau ;  
 To make a penny at a fair,  
 Advertis'd a' their parts-sae rare.  
 The tane gae out with meikle wind,  
 His beauty 'boon the brutal kind ;  
 Said he, I'm kend baith far and near,  
 Even kings are pleas'd when I appear :  
 And when I yield my vital puff,  
 Queens of my skin will make a muff ;  
 My fur sae delicate and fine,  
 With various spots does sleekly shine.

Now lads and lasses fast did rin  
 To see the beast with bonny skin :  
 His keeper shaw'd him round about ;  
 They saw him soon, and soon came out.

But master *Monkey* with an air  
 Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair ;  
 Come, gentlemen, and ladies bonny,  
 I'll give ye pastime for your money :  
 I can perform, to raise your wonder,  
 Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder.  
 My cousin *Spotty*, true he's braw,  
 He has a curious suit to shaw,  
 And naithing mair.-----But frae my mind  
 Ye shall blyth satisfaction find.  
 Sometimes I'll act a chiel that's dull,  
 Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my scull ;

Then

Then mimic a light-headed rake,  
When on a tow my houghs I shake :  
Sometime, like modern monks, I'll seem  
To make a speech, and naithing mean.  
But come away, ye needna speer  
What ye're to pay ; I'll be no be dear :  
And if ye grudge for want of sport,  
I'll give it back t' ye at the port.  
The *Ape* succeeded, the fowk went-----  
Stay'd long----and came out well content ;  
Sae much will wit and spirit please,  
Beyond our shape, and brawest claiiths.  
How mony, ah ! of our fine gallants  
Are only Leopards in their talents !



The Ass and Brock.

U P O N a time a solemn *Ass*  
Was dand'ring throw a narrow pass  
Where he forgather'd with a *Brock*,  
Wha him saluted frae a rock ;  
Speer'd how he did---how markets gade---  
What's a' ye'r news----and how is trade---  
How does *Jock Stot* and lucky *Tad*,  
*Tam Tup*, and *Bucky*, honest lad ?  
Reply'd the *Ass*, and made a heel,  
E'en a' the better that ye'r weel :  
But *Jackanapes* and snarling *Fitty*  
Are grown sae wicked (some ca's't witty),  
That we wha solid are and grave,  
Nae peace on our ain howms can have ;  
While we are bisy gathering gear,  
Upon a brae they'll sit and sneer.  
If ane shou'd chance to breathe behin',  
Or ha'e some slaver at his chin,  
Or 'gainst a tree shou'd rub his arse,  
That's subject for a winsome *farce* :  
There draw they *me*, as void of thinking,  
And *you*, my dear, famous for stinking ;

And



And the bauld birsy *Bair* your frien',  
 A glutton dirty to the een;  
 By laughing *Dogs* and *Apes* abus'd,  
 Wha is't can thole to be fae us'd!

Dear me! heh! wow!----and say ye fae----  
 Return'd the *Brock*---I'munko wae  
 To see this flood of wit break in:  
 O scour about, and ca't a sin;  
 Stout are your lungs, your voice is loud,  
 And ought will pass upon the crowd.

The *Afs* thought this advice was right,  
 And bang'd away with a' his might;  
 Stood on a know among the cattle,  
 And furiously 'gainst wit did rattle:  
 Pour'd out a deluge of dull phrases,  
 While *Dogs* and *Apes* leugh, and made faces.  
 Thus a' the angry *Afs* held forth,  
 Serv'd only to augment their mirth.

## The FOX and RAT.

THE *Lyon* and the *Tyger* lang maintain'd  
 A bloody weir;----at last the *Lyon* gain'd.  
 The royal victor strak the earth with aw,  
 And the four-footed world obey'd his law:  
 Frae ilka species *deputies* were sent,  
 To pay their homage due, and compliment  
 Their sov'reign *liege*, wha'd gart the rebels cour,  
 And own his royal right, and princely power.  
 After dispute, the moniest votes agree  
 That *Reynard* should address his majesty,  
*Ulysses* like, in name of a' the lave;  
 Wha thus went on----' O *prince*, allow thy slave  
 ' To roose thy brave atchievements and renown;  
 ' Nane but thy daring front shou'd wear the crown,  
 ' Wha art like *Jove*, whase thunderbowt can make  
 ' The heavens be hush, and a' the earth to shake;  
 ' Whase very gloom, if he but angry nods,  
 ' Commands a peace, and flegs the inferior gods.

' Thus

‘ Thus thou, great king, hast by thy conqu’ring paw  
 ‘ Gi’en earth a shog, and made thy will a law :  
 ‘ Thee a’ the animals with fear adore,  
 ‘ And tremble if thou with displeasure roar ;  
 ‘ O’er a’ thou canst us eith thy sceptre sway,  
 ‘ As *Badrans* can with cheeping *Rottans* play.’

This sentence vex’d the envoy *Rottan* fair ;  
 He threw his gab, and girn’d ; but durst nae mair.  
 The *monarch* pleas’d with *Lowry*, wha durst gloom ?  
 A warrant’s order’d for a good round sum,  
 Which *Dragon*, lord chief treasurer, must pay  
 To fly-tongu’d *Fleechy* on a certain day ;  
 Which secretary *Ape* in form wrote down,  
 Sign’d *Lyon*, and a wee beneath, *Baboon*.  
 ’Tis given the *Fox*. — Now *Bstail* tap o’ kin,  
 Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bin ;  
 He dreams of nought but pleasure, joy and peace,  
 Now blest with wealth, to purchase hens and geese ;  
 Yet in his loof he hadna tell’d the gowd,  
 And yet the *Rottan*’s breast with anger glow’d ;  
 He vow’d revenge, and watch’d it night and day,  
 He took the tid, when *Lowry* was away,  
 And throu’ a ho’le into his closet slips,  
 There chews the warrant a’ in little nips.  
 Thus what the *Fox* had for his flatt’ry gotten,  
 Ev’n frae a *Lyon*, was made nought by an offended *Rottan*.



The CATERPILLAR and the ANT.

A Penfy *Ant*, right trig and clean,  
 Came ae day whidding o’er the green,  
 Where, to advance her pride, she saw  
 A *Caterpillar* moving slaw :  
 Good e’en t’ ye, mistress *Ant*, said he,  
 How’s a’ at hame ? I’m blyth to s’ye. —  
 The saucy *Ant* view’d him with scorn,  
 Nor wad civilities return ;  
 But gecking up her head, quoth she,  
 Poor animal, I pity thee,

S

Wha

Thus

Wha scarce can claim to be a creature,  
 But some experiment of nature,  
 Whase silly shape displeas'd her eye,  
 And thus unfinish'd was flung by.  
 For me, I'm made with better grace,  
 With active limbs, and lively face;  
 And cleverly can move with ease  
 Frae place to place where e'er I please:  
 Can foot a minuet or a jig,  
 And snoov't like ony whirly-gig;  
 Which gars my jo aft grip my hand  
 'Till his heart pitty-pattys, and——  
 But laigh my qualities I bring,  
 To stand up clashing with a *thing*,  
 A *creeping thing*, the like of thee,  
 Not worthy of a farewell t'ye.  
 The airy *Ant* syne turn'd awa,  
 And left him with a proud gassa.  
 The *Caterpillar* was struck dumb,  
 And never answer'd her a mum:  
 The humble *reptile* fand some pain  
 Thus to be banter'd with disdain.

But tent neist time the *Ant* came by  
 The *Worm* was grown a *Butterfly*;  
 Transparent were his wings and fair,  
 Which bare him flight'ring throw the air:  
 Upon a flower he stapt his flight,  
 And thinking on his former flight,  
 Thus to the *Ant* himsell address'd,  
 Pray, madam, will ye please to rest?  
 And notice what I now advise,  
 Inferiors ne'er too much despise:  
 For fortune may gi'e sic a turn,  
 To raise aboon ye what ye scorn:  
 For instance, now I spread my wing  
 In air, while you're a *creeping thing*.

*The twa CATS and the CHEESE.*

**T**W A *Cats* anes on a *Cheese* did light,  
 To which baith had an equal right ;  
 But disputes, sic as aft arise,  
 Fell out a sharing of the prize.  
 Fair play, said ane, ye bite o'er thick,  
 Thae teeth of your's gang wonder quick :  
 Let's part it, else lang or the moon  
 Be chang'd the *kebuck* will be doon.  
 But wha's to do't ? — They're parties baith,  
 And ane may do the other skaith.  
 Sae with consent away they trudge,  
 And laid the *Cheese* before a judge :  
 A *Monkey* with a campsho face,  
 Clerk to a justice of the peace ;  
 A judge he seem'd in justice skill'd,  
 When he his master's chair had fill'd,  
 Now umpire chosen for division,  
 Baith sware to stand by his decision.  
 Demure he looks. — The *Cheese* he pales-----  
 He prives — it's good---ca's for the scales ;  
 His knife whops throw't,----in twa it fell ;  
 He puts ilk haff in either shell :  
 Said he, we'll truly weigh the case,  
 And strictest justice shall have place ;  
 Then lifting up the scales, he fand  
 The tane bang up, the other stand :  
 Syne out he took the heaviest haff,  
 And ate a knooft o't quickly aff,  
 And try'd it syne ;---it now prov'd light :  
 Friend *Cats*, said he, we'll do ye right.  
 Then to the ither haff he fell,  
 And laid till't teughly tooth and nail,  
 'Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd.  
 The judge wha this sweet process lov'd,  
 Still weigh'd the case, and still ate on,  
 'Till clients baith were weary grown ;  
 And tenting how the matter went,  
 Gry'd, Come, come, fir, we're baith content.

Ye fools, quoth he, and *Justice* too.  
 Maun be content as well as you.  
 Thus grumbled *they*, thus *he* went on,  
 Till baith the hayes were near hand done:  
 Poor *Poussies* now the daffin saw  
 Of gawn for nignyes to the law;  
 And bill'd the judge, that he wad please  
 To give them the remaining *Cheese*:  
 To which his worship grave reply'd,  
*The dues of court maun first be paid.*  
 Now *Justice* pleas'd :----what's to the fore  
 Will but right scrimply clear your score;  
 That's our decret; ---gae hame and sleep,  
 And thank us ye're win aff sae cheap.



## The CAMELEON.

**T**WA travellers, as they were wa'king,  
 'Bout the *Cameleon* fell a ta'king,  
 (Sic think it shaws them mettl'd men,  
 To say I've seen, and ought to ken;)  
 Says ane, 'tis a strange beast indeed,  
 Four-footed, with a fish's head;  
 A little bowk, with a lang tail,  
 And moves far slawer than a snail;  
 Of colour, like a blawart blue;—  
 Reply'd his nibour, *That's no true;*  
*For well I wat his colour's green,*  
*If ane may true his ain twa een;*  
*For I in sun-shine saw him fair,*  
*When he was dining on the air.—*  
 Excuse me, says the ither blade,  
 I saw him better in the shade,  
 And he is blue.—*He's green I'm sure.---*  
*Ye lied.----And ye're the son of a whore.---*  
 Frae words there had been cuff and kick,  
 Had not a third come in the nick,  
 Wha tenting them in this rough mood,  
 Cry'd, Gentlemen, what! are ye wood?

What's



What's ye'r quarrel, and 't may be speer't ?  
 Truth, says the tane, sir, ye shall hear't :  
 The *Cameleon*, I say, he's blue ;  
 He threaps he's green.—Now, what say you ?  
 Ne'er fash ye'r fells about the matter,  
 Says the sagacious arbitrator,  
 He's black.—Sae nane of you are right,  
 I view'd him well with candle-light ;  
 And have it in my pocket here,  
 Row'd in my napkin hale and feer.  
 Fy ! said ae cangler, *what d'ye mean ?*  
*I'll lay my lugs on't, that he's green.*  
 Said th' ither, were I gawn to death,  
 I'd swear he's blue with my last breath.  
 He's black, the judge maintain'd ay stout,  
 And to convince them, whop'd him out :  
 But to surprize of ane and a',  
 The *Animal* was white as snaw,  
 And thus reprov'd them, ' Shallow boys,  
 ' Away, away, make nae mair noise ;  
 ' Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right ;  
 ' But learn to own your nibours sight  
 ' As good as yours.—Your judgment speak,  
 ' But never be sae daftly weak  
 ' T' imagine ithers will by force  
 ' Submit their sentiments to yours ;  
 ' As things in various lights ye see,  
 ' They'll ilka ane resemble me.'

---

The twa LIZARDS.

**B**ENEATH a tree, ae shining day,  
 On a burn-bank twa *Lizards* lay  
 Beeking themfells now in the beams,  
 Then drinking of the cauller streams.  
 Waes me, says ane of them to th' ither;  
 How mean and silly live we, brither ?  
 Beneath the moon is ought sae poor !  
 Regarded less, or mair obscure !

We breathe indeed, and that's just a';  
 But, forc'd by destiny's hard law,  
 On earth like worms to creep and sprawl:  
 Curst fate to ane that has a faul!  
 Forby, gin we may trow report,  
 In *Nilus* giant *Lizards* sport,  
 Ca'd *Crocodiles*:—ah! had I been  
 Of sic a size, upon the green,  
 Then might I had my skair of fame,  
 Honour, respect, and a great name;  
 And *Man* with gaping jaws have shor'd,  
 Syne like a pagod been ador'd.

Ah, friend! replies the ither *Lizard*,  
 What makes this grumbling in thy gizzard?  
 What cause have ye to be uneasy?  
 Cannot the sweets of freedom please ye?  
 We free frae trouble, toil or care,  
 Enjoy the sun, the earth and air,  
 The crystal spring and green-wood shaw,  
 And beildy holes, when tempests blaw.  
 Why should we fret, look blae or wan,  
 Tho' we're contemn'd by paughty man?  
 If sae, lets in return be wise,  
 And that proud animal despise.

O fy! returns th' ambitious beast,  
 How weak a fire now warms thy breast?  
 It breaks my heart to live sae mean;  
 I'd like t' attract the gazer's een,  
 And be admir'd.—What stately horns  
 The *Deer*'s majestie brow adorns!  
 He claims our wonder and our dread,  
 Where e'er he heaves his haughty head.  
 What envy a' my spirit fires,  
 When he in clearest pools admires  
 His various beauties with delyte;  
 I'm like to drown myself with spite.  
 Thus he held forth.—when straight a pack  
 Of *Hounds*, and *Hunters* at their back,  
 Ran down a deer before their face,  
 Breathless and wearied with the chace.

The dogs upon the victim seize,  
 And beugles sound his obsequies.  
 But neither *Men* nor dogs took tent  
 Of our wee *Lizards* on the bent,  
 While hungry *Barwty*, *Buff*, and *Tray*,  
 Devour'd the paunches of the prey.

Soon as the bloody deed was past,  
 The *Lizard* wife the proud address;  
 Dear cousin, now pray let me hear  
 How wad ye like to be a *Deer*?

Ohon! quoth he, convinc'd and wae,  
 Wha wad have thought it anes a-day!  
 Well, be a private life my fate,  
 I'll never envy mair the great:  
 That we are little fowk, that's true;  
 But fae's our cares and dangers too.

MERCURY in *Quest of Peace*.

THE gods coost out, as story gaes,  
 Some being friends, some being faes,  
 To men in a besieged city;  
 Thus some frae spite, and some frae pity,  
 Stood to their point with canker'd strictness,  
 And lestna ither in dogs likeness.  
*Juno* ca'd *Venus* whore and bawd,  
*Venus* ca'd *Juno* scauldin jad;  
 E'en cripple *Vulcan* blew the low,  
*Apollo* ran to bend his bow;  
*Dis* shook his fork, *Pallas* her shield,  
*Neptune* his grape began to wield.  
 What plague, cries *Jupiter*, hey hoy!  
 Maun this town prove anither *Troy*?  
 What, will you ever be at odds,  
 'Till mankind think us foolish gods?

Hey! mistress *Peace*, make haste—appear—  
 But madam was nae there to hear:—

Come,

Come, *Hermes*, wing thy heels and head,  
And find her out with a' thy speed :  
Trowth, this is bonny wark indeed.

*Hermes* obeys, and staptna short,  
But flys directly to the *Court* ;  
For sure, thought he, she will be found  
On that fair complimenting ground,  
Where praises and embraces ran  
Like current coin 'tween man and man.  
But soon alake ! he was beguil'd,  
And fand that courtiers only smil'd,  
And with a formal flatt'ry treat ye,  
That they mair sickerly might cheat ye :  
*Peace* was na there, nor e'er could dwell.  
Where hidden envy makes a hell.

Niest to the ha, where justice stands  
Wih sword and ballance in her hands,  
He flew—no that he thought to find her  
Between the accuser and defender ;  
But sure he thought to find the wench  
Amang the fowk that fill the bench ;  
Sae muckle gravity and grace  
Appear'd in ilka judge's face :  
Even here he was deceiv'd again,  
For ilka judge stack to his ain  
Interpretation of the law,  
And vex'd themselfs with *Had* and *Draw*.

Frae thence he flew straight to the *Kirk* :  
In this he prov'd as daft a stirk,  
To look for peace, where never three  
In ev'ry point cou'd e'er agree ;  
Ane his ain gate explain'd a text  
Quite contrair to his neighbour next,  
And toughly toolied day and night  
To gar believers trow them right.

Then fair he sigh'd—where can she be ?  
Well thought—the university,  
Science is ane, these maun agree.  
There did he bend his strides right clever,  
But is as far mistane as ever :

For here contention and ill-nature  
 Had runkled ilka learn'd feature ;  
 Ae party stood for ancient rules,  
 Anither ca'd the ancients fools ;  
 Here ane wad set his shanks aspar,  
 And roose the *Man sang Troy* war,  
 Anither ca's him *Robin Kar*.

Well, she's no here ;—away he flies  
 To seek her amangst families.  
 Tout, what shou'd she do there I wonder ?  
 Dwells she with matrimonial thunder,  
 Where mates, some greedy, some deep drinkers,  
 Contend with thriftless mates or jinkers ?  
 This says, 'tis black ; and that, wi' spite,  
 Stiffly maintains and threeps 'tis white.

Weary'd at last, quoth he, let's see,  
 How branches with their stocks agree :  
 But here he fand still his mistake ;  
 Some parents cruel were, some weak ;  
 While bairns ungratefu' did behave,  
 And wish their parents in the grave.

Has *Jove* then sent me amang thir fowk,  
 Cry'd *Hermes*, here to hunt the gowk ?  
 Well, I have made a waly round,  
 To seek what is not to be found.  
 Just on the wing——towards a burn  
 A wee piece aff his looks did turn,  
 There mistress *Peace* he chanc'd to see,  
 Sitting beneath a willow-tree :  
 And have I found ye at the last ?  
 He cry'd aloud, and held her fast.  
 Here I reside, quoth she, and smil'd,  
 With an auld *Hermit* in this wild.  
 Well, madam, said he, I perceive  
 That ane may long your presence crave,  
 And miss ye still ;-----but this seems plain,  
 To have ye, ane maun be alane.



*The SPRING and the SYKE.*

**F**ED by a living *Spring*, a rill  
 Flow'd easily adown a hill ;  
 A thousand flowers upon its bank  
 Flourish'd fu' fair, and grew right rank :  
 Near to its course a *Syke* did ly,  
 Whilk was in simmer aften dry,  
 And ne'er recover'd life again,  
 But after soaking showers of rain ;  
 Then wad he swell, look big and sprush,  
 And o'er his margin proudly gush.  
 Ae day, after great waughts of weet,  
 He with the crystal current met,  
 And ran him down with unco' din ;  
 Said he, How poorly does thou rin ?  
 See with what state I dash the brae,  
 Whilst thou canst hardly make thy way.

The *Spring*, with a superior air,  
 Said, Sir, your brag gives me nae care ;  
 For soon's ye want your foreign aid,  
 Your paughty cracks will soon be laid.  
 Frae my ain head I have supply,  
 But you must borrow, else rin dry.

---

*The DAFT BARGAIN. A Tale.*

**A**T market anes, I watna how,  
 Twa herds between them coft a cow :  
 Driving her hame, the needfu' *Hacky*  
 But ceremony chanc'd to k----.  
 Quoth *Rab* right ravingly to *Raff*,  
 Gin ye'll eat that digested draff  
 Of *Crummy*, I shall quat my part.----  
 A bargain be't, with a' my heart,  
*Raff* soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,  
 To gorbelt up without a gloom :  
 Syne till't he fell, and seem'd right yap  
 His mealith quickly up to gawp ;

Haff done, his heart began to scunner,  
But lootna on 'till *Rab* strak under ;  
Wha fearing skair of cow to tine,  
At his *dast bargain* did repine.  
Well, well, quoth *Raff*, tho' ye was rash,  
I'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless hash ;  
Come, fa' to wark, as I ha'e done,  
And eat the ither haff as soon,  
Ye's save ye'r part,----Content, quoth *Rab*----  
And slerg'd the rest o't in his gab :  
Now what was tint, or what was won,  
Is eithly seen.---My story's done.  
Yet frae this tale confed'rate states may learn  
To save their cow, and yet no eat her sharn.

---

*The twa CUT-PURSES. A Tale.*

**I**N borrows-town there was a fair,  
And mony a landart coof was there,  
Baith lads and lasses busked brawly,  
To glowr at ilka bonny-waly,  
And lay out ony ora bodles  
On sma' gimcracks that pleas'd their noddles ;  
Sic as a jocktaleg, or sheers,  
Conseckit ginger, plums or or pears.

These gaping gowks twa rogues survey,  
And on their cash this plot they lay ;  
The tane, less like a knave than fool,  
Unbidden clam the high cockstool,  
And pat his head and baith his hands  
Throw holes where the ill doer stands.  
Now a' the crowd with mouth and een  
Cry'd out, *What does this idiot mean ?*  
They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,  
And never thought upon a trick,  
'Till he beneath had done his job,  
By tooming poutches of the mob ;  
Wha now posselt of rowth of gear,  
Scour'd aff as lang's the cost was clear.

But

But wow ! the ferly quickly chang'd,  
 When throw their empty fobs they rang'd ;  
 Some girn'd, and some look'd blae wi' grief,  
 While some cry'd out, *Fy had the thief.*  
 But ne'er a thief or thief was there,  
 Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.  
 The jip wha stood aboon them a',  
 His innocence began to shaw ;  
 Said he, my friends, I'm very sorry  
 To hear your melancholy story ;  
 But sure where'er your tinsel be,  
 Ye canna lay the wyte on me.

---

*Epistle to ROBERT YARDE, of Devonshire, Esq;*

**F**R A E northern mountains clad with snaw,  
 Where whistling winds incessant blaw,  
 In time now when the curling-flane,  
 Slides murm'ring o'er the icy plain,  
 What sprightly tale in verse can *Yarde*  
 Expect frae a cauld *Scottish* bard,  
 With brose and bannocks poorly fed,  
 In hoden gray right hastily cled,  
 Skelping o'er frozen hags with pingle,  
 Picking up peers to beer his ingle,  
 While sleet that freezes as it fa's,  
 Theeks as with glafs the divot waws  
 Of a laigh hut, where sax thegither,  
 Ly heads and thraws on craps of heather ?

Thus, sir, of us the story gaes :  
 By our mair dull and scornfu' faes :  
 But let them tauk, and gowks believe,  
 While we laugh at them in our sleeve ;  
 For we, nor barbarous nor rude,  
 Ne'er want good wine to warm our blood ;  
 Have tables crown'd — and heartsome beils,  
 And can in *Cumin's*, *Don's* or *Steil's*,  
 Be serv'd as plenteously and civil,  
 As you in *London* at the *Devil*.

You,

You, sir, yourself wha came and saw,  
Own'd that we wanted nought at a',  
To make us as content a nation,  
As any is in the creation.

This point premis'd, my canty muse  
Cocks up her crest without excuse,  
And scorns to screen her natural flaws  
With *Is*, and *Buts*, and dull *Because*;  
She pukes her pens, and aims a flight,  
Throu' regions of internal light,  
Frae fancy's field, these truths to bring  
That you shou'd hear, and she shou'd sing.

Langsyne, when love and innocence  
Were human nature's best defence,  
Ere party jars made lawtith less,  
By cleathing't in a monkish dres;  
Then poets shaw'd these evenly roads,  
That lead to dwellings of the gods.  
In these dear days, we'll ken'd to fame,  
*Divini Vates* was their name:  
It was, and is, and shall be ay,  
While they move in fair virtue's way.  
Tho' rarely we to stipends reach,  
Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe me, sir, the nearest way  
To happiness, is to be gay;  
For spleen indulg'd, will banish rest  
Far frae the bosoms of the best;  
Thousands a-year's no worth a prin,  
When e'er this fashous guest gets in:  
But a fair competent estate  
Can keep a man frae looking blate,  
Sae eithly it lays to his hand  
What his just appetites demand.  
Wha has, and can enjoy, O wow!  
How smoothly may his minutes flow?  
A youth thus blest with manly frame,  
Enliven'd with a lively flame,  
Will ne'er with sordid pinch controul  
The satisfaction of his soul.

Poor is that mind, ay discontent,  
 That canna use what God has lent;  
 But envious girns at a' he sees,  
 That are a crown richer than he's;  
 Which gars him pitifully hane,  
 And hell's ase-middins rake for gain;  
 Yet never kens a blythsome hour,  
 Is ever wanting, ever fowr.

Yet ae extreme shou'd never make  
 A man the gowden mean forsake,  
 It shaws as much a shallow mind,  
 And ane extravagantly blind,  
 If careless of his future fate,  
 He dafely wastes a good estate,  
 And never thinks 'till thoughts are vain,  
 And can afford him nought but pain.  
 Thus will a joiner's shavings bleez,  
 Their low will for some seconds please;  
 But soon the glaring leam is past,  
 And cauldrie darkness follows fast:  
 While slaw the faggots large expire,  
 And warm us with a lasting fire.  
 Then neither, as I ken ye will,  
 With idle fears your pleasures spill;  
 Nor with neglecting prudent care,  
 Do skaith to your succeeding heir.  
 Thus steering cannily throw life,  
 Your joys shall lasting be and rise:  
 Give a' your passions room to reel,  
 As lang as reason guides the wheel.  
 Desires, tho' ardent, are nae crime,  
 When they harmoniously keep time:  
 But when they spang o'er reason's fence,  
 We smart for't at our ain expence;  
 To recreate us we're allow'd,  
 But gaming deep boils up the blood,  
 And gars ane at groom-porters ban  
 The Being that made him a man,  
 When his fair gardens, house and lands,  
 Are fa'n amongst the sharpers hands.

A cheat:



A chearfu' bottle sooths the mind,  
Gars carles grow canty, free and kind;  
Defeats our care, and heals our strife,  
And brawly oyls the wheels of life:  
But when just quantum we transgress,  
Our blessing turns the quite reverse.

To love the bonny smiling fair,  
Nane can their passions better ware;  
Yet love is kittle and unruly,  
And shou'd move tentily and hooly:  
For if it get o'er meikle head,  
'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead:  
O'er ilka hedge it wildly bounds,  
And grazes on forbidden grounds;  
Where constantly, like furies, range  
Poortith, diseases, death, revenge:  
To toom anes pouch to dunty clever,  
Or have wrang'd husband probe ane's liver,  
Or void ane's faul out throw a shanker,  
In faith 'twad any mortal canker.

Then wale a virgin worthy you,  
Worthy your love and nuptial vow:  
Syne frankly range o'er a' her charms,  
Drink deep of joy within her arms;  
Be still delighted with her breast,  
And on her love with rapture feast.

May she be blooming, fast and young,  
With graces melting from her tongue;  
Prudent and yielding to maintain  
Your love, as well as you her ain.

Thus with your leave, sir, I've made free  
To give advice to ane can gie  
As good again. — But as mair *John*  
Said, when the sand tald time was done,  
' Ha'e patience, my dear friends, a wee,  
' And take ae ither glafs frae me;  
' And if ye think there's doublets due,  
' I shanna bauk the like frae you.'

TIT *for* TAT.

**B**E-SOUTH our channel, where 'tis common  
 To be priest-ridden, man and woman;  
 A father, anes in grave procession,  
 Went to receive a wight's confession,  
 Whase sins, lang-gather'd, now began  
 To burden fair his inner man.  
 But happy they that can with ease  
 Sling aff sic laids when e'er they please.  
 Lug out your sins, and eke your purses,  
 And soon your kind spiritual nurses  
 Will ease you of these heavy turfes.

Cries, *Hodge*, and sighs, ah! father ghostly,  
 I lang'd anes for some jewels costly,  
 And staw them frae a sneaking miser,  
 Wha was a wicked cheating squeezer,  
 And much had me and others wrang'd,  
 For which I aften wish'd him hang'd.  
 The father says, I own my son,  
 To rob or pilfer is ill done;  
 But I can eith forgive the faut,  
 Since it is only *Tit for Tat*.

The sighing penitent gade furdur,  
 And own'd his anes designing murder;  
 That he had lent ane's guts a skreed,  
 Wha had gi'en him a broken head.  
 Replies the priest, My son, 'tis plain  
 That's only *Tit for Tat* again.

But still the sinner sighs and sobs,  
 And cries, Ah! these are venial jobs  
 To the black crime that yet behind  
 Lyes like *Auld Nick* upon my mind:  
 I dare na name't; I'd lure be strung  
 Up by the neck, or by the tongue,  
 As speak it out to you: believe me,  
 The faut you never wad forgive me.  
 The haly man, with pious care,  
 Intreated, pray'd, and spake him fair,

Conjur'd him, as he hop'd for heaven,  
To tell his crime, and be forgiven.

Well then, says *Hodge*, if it maun be,  
Prepare to hear a tale frae me,  
That when 'tis tald, I'm unko feard  
Ye'll wish it never had been heard.  
Ah me ! your reverence's *sister*,  
Ten times I carnally have——kist her.  
All's fair, returns the reverend *brother*,  
I've done *the famen* with your *mother*  
Three times as aft ; and sae for that  
We're on a level, *Tit for Tat*.



*Epistle from Mr WILLIAM STARRAT, Teacher of  
Mathematics at Straban in Ireland.*

A E windy day last owk, I'll ne'er forget,  
I think I hear the hailstones rattling yet ;  
On *Crochan* bus my hirdsell took the lee,  
As ane wad wish, just a' beneath my ee :  
I in the bield of yon auld birk-tree side,  
Poor cauldrie *Coly* whing'd aneath my plaid,  
Right tozylic was set to ease my stumps,  
Weel hap'd with bountith-hose and twa-soll'd pumps ;  
Syne on my four-hours luntion chew'd my cood,  
Sic kilter pat me in a merry mood :  
My whistle frae my blanket-nook I drew,  
And liket owre thir twa three lines to you.

Blaw up my heart-strings, ye *Pierian* quines,  
That gae the *Grecian* bards their bonny rhimes,  
And learn'd the *Latin* lowns sic springs to play,  
As gars the world gang dancing to this day.

— In vain I seek your help ; 'tis bootless toil  
With sic dead afe to muck a moorland soil ;  
Give me the muse that calls past ages back,  
And shaws proude southern sangsters their mistak,  
That frae their *Thames* can fetch the laurel north,  
And big *Parnassus* on the frith of *Forth*.

Thy breast alane this gladsome guest does fill  
 With strains, that warm our hearts like cannel gill,  
 And learn's thee, in thy umquhile gutcher's tongue,  
 Thy blytheft lilt that e'er my lugs heard sung.

*Ramsay!* for ever live: for wha like you  
 In deathless sang sic life-like pictures drew?  
 Not he wha whilome with his harp cou'd ca'  
 The dancing stanes to big the *Theban* wa';  
 Nor he (shamefa's fool-head) as stories tell  
 Could whistle back an auld dead wife frae hell;  
 Nor e'en the loyal brooker of *Bell-trees*,  
 Wha sang with hungry wame his want of fees;  
 Nor *Habby's* drone cou'd with thy wind-pipe please.  
 When in his well kend clink thou manes the death  
 Of *Lucky Wood* and *Spence* (a matchless skaith  
 To *Canigate*) sae gash thy gab-trees gang,  
 The carlines live for ever in thy sang.

Or, when thy country bridal thou pursues,  
 To redd the regal tulzie sets thy muse,  
 Thy soothing sangs bring canker'd carles to ease,  
 Some lowps to *Lutter's* pipe, some birls babies.

But gin to graver notes thou tunes thy breath,  
 And sings poor *Sandy's* grief for *Edie's* death,  
 Or *Matthew's* loss; the lambs in consort mae,  
 And lanesome *Ringwood* youls upon the brae.

Good God! what tuneless heart strings wadna twang,  
 When love and beauty animates thy sang?  
 Skies echoe back, when thou blows up thy reed,  
 In *Burchet's* praise for clapping of thy head:  
 And when thou bids the paughty *Czar* stand yon,  
 The wandought seems beneath thee on his throne.  
 Now, be my faul, and I have nought behin,  
 And weil I wat fause swearing is a sin,  
 I'd rather have thy pipe, and twa three sheep,  
 Than a' the göwd the monarchs coffers keep.

*Goly*, look out, the few we have's gane wrang,  
 This se'nteen owks I have not play'd sae lang;  
 Ha, *Crummy*, ha, — trowth I maun quat my sang;  
 But, lad, neist mirk we'll to the haining drive,  
 When in fresh lizar they get spleet and rive;

The royts will rest, and gin ye like my play,  
I'll whistle to thee all the live-lang day.



To Mr WILLIAM STARRAT, on receiving the above  
*Epistle.*

FRAE fertile fields where nae curs'd ethers creep,  
To stang the herds that in rash-busses sleep;  
Frae where saint *Patrick's* blessings freed the bogs  
Frae tairs, and asks, and ugly creeping frogs;  
Welcome to me the sound of *Starrat's* pipe.  
Welcome, as westlen winds, or berries ripe,  
When speeling up the hill, the *Dog-days* heat  
Gars a young thirsty shepherd pant and sweat :  
Thus while I climb the muses mount with care,  
Sic friendly praises give refreshing air.  
O! may the lassies loo thee for thy pains,  
And may thou lang breathe healsome o'er the plains :  
Lang mayst thou teach, with round and nooked lines,  
Substantial skill, that's worth rich filler mines ;  
To shaw how wheels can gang with greatest ease,  
And what kind barks sails smoothest o'er the seas ;  
How wind-mills shou'd be made—and how they work  
The thumper that tells hours upon the kirk :  
How wedges rive the aik :---How pullieses  
Can lift on highest roofs the greatest trees ;  
Rug frae its roots the craig of *Edinburgh* castle,  
As easily as I cou'd break my whistle.—  
What ploughs fits a wet soil, and whilk the dry ;  
And mony a thousand useful things forby.

I own 'tis cauld encouragement to sing,  
When round ane's lugs the blatran hailstones ring ;  
But seckfu' folk can front the bauldest wind,  
And slunk thro' moors, and never fash their mind.  
Aft have I wid throu' glens with chorking feet,  
When neither plaid nor kelt cou'd fend the weet ;  
Yet blythly wald I bang out o'er the brae,  
And stend o'er burns as light as ony rae,  
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.

Then



Then let's to lairds and ladies leave the spleen,  
While we can dance and whistle o'er the green.  
Mankind's account of good and ill's a jest,  
Fancy's the rudder, and content's a feast.

Dear friend of mine, ye but o'er meikle roose  
The lawly mints of my poor moorland muse,  
Wha looks but blate, when even'd to ither twa,  
That lull'd the deel, or bigg'd the *Theban wa'* ;  
But trowth 'tis natural for us a' to wink  
At our ain fauts, and praises frankly drink :  
Fair fa' ye then, and may your flocks grow rise,  
And may nae elf twin *Crummy* of her life.

The sun shines sweetly, a' the lift looks blue,  
O'er glens hing hovering clouds of rising dew ;  
*Maggy*, the bonniest lass of a' our town,  
Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,  
I have a tryst with her, and maun away,  
Then ye'll excuse me 'till anither day,  
When I've mair time ; for shortly I'm to sing  
Some dainty sangs, that fall round *Crochan* ring.

~~~~~  
*An ODE, with a Pastoral Recitative, on the marriage of
the Right Honourable JAMES Earl of WEMYSS and
Mrs JANET CHARTERIS.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

LAST morn young *Rosalind*, with laughing een,
Met with the singing shepherd on the green ;
Armyas height, wha us'd with tunefu' lay
To please the ear, when he began to play :
Him with a smile the blooming lass address ;
Her chearfu' look her inward joy confess.

R O S A L I N D.

Dear shepherd, now exert your wonted fire,
I'll tell you news that shall your thoughts inspire.

A R M Y A S.

Oot wi' them, bonny lass, and if they'll bear,
But ceremony, you a sang shall hear.

ROSALIND.

They'll bear, and do invite the blytheft strains;
The beauteous *Charterissa* of these plains,
Still to them dear, wha late made us sae wae,
When we heard tell she was far aff to gae,
And leave our heartsome fields, her native land,
Now's ta'en in time, and fix'd by *Hymen's* band.

ARMYAS.

To whom? speak fast;—I hope ye dinna jeer.

ROSALIND.

No, no, my dear, 'tis true, as we stand here.
The Thane of FIFE, who lately wi' his *Flane*,
And *Vizy* leel, made the BLYTH BOWL his ain;
He, the delight of baith the sma' and great,
Wha's bright beginning spae his sonsy fate,
Has gain'd her heart; and now their mutual flame
Retains the fair, and a' her wealth, at hame.

ARMYAS.

Now *Rosalind*, may never sorrow twine
Sae near your heart, as joys arise in mine.
Come kiss me, lassie, and you's hear me sing
A bridal sang that thro' the woods shall ring.

ROSALIND.

Ye're ay sae daft, come take it, and ha'e done;
Let a' the lines be fast, and sweet the tune.

ARMYAS sings.

COME, shepherds, a' your whistles join,
And shaw your blytheft faces;
The nymph that we were like to tine,
At hame her pleasure places.
Lift up your notes both loud and gay,
Yet sweet as *Philomella's*,
And yearly solemnize the day
When this good luck befel us.
Hail to the Thane descended frae
MACDUFF renown'd in story,
Wha *Albion* frae tyrannic sway
Restor'd to antient glory:

His

His early blossoms loud proclaim,
That frae this stem he rises,
Whase merits gives him right to fame,
And to the highest prizes.

His lovely Countess sing, ye swains,
Nae subject can be sweeter ;
The best of blood flows in her veins,
Which makes ilk grace compleater :
Bright are the beauties of her mind
Which frae her dawn of reason,
With a' the rays of wit hath shin'd,
Which virtue still did season.

Straight as the plane her features fair,
And bonny to a wonder ;
Were *Jove* rampaging in the air,
Her smiles might stap his thunder.
Rejoice in her then, happy youth,
Her innate worth's a treasure ;
Her sweetness a' your cares will sooth,
And furnish endless pleasure.

Lang may ye live t' enjoy her charms,
And lang, lang may they blossom,
Securely screen'd within your arms,
And lodged in your bosom.
Thrice happy parents, justly may
Your breasts with joy be fired,
When you the darling pair survey,
By a' the world admired.

*On seeing the ARCHERS diverting themselves at the Buts
and Rovers, &c.*

At the desire of Sir William Bennet.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.

APOLLO aft flings by his bows,
And plays the *Broom of Cowden-knows*;
He sometimes drinks——

His DEMAND.

‘THE *Rovers* and the *Buts* you saw,
‘ And him who gives despotic law ;
‘ In numbers sing what you have seen
‘ Both in the garden and the green,
‘ And how with wine they clos’d the day
‘ In harmless toasts, both blyth and gay :
‘ This to remember be’t thy care,
‘ How they did justice to the fair.’

The ANSWER.

SIR, I with much delight beheld
The royal *Archers* on the field ;
Their garb, their manner, and their game,
Wakes in the mind a martial flame.
To see them draw the bended yew,
Brings bygone ages to our view,
When burnish’d swords and whizzing flanes
Forbade the *Norwegens* and *Danes*,
Romans and *Saxons*, to invade
A nation of nae foes afraid ;
Whase virtue and true valour sav’d
Them bravely from their b’ing enslav’d :
Esteeming’t greater not to be,
Than lose their darling *Liberty*.
How much unlike !----But mum for that,
Some beaux may snarl if we should prat.
When av’rice, luxury and ease,
A tea-fac’d generation please,

Whase

Whase pithless limbs in silks o'er-clad,
 Scarce bear the lady-handed lad
 Frae's looking-glass into the chair,
 Which bears him to blasfum the fair,
 Wha by their actions come to ken
 Sic are but in appearance men.
 These ill cou'd bruik, without a beild,
 To sleep in boots upon the field;
 Yet rise as glorious as the sun,
 To end what greatly they begun.
 Nor cou'd it suit their taste and pride
 To eat an ox boil'd in his hide;
 Or quaff pure element, ah me!
 Without ream, sugar and bohea.

Hail noble ghosts of each brave fire!
 Whose fauls glow'd with a god-like fire!
 If you're to guardian posts assign'd,
 And can with greatness warm the mind;
 Breathe manly ardours in your race,
 Communicate that martial grace,
 By which through ages you maintain'd
 The *Caledonian* rights unstain'd;
 That when our nation makes demands,
 She may ne'er want brave hearts and hands.

Here, sir, I must your pardon ask,
 If I have started from my task;
 For when the fancy takes a flight,
 We seldom ken where it will light.

But we return to view the band,
 Under the regular command
 Of * ane wha arbitrarily sways,
 And makes it law whate'er he says:
 Him honour and true reason rule,
 Which makes submission to his will
 Nae slav'ry, but a just delight,
 Whiles he takes care to keep them right;
 Wha never lets a cause depend
 'Till the pursuer's power's at end';

* Mr David Drummond, president of the council.

But, like a minister of fate,
He speaks, and there's no more debate :
Best government, were subjects sure
To find a prince fit for sic pow'r.

But drop we cases not desir'd,
To paint the *Archers* now retir'd
From healthfu' sport, to chearfu' wine,
Strength to recruit, and wit refine ;
Where innocent and blythsome tale
Permits nae sourness to prevail :
Here, sir, you never fail to please,
Wha can in phrase adapt with ease,
Draw to the life a' kind of fowks,
Proud shaups, dull coofs, and gabbling gowks,
Gielangers, and each greedy wight,
You place them in their proper light ;
And when true merit comes in view,
You fully pay them what's their due.

While circling wheels the hearty glafs,
Well flavour'd with some lovely las ;
Or with the bonny fruitfu' dame,
Wha brightens in the nuptial flame.

My lord, your toast, the praeses cries :
To lady *Charlotte*, he replies.
Now, sir, let's hear your beauty bright :
To lady *Jean*, returns the knight.
To *Hamilton* a health gaes round,
And one to *Eglintoun* is crown'd.
How sweet they taste !—Now, sir, you say :
Then drink to her that's far away,
The lov'd *Southesk*. Neist, sir, you name :
I give you *Basil's* handsome dame.
Is't come to me ?—then toast the fair
That's fawn, O *Cockburn*, to thy skair.
How hearty went these healths about !
How blythly were they waughted out !
To a' the stately, fair and young,
Frae *Haddington* and *Hoptoun* sprung ;
To *Lithgow's* daughter in her bloom,
To dear *Mackay*, and comely *Home* ;

To *Creightons* every way divine,
 To *Haldane* streight as any pine.
 O how delicious was the glass
 Which was perfum'd with lovely *Bess*!
 And sae these rounds were flowing gi'en,
 To sisters *Nisbet*, *Nell* and *Jean*.
 To sweet *Montgomery* shining fair,
 To *Priestfield* twins, delightfu' pair.
 To *Katies* four of beauteous fame,
Stuart and *Cochran* lady claim,
 Third *Hamilton*, fourth *Ardress* name.
 To *Peggies Pentland*, *Bang* and *Bell*,
 To *Minto's* mate, and lively *Nell* :
 To *Gordon's* ravishingly sweet,
 To *Maule* in whom the graces meet,
 To *Hepburn* wha has charms in store,
 To *Pringle* harmony all o'er ;
 To the polite *Kinloch* and *Hay*,
 To *Wallace* beautifu' and gay,
 To *Campbell*, *Skeen* and *Rutherfoord*,
 To *Maitland* fair the much ador'd,
 To *Lockhart* with the sparkling een,
 To bonny *Crawford* ever green,
 To *Stuarts* mony a dazzling bairn,
 Of *Invernytie* and *Denairn*.
 To gracefu' *Sleigh*, and *Oliphant*,
 To *Nasmith*, *Baird*, *Scot*, *Grier* and *Grant* ;
 To *Clerk*, *Anstruther*, *Frank* and *Graham*,
 To *Deans* agreeing with her name.
 Where are we now ? — Come, to the best
 In *Christendom*, and a' the rest.
 (Dear nymphs unnam'd, lay not the blame
 On us, or on your want of fame,
 That in this list you do not stand ;
 For heads give way : — But there's my hand,
 The next time we have sic a night,
 We'll not neglect to do ye right.)

Thus beauties rare, and virgins fine,
 With blooming belles enlivened our wine,
 'Till a' our noses 'gan to shine.

Then down we look'd upon the Great,
Who're plagu'd with guiding of the state,
And pity'd each flegmatic wight,
Whose creeping fauls ken nae delight,
But keep themselves ay on the gloom,
Startled with fears of what's to come.
Poor passion ! sure by fate design'd
The mark of an inferior mind.
To heaven a filial fear we awe,
But fears nane else a man shou'd shaw.

Lads, cock your bonnets, bend your bows,
And, or in earnest, or in mows,
Be still successful, ever glad,
In *Mars's* or in *Venus's* bed ;
Sae bards aloud shall chant your praise,
And ladies shall your spirits raise.

Thus, sir, I've sung what you requir'd,
As *Mars* and *Venus* have inspir'd.
While they inspire, and you approve,
I'll sing brave deeds, and faster love ;
'Till great *Appollo* say well done,
And own me for his native son.



Wrote on Lady SOMERVILLE's Book of Scots SANGS.

GAE, canty book, and win a name ;
Nae lyrics e'er shall ding thee :
Hope large esteem, and lasting fame,
If *Somervilla* sing thee.
If she thy sinless faults forgive,
Which her sweet voice can cover,
Thou shalt, in spite of critics, live
Still grateful to each lover.

*The NUPTIALS, a Masque *, on the Marriage of
his Grace JAMES Duke of HAMILTON and BRAN-
DON, &c.*

Calliope, playing upon a Violencello, sings.

JOY to the bridegroom, prince of *Clyde*,
Lang may his bliss and greatness blossom;
Joy to his virtuous charming bride,
Who gains this day his grace's bosom.

* An unknown ingenious friend did me the honour of the following introduction to the London edition of this Masque; and and being a Poet, my vanity will be pardoned for inserting of it here.

* The present Poem being a revival of a good old form of poetry, in high repute with us, it may not be amiss to say something of a diversion once so agreeable, and so long interrupted, or disused. The original of Masques, seems to be an imitation of the interludes of the ancients, presented on occasion of some ceremony performed in a great and noble family. The actors in this kind of half-dramatic poetry have formerly been even kings, princes, and the first personages of the kingdom; and in private families, the noblest and nearest branches. The machinery was of the greatest magnificence; very shewy, costly, and not uncommonly contrived by the ablest architects, as well as the best poets. Thus we see in Ben Johnson the name of Inigo Jones, and the same in Carew; whether as the modeller only or as poet in conjunction with them, seems to be doubtful, there being nothing of our English Vitruvius left (that I know of) that places him in the class of writers. These shews we trace backwards as far as Henry VIII. from thence to Queen Elizabeth, and her successor King James, who was both a great encourager and admirer of them. The last Masque, and the best ever written, was that of Milton, presented at Ludlow Castle, in the praise of which no words can be too many: and I remember to have heard the late excellent Mr Addison agree with me in that opinion. Coronations, princely nuptials, public feasts, the entertainment of foreign quality, were the usual occasions of this performance, and the best poet of the age was courted to be the author. Mr Ramsay has made a noble and successful attempt to revive this kind of poetry, on a late celebrated account. And tho' he is often to be admired in all his writings, yet, I think, never more than in his present composition. A particular friend gave it a second edition in England, which, I fancy, the public will agree that it deserved.

Appear,

Appear, great genius of his line,
And bear a part in the rejoicing;
Behold your ward, by powers divine,
Join'd with a mate of their ain choosing.

Forfake a while the *Cyprian* scene,
Fair queen of smiles and soft embraces,
And hither come, with a' your train
Of beauties, loves, and sports, and graces.

Come, *Hymen*, bless their nuptial vow,
And them with mutual joys inspire.
Descend, *Minerva*; for 'tis you
With virtue beets the haly fire.

At the close of this sang, enters the genius of the family clad in a scarlet robe, with a duke's coronet on his head, a shield on his left arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.

G E N I U S.

Fair mistress of harmonious sounds, we hear
Thy invitation gratefu' to the ear;
Of a' the *Gods*, who from the *Olympian* height
Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight,
Jove keeps this day in his imperial dome,
And I to lead th' invited guests am come.

Enter Venus, attended by three Graces, with Minerva and Hymen, all in their proper dresses.

C A L L I O P E.

Welcome, ye bright *Divinities*, that guard
The brave and fair, and faithfu' love reward;
All hail, immortal progeny of *Jove*,
Who plant, preserve, and prosper sacred love.

G E N I U S.

Be still auspicious to th' united pair,
And let their purest pleasures be your care;
Your stores of genial blessings here employ,
To crown th' *Illustrious Youth* and *Fair-ane's* joy.

V E N U S.

I'll breathe eternal sweets in ev'ry air;
He shall look always great, SHE ever fair;

Kind rays shall mix the sparkles of his eye,
 Round her the loves in smiling crowds shall fly,
 And bear frae ilka glance, on downy wings,
 Into his ravish'd heart the fastest things :
 And soon as *Hymen* has perform'd his rites,
 I'll shower on them my hale *Idalian* sweets ;

They shall possess,
 In each caress,
 Delights shall tire
 The muse's fire,
 In highest numbers to express.

H Y M E N.

I'll busk their bow'r, and lay them gently down,
 Syne ilka langing wish with raptures crown ;
 The gloomy nights shall ne'er unwelcome prove,
 That leads them to the silent scenes of love.
 The sun at morn shall dart his kindest rays,
 To chear and animate each dear embrace :
 Fond of the Fair, he folds her in his arms ;
 She blushes secret, conscious of her charms,

Rejoice, brave youth,
 In sic a south
 Of joys the gods for thee provide ;
 The rosy dawn,
 The flow'ry lawn,
 That spring has dress'd in a' its pride,
 Claim no regard
 When they're compar'd
 With blooming beauties of thy bride.

M I N E R V A.

Fairest of a' the goddesses, and thou
 That links the lovers to be ever true,
 The gods and mortals awn your mighty power,
 But 'tis not you can make their sweets secure :
 That be my task, to make a friendship rise,
 Shall raise their loves aboon the vulgar size.
 Those near related to the brutal kind,
 Ken nathing of the wedlock of the mind ;
 'Tis I can make a life a hinny moon,
 And mould a love shall last like that aboon.

A' these sma' springs, whence could reserve and spleen
Take their first rise, and favour'd flow mair keen,
I shall discover in a proper view,
To keep their joys unmix'd, and ever new.

Nor jealousy, nor envious mouth,
Shall dare to blast their love;
But wisdom, constancy and truth,
Shall ev'ry bliss improve.

G E N I U S.

Thrice happy chief, so much the care
Of a' the family of *Jove*,
A thousand blessings wait the fair,
Who is found worthy of his love.
Lang may the fair attractions of her mind
Make her still lovelier, him for ever kind.

M I N E R V A.

The ancestors of mightiest chief and kings,
Nae higher can derive than human springs;
Yet frae the common soil each wond'rous root,
Aloft to heaven their spreading branches shoot:
Bauld in my aid, these triumph'd over fate,
Fam'd for unbounded thought or stern debate,
Born high upon an undertaking mind,
Superior raise, and left the crowd behind.

G E N I U S.

Frae these descending, laurell'd with renown,
My *Charge* thro' ages draws his lineage down.
The paths of sic *Forbeers* lang may he trace,
And she be *Mother* to as fam'd a race.

When blue diseases fill the drumly air,
And red-het bows thro' slaughts of lightning rair,
Or mad'ning faction shakes the sanguine sword,
With watchfu' eye I'll tent my darling lord,
And his lov'd mate — tho' furies shou'd break loose,
Awake or sleeping, shall enjoy repose.

I. G R A C E.

While gods keep haly-day, and mortals snile,
Let nature with delights adorn the isle:
Be hush, bauld North, *Favonius* only blaw,
And cease, bleak clouds, to shed or weet or snaw;

Shine

Shine bright, thou radiant ruler of the year,
And gar the spring with earlier pride appear.

II. G R A C E.

Thy month, great queen of goddesses, make gay,
Which gains new honours frae this marriage-day.
On *Glotta's* banks, ye healthfu' hynds, resort,
And with the landart lasses blythly sport.

III. G R A C E.

Wear your best faces and your *Sunday's* weeds,
And rouse the dance with your maist tunefu' reeds;
Let tunefu' voices join the rural sound,
And wake responsive echo all around.

I. G R A C E.

Sing your great master, *Scotia's* eldest son,
And the lov'd angel that his heart has won;
Come, sisters, let's frae arts hale stores collect
Whatever can her native beauties deck,
That in the day she may eclipse the light,
And ding the constellations of the night.

V E N U S.

Cease, busy maids, your artfu' buskings raise
But small addition to her genuine rays;
Tho' ilka plain and ilka sea combine
To make her with their richest product shine,
Her lip, her bosom, and her sparkling een,
Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond sheen:
These lesser ornaments, illustrious bride,
As bars to sifter blessings, sling aside;
Steal frae them sweetly to your nuptial bed,
As frae its body slides the fainted shade;
Frae loath'd restraint to liberty above,
Where all is harmony, and all is love:
Haste to these blessings——kiss the night away,
And make it ten times pleasanter than day.

H Y M E N.

The whisper and caress shall shorten hours,
While kindly as the beams on dewy flowers,
Thy *Sun*, like him who the fresh bevrage sips,
Shall feast upon the sweetness of thy lips:

My haly hand maun chastly now unloose
 That *Zone* which a' thy virgin charms enclose:
 That *Zone* shou'd be less gratefu' to the fair
 Than easy bands of safer wedlock are.
 That lang unbuckled grows a hatefu' thing,
 The langer *These* are bound, the mair of honour bring.

M I N E R V A.

Yes, happy pair, what e'er the gods inspire,
 Pursue, and gratify each just desire:
 Enjoy your passions, with full transports mixt;
 But still observe the bounds by vertue fixt.

Enter B A C C H U S.

What brings *Minerva* here this rantin night?
 She's good for nathing but to preach or fight:
 Is this a time for either!—swith away.
 Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay.

M I N E R V A.

Peace, *Theban Roarer*, while the milder powers
 Give entertainment, there's nae need of yours;
 The pure reflection of our calmer joys
 Has mair of heaven than a' thy flashy noise.

B A C C H U S.

Ye canna want it, faith! you that appear
 Anes at a bridal but in twenty year:
 A ferly 'tis your dortiship to see;
 But where was e'er a wedding without me?
Blue Een, remember, I'm baith hap and saul
 To *Venus* there; but me, she'd starve o' caul.

V E N U S.

We awn the truth.—*Minerva*, cease to check
 Our jolly brother with your disrespect;
 He's never absent at the treats of *Jove*,
 And shou'd be present at this feast of love.

G E N I U S.

Maist welcome power, that chears the vital streams,
 When *Pallas* guards thee frae thy wild extremes;
 Thy rosy visage at these solemn rites,
 My generous charge with open smiling greets.

B A C-

The NUPTIALS.

BACCHUS.

I'm nae great dab at speeches that maun clink,
 But there's my paw I shall fou tightly drink
 A hearty health to thir same lovely twa,
 That are sae meikle daunted by you a';
 Then with my juice a reeming bicquor crown,
 I'll gi'e the toast, and see it fairly round.

*Enter Ganymed, with a flagon in one hand, and a glass
 in the other.—Speaks,*

To you, blyth beings, the benign director
 Of gods and men—to keep your sauls in tist—
 Has sent you here a present of his nectar,
 As good as e'er was browen aboon the list.

BACCHUS.

Ha, Gany, come, my dainty boy,
 Skink't up, and let us prive;
 Without it life wad be a toy:
 Here, gi'e me't in my nive.

[*Takes the glass.*] Good health to *Hamilton*, and his
 Lov'd mate:---O father *Jove*, we crave
 Thou'lt grant them a lang tack of bliss,
 And rowth of bonny bairns and brave.
 Pour on them, frae thy endless store,
 A' bennifons that are divine,
 With as good will as I waught o'er
 This flowing glass of heav'nly wine.

(Drinks and causes all the company to drink round.)

Come see'r about, and syne let's all advance,
 Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak a dance;
Minerva mim, for a' your morals floor,
 Ye shall with billy *Bacchus* fit the floor:
 Play up there, lassie, some blyth *Scottish* tune,
 Syne a' be blyth, when wine and wit gae round.

*(The health about, music and dancing begin.—The
 dancing over, before her Grace retires with the
 ladies to be undress'd, Calliope sings the*

EPITHALAMIUM.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love,
 Which shining sauls impart;

It to perfection mounts above,
And glows about the heart.
It is the flame gives lasting worth,
To greatness, beauty, wealth and birth,—
On you, illustrious youthfu' pair,
Who are high heaven's delight and care;
The blisfu' beam darts warm and fair,
And shall improve the rest
Of a' these gifts baith great and rare,
Of which ye are possesst.

Bacchus, bear off your dinsome gang,
Hark, frae yon howms the rural thrang
Invite you now away;
While ilka hynd,
And maiden kind,
Dance in a ring,
While shepherds sing
In honour of the day;
Gae drink and dance
'Till morn advance,
And set the twinkling fires,
While we prepare
To lead the fair
And brave to their desires.

Gae, loves and graces, take your place,
Around the nuptial bed abide;
Fair *Venus* heighten each embrace,
And smoothly make their minutes slide.
Gae, *Hymen*, put the couch in case,
Minerva, thither lead the bride;
Neist, all attend his youthfu' grace,
And lay him sweetly by her side.

ODE on the marriage of the Right Hon. GEORGE Lord
RAMSAY and Lady JEAN MAULE.

HAIL to the brave apparent chief,
Boast of the *Ramsays* clanish name,

Whose

Whose ancestors stood the relief
Of *Scotland*, ages known to fame.

Hail to the lovely she, whose charms,
Complete in graces, meets his love ;
Adorn'd with all that greatness warms,
And makes him grateful bow to *Jove*.

Both from a line of patriots rise,
Chiefs of *Dalhousie* and *Pannure*,
Whose loyal fames shall stains despise,
While ocean flows and orbs endure.

The *Ramsays* ! *Caledonia's* prop ;
The *Maules* ! struck still her foes with dread ;
Now join'd, we, from the union, hope
A race of heroes shall succeed,

Let meaner souls transgress the rules
That's fix'd by honour, love and truth,
While little views proclaim them fools,
Unworthy beauty, sense and youth.

Whilst you, blest pair, belov'd by all
The powers above, and blest below,
Shall have delights attend your call,
And lasting pleasures on you flow.

What fate has fix'd, and love has done,
The guardians of mankind approve :
Well may they finish what's begun,
And from your joys all cares remove.

We wish'd——when straight a heavenly voice
Inspir'd——we heard the blue-ey'd maid
Cry, *Who dare quarrel with the choice ?*
The choice is mine, be mine their aid.

Be thine their aid, O wisest power,
And soon again we hope to see
Their plains return, splendid their tower,
And blossom broad the * *Edgewell-Tree*.

Whilst he with manly merits stor'd,
Shall rise the glory of his clan ;
She for celestial sweets ador'd,
Shall ever charm the gracefu' man.

SOON

* See note, p. 153.

Soon may their * *Royal Bird* extend
His sable plumes, and lordships claim,
Which to his valiant fires pertain'd,
Ere earls in *Albion* were a name.

Ye parents of the happy pair,
With gen'rous smiles consenting, own
That they deserve your kindest care;
Thus with the gods their pleasure crown.

Haste, ev'ry *Grace*, each *Love* and *Smile*,
From fragrant *Cyprus* spread the wing;
To deck their couch, exhaust your isle
Of all the beauties of the spring.

On them attend with homage due,
In him are *Mars* and *Phoebus* seen;
And in the noble nymph you'll view
The sage *Minerva* and your *Queen*.



ODE on the Birth of the Most Honourable Marquis of
DURLANRIG.

HELP me, some god, with sic a muse
As *Pope* and *Granville* aft employ,
That I may flowing numbers chuse,
To hail the welcome princely boy.

But, bred up far frae shining courts,
In moorland glens, where nought I see,
But now and then some landart lass,
What sounds polite can flow frae me?

Yet my blyth lass, amang the lave,
With honest heart her homage pays;
Tho' no sae nice she can behave,
Yet always as she thinks she says.

Arise, ye nymphs, on *Nytha's* plains,
And gar the craigs and mountains ring;
Rouse up the fauls of a' the swains,
While you the lovely Infant sing.

* The Spread Eagle sable, on a field argent, is the arms of the
Earl of Dalhousie.

Keep haly-day on ilka howm,

With gowan garlands gird your brows ;

Out o'er the dales in dances roam,

And shout around the jovial news.

By the good bennison of heaven,

To free you frae the future fright

Of foreign lords, a Babe is given,

To guard your int'rest and your right.

With pleasure view your Prince, who late

Up to the state of manhood run,

Now, to complete his happy fate,

Sees his ain image in a Son.

A Son, for whom be this your pray'r,

Ilk morning soon as dawn appears,

God grant him an unmeasur'd skair

Of a' that grac'd his great forbeers :

That his great Sire may live to see,

Frae his delightfu' infant spring,

A wife and stalwart progeny,

To fence their country and their king.

Still blefs her Grace frae whom he sprung,

With blythsome heal her strength renew,

That throw lang life she may be young,

And bring forth cautioners enow.

Watch well, ye tenants of the air,

Wha hover round our heads unseen ;

Let dear *Dumlanrig* be your care,

Or when he lifts or steeks his een.

Ye hardy *Heroes*, whose brave pains

Defeated ay th' invading rout,

Forfake a wee th' *Elysian* plains,

View, smile and blefs your lovely sprout.

Ye fair, wha've kend the joys of love,

And glow with chearfu' heal and youth,

Sic as of auld might nurse a *Jove*,

Or lay the breast t' *Alcide's* mouth ;

The best and bonniest of ye a'

Take the sweet babie in your arms ;

May he nought frae your bosom draw,
But nectar to nurse up his charms.

Harmoniously the notes express,
When singing you his dumps debar,
That discord never may impress
Upon his blooming mind a jar.

Sound a' the *Poet* in his ears,
E'en while he's hanging at the breast:
Thus moulded when he comes to years,
With an exalted gust he'll feast

On lays immortal, which forbid
The death of *Douglafs'* doughty name,
Or in oblivion let lie hid
The *Hydes* their beauty and their fame.



Epistle to Mr JOHN GAY, *Author of the Shepherd's
Week, on hearing her Grace the Dutches of Queens-
berry commend some of his Poems.*

DEAR lad, wha linkan o'er the lee,
Sang *Blowzalind* and *Bowzybee*,
And, like the lavrock, merrily
Wak'd up the morn,
When thou didst tune, with heartsome glee,
Thy bog-reed horn.

To thee, frae edge of *Pentland* height,
Where fawns and fairies take delight,
And revel a' the live-lang night,
O'er glens and braes,
A bard that has the second sight
Thy fortune spaes.

Now, lend thy lug, and tent me, *Gay*,
Thy fate appears like flow'rs in *May*,
Fresh flourishing, and lasting ay,
Firm as the aik,
Which envious winds, when critics bray,
Shall never shake.

Come, shaw your loof.—Ay, there's the line
 Fortells thy verse shall ever shine,
 Dawted whilst living by the nine,
 And a' the best,
 And be, when past the mortal line,
 Of fame posselt.

Immortal *Pope*, and skilfu' *John*,
 The learned *Leach* frae *Callidon*,
 With mony a witty dame and don,
 O'er lang to name,
 Are of your roundels very fon,
 And sound your fame.

And fae do I, wha roose but few,
 Which nae sma' favour is to you:
 For to my friends I stand right true,
 With shanks a spar;
 And my good word (ne'er gi'en but due)
 Gangs unko far.

Here mettled men my muse maintain,
 And ilka beauty is my friend;
 Which keeps me canty, brisk and bein,
 Ilk wheeling hour,
 And a sworn fae to hatefu' spleen,
 And a' that's sour.

But bide ye, boy, the main's to say,
Clarinda bright as rising day,
 Divinely bonny, great and gay,
 Of thinking even,
 Whase words and looks, and smiles display
 Full views of heaven.

To rummage nature for what's braw,
 Like lilies, roses, gems and snaw;
 Compar'd with her's, their lustre fa',
 And bauchly tell
 Her beauties: she excels them a',
 Ard's like her sell.

As fair a form as e'er was blest,
 To have an angel for a guest;
 Happy the prince who is posselt
 Of sic a prize,

Whose

Whose vertues place her with the best
Beneath the skies.

O sonfy *Gay*! this heavenly born,
Whom ev'ry grace strives to adorn,
Looks not upon thy lays with scorn;
Then bend thy knees,
And bless the day that ye was born
With arts to please.

She says, thy sonnet smoothly sings,
Sae ye may crawl and clap your wings,
And smile at *Ether-capit* stings
With careless pride,
When sae much wit and beauty brings
Strength to your side.

Lilt up your pipes, and rise aboon
Your *Trivia* and your moorland tune,
And sing *Clarinda* late and soon,
In touring strains,
'Till gratefu' gods cry out, well done,
And praise thy pains.

Exalt thy voice, that all around
May echoe back the lovely sound
Frae *Dover* cliffs, with samphire crown'd,
To *Thule's* shore,
Where northward no more *Britain's* found,
But seas that rore.

Thus sing——whilst I frae *Arthur's* height,
O'er *Chiviot* glowr with tired sight,
And langing wish, like raving wight,
To be set down,
Frae coach and sax, baith trim and tight,
In *London* town.

But lang I'll gove and bleer my ee,
Before, alake! that sight I see;
Then, best relief, I'll strive to be
Quiet and content,
And streck my limbs down easylie
Upon the bent.

There sing the gowans, broom and trees,
The crystal burn and westlin breeze,

O muse, we could—but stay thy flight;
 The field is sacred as 'tis sweet;
 Who dares to paint the ardent night,
 When ravish'd youth and beauty meet?

Here we must draw a veil between,
 And shade those joys too dazzling clear,
 By ev'ry eye not to be seen,
 Nor to be heard by ev'ry ear.

Still in her smiles, ye *Cupids*, play;
 Still in her eyes your revels keep;
 Her pleasure be your care by day,
 And whisper sweetness in her sleep.

Be banish'd each ill-natur'd care,
 Base offspring of fantastic spleen;
 Of access here you must despair,
 Her breast for you is too serene.

May guardian angels hover round
 Thy head, and ward off all annoy;
 Be all thy days with raptures crown'd,
 And all thy nights be blest with joy.



E P I G R A M.

MINE *RVA* wand'ring in a myrtle grove,
 Accosted thus the smiling queen of love,
 Revenge yourself, you've cause to be afraid,
 Your boasted pow'r yields to a *British* maid:
 She seems a goddess, all her graces shine;
 Love leads her beauty, which eclipses thine.
 Each youth, I know (says *Venus*) thinks she's me;
 Immediately she speaks, they think she's thee:
 Good *Pallas*, thus you're foil'd as well as I.
 Ha, ha! (crys *Cupid*) that's my *Mally Sleigh*.

*On the Marriage of ALEXANDER BRODIE of Brodie,
Lord Lyon King of Arms, and Mrs MARY SLEIGH.*

W H E N time was young, and innocence,
With tender love govern'd this round,
No mean design to give offence
To constancy and truth was found;
All free from fraud, upon the flow'ry sward,
Lovers carest with fond and chaste regard.

From easy labours of the day
Each pair to leafy bowers retir'd;
Contentment kept them ever gay,
While kind connubial sweets conspir'd,
With smiling quiet and balmy health throu' life,
To make the happy husband and the wife.

Our modern wits in wisdom less,
With spirits weak, and wavering minds,
Void of resolve, poorly confess
They cannot relish aught that binds.
Let libertines of taste sue wond'rous nice,
Despise to be confin'd in paradise.

While *Brodie* with his beauteous *Sleigh*,
On purest love can safely feast,
Quaff raptures from her sparkling eye,
And judge of heaven within her breast:
No dubious cloud to gloom upon his joy;
Possessing of what's good can never cloy.

Her beauty might for ever warm,
Altho' her soul were less divine,
The brightness of her mind could charm,
Did less her graceful beauties shine:
But both united, with full force inspire,
The warmest wish, and the most lasting fire.

In your accomplish'd mate, young *Thane*,
Without reserve ye may rejoice;
The heavens your happiness sustain,
And all that think, admire your choice.
Around your treasure circling arms entwine,
Be all thy pleasure her's, and her's be thine,

Rejoice,

Rejoice, dear *Mary*, in thy youth,
The first of his brave ancient clan,
Whose soul delights in love and truth,
And view'd in every light a man,
To whom the fates with liberal hand have given
Good sense, true honour, and a temper even.

When love and reason thus unite
An equal pair in sacred ties,
They gain the human bliss complete,
And approbation from the skies,
Since you approve, kind heaven, upon them pour
The best of blessings to their latest hour.

To you who rule above the sun,
To you who fly in fluid air,
We leave to finish what's begun,
Still to reward and watch the *Pair*.
Thus far the muse, who did an answer wait,
And heard the gods name happiness their fate.

=====

To JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq; on his being chosen Mem-
ber of Parliament.

MY Burchet's name ! well pleas'd, I saw
Among the chosen leet,
Wha are to give *Britannia* law,
And keep her rights complete.
O may the rest wha fill the house
Be of a mind with thee,
And *British* liberty espouse;
We glorious days may see.
The name of Patriot is mair great
Than heaps of ill-win gear:
What boots an opulent estate,
Without a conscience clear?
While sneaking fauls for cash wad troke
Their Country, God and King,
With pleasure we the villain mock,
And hate the worthless thing.

With

With a' your pith, the like of you
 Superior to what's mean,
 Shou'd gar the truckling rogues look blue,
 And cow them laigh and clean.

Down with them—down with a' that dare
 Oppose the nation's right;
 Sae may your fame like a fair star
 Throu' future times shine bright.

Sae may kind heaven propitious prove,
 And grant what e'er ye crave;
 And him a corner in your love,
 Wha is your humble slave.

=====

*The GENERAL MISTAKE: A Satire. Inscribed to the
 Right Honourable Lord ERSKINE.*

THE finish'd mind in all its movements bright,
 Surveys the self-made sumph in proper light,
 Allows for native weakness, but disdains
 Him who the character with labour gains:
 Permit me then, my Lord (since you arise
 With a clear saul aboon the common size)
 To place the following sketches in your view;
 The warld will like me, if I'm roos'd by you.

Is there a fool, frae *Senator* to *Swain*?
 Take ilk ane's verdict for himsell,—there's nane.
 A thousand other wants make thousands fret,
 But nane for want of *Wisdom* quarrels fate.
 Alas! how gen'ral proves the great mistake,
 When others throu' their neighbours failings rake?
 Detraction then, by spite, is born too far,
 And represents men warse than what they are.
 Come then, *Impartial Satire*, fill the stage
 With fools of ilka station, sex and age;
 Point out the folly, hide the person's name,
 Since obduration follows public shame:
 Silent conviction calmly can reform,
 While open scandal rages to a storm.

Proceed,

Proceed, but in the list, poor things forbear,
 Who only in the human form appear,
 Scarce animated with that heavenly fire
 Which makes the soul with boundless thoughts aspire ;
 Such move our pity,——nature is to blame—
 'Tis fools, in some things wise, that satire claim ;
 Such as *Nugator*, mark his solemn mien.
 Stay'd are his features, scarcely more his een,
 Which deep beneath his knotted eye-brows sink,
 And he appears as ane wad guess to think ;
 Even sae he does, and can exactly shaw
 How many beans makes five, tak three awa !
 Deep read in *Latin Folios*, four inch thick,
 He probs your crabit points into the quick ;
 Delights in dubious things to give advice,
 Admires your judgment, if you think him wise :
 And stily stands by what he anes thought right,
 Altho oppos'd with reason's clearest light.
 On him ilk argument is thrown away,
 Speak what you will, he tents not what you say :
 He hears himsell, and currently runs o'er
 All on the subject he has said before :
 'Till glad to ease his jaws and tired tongue,
 Th' opponent rests,——*Nugator* thinks him dung.
 Thou solemn trisler——ken thou art despis'd,
 Thy stiff pretence to wisdom, nathing priz'd
 By sic as can their notions fause decline,
 When truth darts on them with convicting shine.
 How hateful's dull opinion ! prop'd with words,
 That nought to any ane of sense affords,
 But tiresome jargon.——Learn to laugh, at least,
 That part of what thou says may pass for jest.

Now turn your eye to smooth *Chicander* next,
 In whom good sense seems with good humour mixt ;
 But only seems :—for envy, malice, guile,
 And sic base vices, crowd behind his smile.
 Nor can his thoughts beyond mean quirks extend,
 He thinks a trick nae crime that gains his end ;
 A crime ! no, 'tis his brag ; he names it *Wit*,
 And triumphs o'er a better man he'as bit.

Think

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 He thinks a trick nae crime that gains his end;
 A crime! no, 'tis his brag; he names it *Wit*,
 And triumphs o'er a better man he's bit.

Think

Think shame, *Chicander*, of your creeping sights,
 True wisdom in sincerity delights;
 The sumphish mob of penetration shawl,
 May gape and ferly at your cunning faul,
 And make ye fancy that there is desert
 In thus employing a' your sneaking art.
 But do not think that men of clearer sense
 Will e'er admit of sic a vile pretence,
 To that which dignifies the human mind,
 And acts in honour with the bright and blind.

Reverse of this fause face, observe yon youth,
 A strict plain dealer, aft o'er-stretching truth;
 Severely sowl, he's ready to reprove
 The least wrang step in those who have his love;
 Yet what's of worth in them he over-rates;
 But much they're to be pitied whom he hates;
 Here his mistake, his weakest side appears,
 When he a character in pieces tears;
 He gives nae quarter, nor to great or sma',
 Even beauty guards in vain; he lays at a'.
 This humour, aften flowing o'er due bounds,
 Too deeply mony a reputation wounds;
 For which he's hated by the suffering crowd,
 Who jointly 'gree to rail at him aloud,
 And as much shun his sight and bitter tongue,
 As they wad do a wasp that had them stung.
Censorious, learn sometimes at faults to wink,
 The wisest ever speak less than they think;
 Tho' thus superior judgment you may vaunt,
 Yet this proud worm-wood show o't, speaks a want:
 A want in which your folly will be seen,
 'Till you increase in wit, and have less spleen.

Make way there—when a mortal god appears!
 Why do ye laugh? King *Midas* wore sic ears—
 How wise he looks? Well, wad he never speak,
 People wad think him neither dull nor weak:
 But ah! he fancies, 'cause he's chos'n a tool,
 That a furr'd gown can free him frae the fool;
 Straight he, with paughty mien, and lordly glooms,
 A vile affected air, not his, assumes;

Stawks stily by, when better men salute,
 Discovering less of senator than brute.
 Yet, is there e'er a wiser man than he?
 Speer at himsell; and if he will be free,
 He'll tell you, *Nane*.—Will judges tell a lie?

But let him pass, and with a smile observe
 Yon tatter'd shadow, amaisht like to starve;
 And yet he struts, proud of his vast ingine,
 He is an author, writes exquisite fine:
 Sae fine, in faith! that every vulgar head
 Cannot conceive his meaning while they read.
 He hates the world for this;—with bitter rage
 He damns the stupid dulness of the age.
 The printer is unpaid.——Booksellers swear
 Ten copies will not sell in ten lang year;
 And wad not that sair fret a learned mind,
 To see those shou'd be patrons prove sae blind,
 Not to approve of what cost meikle pains,
 Neglect of bus'ness, sleep, and waste of brains?
 And a' for nought, but to be vilely us'd,
 As pages are whilk buyers have refus'd.
 Ah! fellow-lab'ers for the press, take heed,
 And force nae fame that way, if ye wad speed:
 Mankind must be (we hae na other) judge,
 And if they are displeas'd, why shou'd we grudge?
 If happily you gain them to your side,
 Then bauldly mount your *Pegasus*, and ride:
 Value your sell only what they desire;
 What does not take, commit it to the fire.

Next him a penman with a bluffer air,
 Stands 'tween this twa best friends that lull his care,
 Nam'd *Money in baith Pouches*——with three lines
 Yclept a bill, he digs the *Indian* mines,
 Jobs, changes, lends, extorfes, cheats and grips,
 And no ae turn of gainfu' us'ry slips,
 'Till he has won, by wise pretence and snell,
 As meikle as may drive his bairns to hell,
 His ain lang hame.——This sucker thinks nane wile,
 But him who can to immense riches rise:
 Lear, honour, vertue, and sic heavenly beams,
 To him appear but idle airy dreams,

Not fit for men of business to mind,
 That are for great and golden ends design'd.
 Send for him, de'el ! — 'till then, good men, take care
 To keep at distance frae his hook and snare ;
 He has nae rewth, if coin comes in the play,
 He'll draw, indorse, and horn to death his prey.

Not thus *Macfomno* pushes after praise,
 He treats, and is admir'd in all he says ;
 Cash well bestow'd, which helps a man to pass
 For wise in his ain thinking, that's an as :
 Poor skybalds, curs'd with less of wealth than wit,
 Blyth of a *gratis Gaudeamus*, fit
 With look attentive, ready all about,
 To give the laugh when his dull joke comes out ;
 Accustom'd with his conversation bright,
 They ken as by a watch the time of night,
 When he's at sic a point of sic a tale,
 Which to these parasites grows never stale,
 Tho' often tald. — Like *Lethe's* stream, his wine
 Makes them forget ! — that he again may shine.
 ' Fy ! satire, hald thy tongue, thou art too rude
 ' To jeer a character that seems sae good :
 ' This man may beet the poet bare and clung,
 ' That rarely has a shilling in his spung.
 Hang him ! — there's patrons of good sense enew
 To cherish and support the tuneful few,
 Whose penetration's never at a loss
 In right distinguishing of gold frae dross :
 Employ me freely, if thou'd laurels wear,
 Experience may teach thee not to fear.

But see anither gives mair cause for dread,
 He throws his gab, and aft he shakes his head ;
 A slave to self-conceit, and a' that's sow'r,
 T' acknowledge merit, is not in his power :
 He reads. — but ne'er the author's beauties minds,
 And has nae pleasure where nae faults he finds.
 Much hated gowk, tho' vers'd in kittle rules,
 To be a wirry-kow to writing fools ;
 Thy sell the greatest, only learn'd in words,
 Which naithing but the cauld and dry affords.

Dar'st thou of a' thy betters slighting speak,
 That have nae grutten sae meikle learning *Greek*?
 Thy depths well kend, and a' thy silly vaunts,
 To ilka solid thinker shaw thy wants.
 Thus cowards deave us with a thousand lies
 Of dangerous vict'ries they have won in pleas.
 Sae shallow upstarts strive with care to hide
 Their mean descent (which inly gaws their pride)
 By counting kin, and making endless faird,
 If that their grany's uncle's oye's a laird.
 Scar-crows, hen-hearted, and ye meanly born,
 Appear just what ye are, and dread nae scorn;
 Labour in words----keep hale your skins: why not?
 Do well, and nane your laigh extract will quote,
 But to your praise.----Walk-af, till we remark

Yon little coxy wight, that makes sic wark
 With tongue and gate: how crouslly does he stand?
 His taes turn'd out, on his left haunch his hand?
 The right beats time a hundred various ways,
 And points the *Pathos* out in a' he says.
 Wow! but he's proud! when amaisl out of breath,
 At any time he clatters a man to death,
 Wha is oblig'd sometime t' attend the sot,
 To save the captiv'd buttons of his coat,
 Thou dinsome jack-daw, ken 'tis a disease
 This palsy in thy tongue that ne'er can please;
 Of a' mankind, thou art the maist mistane
 To think this way the name of *Sage* to gain.

Now, lest I shou'd be thought too much like thee,
 I'll give my readers leave to breathe a wee;
 If they allow my picture's like the life,
 Mae shall be drawn; originals are rise.

The PHOENIX and the OWL.

PHOENIX the first, th' *Arabian* lord,
 And chief of all the feather'd kind,
 A hund'red ages had ador'd

The sun, with sanctity of mind.

Yet, mortal, he maun yield to fate,

He heard the summons with a smile,

And unalarm'd, without regret,

He form'd himsell a fun'ral pile.

A *Howlet*, bird of mean degree,

Poor, dosen'd, lame, and doited auld,

Lay lurking in a neighb'ring tree,

Curfing the sun loot him be cauld.

Said *Phoenix*, brother, why so griev'd,

To ban the being gives thee breath?

Learn to die better than thou'lt liv'd;

Believe me, there's nae ill in death.

Believe ye that? the *Owl* reply'd;

Preach as ye will, death is an ill:

When young I ilka pleasure try'd,

But now I die against my will.

For you, a species by yourfell,

Near eeldins with the sun your god,

Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell,

Ye're tired, and incline to nod.

It shou'd be sae; for had I been

As lang upon the warld as ye,

Nae tears shou'd e'er drap frae my een,

For tinsel of my hollow tree.

And what, return'd th' *Arabian Sage*,

Have ye t' observe ye have not seen?

Ae day's the picture of an age,

'Tis ay the same thing o'er again.

Come, let us baith together die:

Bow to the sun that gave thee life;

Repent thou frae his beams did flee,

And end thy poortith, pain and strife.

Thou wha in darkness took delight,

Frae twangs of guilt could'st ne'er be free:

What won thou by thy shunning light?----

But time flees on;----I haste to die.

Ye'r servant, sir, reply'd the *Owl*,

I likena in the dark to lowp:

The byword ca's that chiel a fool,

That slips a certainty for hope.

Then

Then straight the zealous feather'd king
To's aromatic nest retir'd,
Collected sun-beams with his wing,
And in a spicy flame expir'd.
Mean time there blew a westlin gale,
Which to the *Howlet* bore a coal;
The saint departed on his pile,
But the blasphemmer in his hole.
He died for ever----fair and bright;
The *Phoenix* frae his ashes sprang.
Thus wicked men sink down to night,
While just men join the glorious thrang.

*To the Honourable Sir JOHN CLERK of PENNYCUIK,
Bart. one of the Barons of the Exchequer, on the Death
of his most accomplished Son, JOHN CLERK, Esq;
who died in the 20th Year of his Age.*

IF tears can ever be a duty found,
'Tis when the deaths of dear relations wound;
Then you must weep, you have too just a ground.

A son whom all the good and wise admir'd,
Shining with ev'ry grace to be desir'd;
Rais'd high your joyful hopes, and then retir'd.

Nature must yield, when such a weighty load
Rouzes the passions, and makes reason nod:
But who may contradict the will of GOD!

By his great Author, man was sent below,
Some things to learn, great pains to undergo,
To fit him for what further he's to know.

This end obtain'd, without regarding time,
He calls the soul home to its native clime,
To happiness and knowledge more sublime.

Thus some in youth like eagles mount the steep,
Which leads to man, and fathom learning's deep;
Others thro' age with reptile motion creep.

Like lazy streams which fill the fenny strand,
In muddy pools they long unactive stand,
'Till spent in vapour, or immers'd in sand.

258 *To Sir JOHN CLERK, on the death of his Son:*

But down its flinty channel, without stain.
The mountain rill flows eagerly to gain,
With a full tide, its origin the the main.

Thus your lov'd *Youth*, whose bright aspiring mind
Could not to lazy minutes be confin'd,
Sail'd down the stream of life before the wind.

Perform'd the task of man, so well, so soon,
He reach'd the sea of bliss before his noon,
And to his memory lasting laurels won.

When life's tempestuous billows ceas'd to rore,
And e'er his broken vessel was no more,
His soul serenely view'd the heavenly shore.

Bravely resign'd, obeying fate's command,
He fix'd his eyes on the immortal land,
Where crowding seraphs reach'd him out the hand.

Soutbeska's smiling cherub * first appear'd,
With *Garlies'* consort †, who vast pleasures shar'd,
Conducting him where virtue finds reward.

Think in the world of sp'rits, with how much joy
His tender *Mother* would receive her boy.
Where fate no more their union can destroy.

His good *Grandfire*, who lately went to rest,
How fondly would he grasp him to his breast,
And welcome him to regions of the blest !

From us, 'tis true, his youthful sweets are gone,
Which may plead for our weakness, when we moan ;
The loss indeed is ours, he can have none.

Thus sailors with a crazy vessel cross,
Expecting every minute to be lost,
With weeping eyes behold a sunny coast.

Where happy land-men safely breathe the air,
Bask in the sun, or to cool shades repair,
They longing sigh, and wish themselves were there.

But who would after death to bliss, lay claim,
Must, like your *Son*, each vicious passion tame,
Fly from the crowd, and at perfection aim.

Then

* James Lord Carnegie, See p. 195.

† Lady Garlies, p. 196. both his near relations.

Then grieve no more, nor vex yourself in vain,
To latest age the character maintain
You now possess, you'll find your *Son* again.

On receiving a letter to be present at the Burial of Mr
ROBERT ALEXANDER of Blackhouse.

THOU sable-border'd sheet, be gone,
Harbour to thee I must refuse;
Sure thou canst welcome find from none,
Who carries such ungrateful news.
Who can attend thy mournful tale,
And ward his soul from piercing woe?
In viewing thee, grief must prevail,
And tears from gushing eyes o'erflow.
From eyes of all that knew the man,
And in his friendship had a share;
Who all the world's affections won,
By virtues that all natural were.
His merits dazzle, while we view;
His goodness is a theme so full,
The muse wants strength to pay what's due,
While estimation prompts the will.
But she endeavours to make known
To farrest down posterity.
That good *Blackhouse* was such an one
As every one should wish to be.

The FAIR ASSEMBLY: A Poem.

A WAKE, *Thalia*, and defend,
With chearfu' caroling,
Thy bonny care,—thy wings extend,
And bear me to your spring;
That harmony full force may lend
To reasons that I bring:---
Now *Caledonian* nymphs attend,
For 'tis to you I sing.

As lang as minds maun organs wear,

Compos'd of flesh and blood,

We ought to keep them hale and clear,

* With exercise and food.

Then, but debate, it will appear

That dancing must be good,

It stagnant humours set a steer,

And fines the purple blood.

Diseases, heaviness and spleen,

And ill things mony mae,

That gar the lazy fret and grane,

With visage dull and blae.

'Tis dancing can do mair alane,

Than drugs frae far away.

To ward aff these, make nightly pain,

And fowr the shining day.

Health is a prize ;—yet meikle mair

In dancing we may find ;

It adds a lustre to the fair,

And, when the fates unkind

Cloud with a blate and aukward air

A genius right refin'd,

† The sprightly art helps to repair

This blemish on the mind.

How mony do, we daily see,

‡ Right scrimp of wit and sense,

Wha gain their aims aft easily

By well-bred confidence ?

* The wise for health on exercise depend,

GOD never made his works for man to mend. DRYD.

† Since nothing appears to me to give children so much becoming confidence and behaviour, and so raise them to the conversation of those above their age, as dancing ; I think they should be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning it. For tho' this consists only in outward gracefulness of motion ; yet I know not how, it gives manly thoughts and carriage more than any thing. LOCK.

‡ It is certain, that for want of a competent knowledge in this art of dancing, which should have been learned when young, the public loses many a man of exquisite intellectuals and unbyass'd probity, purely for want of that so necessary accomplishment, assurance ; while the pressing knave or fool shoulders him out, and gets the prize.

MR WEAVER.

Then

Then what e'er helps to qualifie
 A rustic negligence,
 Maun without doubt a duty be,
 And shou'd give nae offence.
 Hell's doctrine's dung, when equal pairs
 Together join their hands,
 And vow to sooth ilk other's care,
 In haly wedlock bands :
 Sae when to dance the maid prepares,
 And flush'd with sweetness stands,
 At her the wounded lover staves,
 And yields to heaven's commands.
 The first command * he soon obeys,
 While love inspires ilk notion ;
 His wishing look his heart displays,
 While his lov'd mate's in motion :
 He views her with a blyth amaze,
 And drinks with deep devotion
 That happy draught, that throu' our days
 Is own'd a cordial potion.
 The cordial which conserves our life,
 And makes it smooth and easy ;
 Then, ilka wanter, wale a wife,
 Ere eild and humdrums seize ye,
 Whase charms can silence dumps or strife,
 And frae the rake release ye,
 Attend th' *Assembly* where there's rise
 Of virtuous maids to please ye.
 These modest maids inspire the muse,
 In flowing strains to shaw
 Their beauties, which she likes to roose,
 And let the envious blaw :
 That task she canna well refuse,
 Wha sinle says them na.—
 To paint *Belinda* first we chuse,
 With breasts like driven snaw.
 Like lily-banks see how they rise,
 With a fair glen between,

* Dixit eis Deus, foetificate, augete, & implete terram.

Where living streams, blue as the skies,
 Are branching upward seen,
 To warm her mouth, where rapture lyes,
 And smiles, that banish spleen,
 Wha strikes with love and fast surprise,
 Where e'er she turns her een.

Sabella, gracefully complete,
 Straight as the mountain-pine,
 Like pearl and rubies set in jet,
 Her lovely features shine :
 In her the gay and solid meet,
 And blended are sae fine,
 That when she moves her lips or feet,
 She seems some power divine.

O *Daphne*! sweeter than the dawn,
 When rays glance on the height,
 Diffusing gladness o'er the lawn,
 With strakes of rising light.
 The dewy flowers when newly blawn,
 Come short of that delight,
 Which thy far fresher beauties can
 Afford our joyfu' fight.

How easy sits sweet *Celia*'s dress,
 Her gait how gently free ;
 Her steps, throu'out the dance, express
 The justest harmony :
 And when she sings, all must confess,
 Wha're blest to hear and see,
 They'd deem't their greatest happiness
 T'enjoy her company.

And wha can ca' his heart his ain,
 That hears *Aminta* speak ?
 Against love's arrows, shields are vain,
 When he aims frae her cheek ;
 Her cheek, where roses free from stain,
 In glows of youdith beek :
 Unmingl'd sweets her lips retain ;
 These lips she ne'er shou'd steek.
 Unless when fervent kisses close
 That av'nue of her mind,

Thro'

Thro' which true wit in torrents flows,
As speaks the nymph design'd :
The brag and toast of wits and beaus,
And wonder of mankind ;
Whase breast will prove a blest repose
To him with whom she'll bind.

See with what gayety, yet grave,
Serena swims along ;
She moves a goddess 'mang the lave,
Distinguish'd in the thrang.
Ye fourlocks, hafflines fool, haf knave,
Wha hate a dance or sang,
To see this stately maid behave,
'Twad gi'e your hearts a twang.

Your hearts ! said I, throwt I'm to blame,
I had amais't forgotten,
That ye to nae sic organ claim ;
Or if ye do, 'tis rotten.
A faul with sic a thowless flame,
Is sure a silly sot ane :
Ye scandalize the human frame,
When in our shape begotten.

These lurdanes came just in my light,
As I was tenting *Chloe*,
With jet-black een that sparkle bright,
She's all o'er form'd for joy ;
With neck and waist, and limbs as tight
As her's wha drew the boy,
Frae feeding flocks upon the height,
And fled with him to *Troy*.

Now *Myra* dances ; mark her mien,
Sae disengag'd and gay,
Mix'd with that innocence that's seen
In bonny ew-bught *May*,
Wha wins the garland on the green
Upon some bridal-day ;
Yet she has graces for a queen
And might a scepter sway.

What

What lays, *Calista*, can commend

The beauties of thy face !

Whae fancy can sae touring stend,

Thy merits a' to trace !

Frae 'boon the starns, some bard, descend,

And sing her ev'ry grace,

Whae wond'rous worth may recommend

Her to a god's embrace.

A seraph wad our *Aikman* paint,

Or draw a lively wit ;

The features of a happy saint,

Say, art thou fond to hit ?

Or a *Madona* compliment,

With lineaments mair fit ?

Fair copies thou need'st never want,

If bright *Calista* sit.

Mella the heaviest heart can heez ;

And sowrest thoughts expell,

Her station grants her rowth and ease,

Yet is the sprightly *Belle*

As active as the cydent bees,

Wha rear the waxen cell ;

And place her in what light you please,

She still appears herself.

Beauties on beauties come in view

Sae thick, that I'm afraid

I shall not pay to ilk their due,

'Till *Phoebus* lend mair aid :

But this in gen'ral will had true,

And may be safely said,

There's ay a something shining new

In ilk delicious maid.

Sic as agaiſt th' *Assembly* speak,

The rudeſt fauls betray,

When *Matrons* noble, wiſe and meek,

Conduct the healthfu' play .

Where they appear, nae vice dare keek,

But to what's good gives way,

Like night, ſoon as the morning creek

Has uſher'd in the day.

Dear *Ed'nburgh*, shaw thy gratitude,
And of sic friends make sure,
Wha strive to make our minds less rude,
And help our wants to cure ;
Acting a gen'rous part and good,
In bounty to the poor :
Sic vertues, if right understood,
Shou'd ev'ry heart allure.

*On the Royal Company of ARCHERS shooting for the
Bowl, July 6th, 1724.*

*On which Day his Grace JAMES Duke of HAMILTON
was chosen their Captain General; and Mr DAVID
DRUMMOND their Praefes won the Prize.*

A GAIN the year returns the day,
That's dedicate to joy and play,
To *Bonnets, Bows and Wine*.
Let all who wear a fullen face,
This day meet with a due disgrace,
And in their sow'rness pine ;
Be shun'd as serpents, that wad stang
The hand that gi'es them food :
Sic we debar frae lasting sang,
And all their grumblin' brood.

While to gain sport and hale some air,
The blythsome spirit draps dull care,
And starts frae bus'ness free :
Now to the fields the *Archers* bend,
With friendly minds the day to spend,
In manly game and glee ;
First striving wha shall win the bowl,
And then gart flow with wine :
Sic manly sport refresh'd the soul
Of stalwart men lang syne.

Ere parties thrawn, and int'rest vile,
Debauch'd the grandeur of our isle,

And made ev'n brethren faes:
 Syne truth frae friendship was exil'd,
 And fause the honest hearts beguil'd,
 And led them in a maze
 Of politics; — with cunning craft,
 The *Iffachars* of state,
 Frae haly drums first dang us daft,
 Then drown'd us in debate.

Drap this unpleasing thought, dear muse;
 Come, view the men thou likes to roose;
 To *Bruntsfield*-green let's hy,
 And see the royal *Bowmen* strive,
 Wha far the feather'd arrows drive,
 All fouching thro' the sky;
 Alk'etling with his utmost skill,
 With artfu' draught and stark,
 Extending nerves with hearty will,
 In hopes to hit the mark.

See *Hamilton*, wha moves with grace,
 Chief of the *Caledonian* race
 Of peers; to whom is due
 All honours, and a' fair renown;
 Wha lays aside his ducal crown,
 Sometime to shade his brow
 Beneath St *Andrew's* bonnet blue,
 And joins to gain the prize:
 Which shaws true merit match'd by few,
 Great, affable and wise.

This day, with universal voice,
 The *Archers* him their chieftian chose;
 Consenting powers divine,
 They blest the day with general joy,
 By giving him a princely boy,
 To beautify his line;
 Whose birth-day, in immortal sang
 Shall stand in fair record,
 While bended strings the *Archers* twang,
 And beauty is ador'd.

Next *Drummond* view, who gives their law,
 It glads our hearts to see him draw

The bow, and guide the *Band*;
 He, like the faul of a' the lave,
 Does with sic honour still behave,
 As merits to command.
 Blyth be his hours, hale be his heart,
 And lang may he preside:
 Lang the just fame of his desert
 Shall unborn *Archers* read.

How on this fair propitious day,
 With conquest leal he bore away
 The *Bowl* victoriously;
 With following shafts in number four,
 Success the like ne'er kend before,
 The prize to dignify.
 Haste to the garden then bedeen,
 The rose and laurel pow,
 And plet a wreath of white and green,
 To busk the victor's brow.

The victor crown, who with his bow,
 In spring of youth and am'rous glow,
 Just fifty years sinfyne,
 The silver arrow made his prize,
 Yet ceases not in fame to rise,
 And with new feats to shine.
 May every *Archer* strive to fill
 His bonnet, and observe
 The pattern he has set with skill,
 And praise like him deserve.

On the Royal Company of Archers, marching under the Command of his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON, in their proper habits, to shoot for the Arrow at Musselburgh, August 4, 1724.

APPOLO, Patron of the Lyre,
 And of the valiant Archers Bow,
 Me with sic sentiments inspire,
 As may appear from thee they flow,
 When by thy special will, and high command,
 I sing the merits of the ROYAL BAND.

NOW like themselves again the *Archers* raise
 The Bow, in brave array, and claim our lays.
Phoebus well pleas'd, shines from the blue serene,
 Glents on the stream, and gilds the chequer'd green.
 The winds ly hush in their remotest caves,
 And *Forth* with gentle swell his margin leaves.
 See to his shore, the gathering thousands roll,
 As if one gen'ral sp'rit inform'd the whole.
 The bonniest fair of a' *Great Britain's* isle,
 From chariots and the crowded casements smile ;
 Whilst horse and foot promiscuous form a lane,
 Extending far along the destin'd plain,
 Where, like *Bellona's* troops, or guards of love,
 The *Archers* in their proper habits move.

Their guardian saint, from yon ethereal height,
 Displays th' auspicious cross of blazing light ;
 While on his care he chearfully looks down,
 The pointed thistle wears his ruby crown,
 And seems to threat, arm'd ready to engage,
No man unpunish'd shall provoke my rage.
 Well pleas'd the rampant *Lyon* smooths his mane,
 And gambols gay upon his golden plain.

Like as the sun, when wintry clouds are past,
 And fragrant gales succeed the stormy blast,
 Shines on the earth, the fields look fresh and gay :
 So seem the *Archers* on this joyful day :

Whilst

Whilst with his graceful mien, and aspect kind,
 Their *Leader* raises every follower's mind,
 Who love the conduct of a youth, whose birth
 To nothing yields but his superior worth;
 And happier is with his selected train,
 Than *Philip's* son who strove a world to gain.
 That *Prince* whole nations to destruction drove,
 This *PRINCE* delights his country to improve.
 A monarch rais'd upon a throne may nod,
 And pass amongst the vulgar for a god;
 Whilst men of penetration justly blame
 Those who hang on their ancestors for fame;
 But own the dignity of high descent,
 When the successor's spirit keeps the bent,
 Which through revolving ages grac'd the line,
 With all those qualities that brightest shine:
 The *Archers* chieftain thus with active mind,
 In all that's worthy never falls behind.
 These noble characters, from whom he sprung,
 In hist'ry fam'd: whom ancient bards have sung.
 See, from his steady hand, and aiming eye,
 How straight in equal lengths the arrows fly:
 Both at one end close by the mark they stand,
 Which points him worthy of his brave command;
 That as they to his num'rous merits bow,
 This victory makes homage fully due.

Sage *Drummond* next, the chief, with counsel grave,
 Becomes his post, instructing all that's brave:
 So *Pallas* seem'd, who *Mentor's* form put on,
 To make a hero of *Ulysses'* son.

Each officer his character maintains,
 While love and honour gratify their pains.
 No view inferior brings them to the field,
 To whom great chiefs of clans with pleasure yield!

No hidden murmur swells the *Archer's* heart,
 While each with gladness acts his proper part.
 No factious strife, nor plots, the bane of states,
 Give birth to jealousies or dire debates:
 Nor less their pleasure who obedience pay,
 Good order to preserve, as those who sway,

O smiling muse, full well thou knows the fair
 Admire the courteous, and with pleasure share
 Their love with him that's generous and brave,
 And can with manly dignity behave;
 Then haste to warn thy tender care with speed,
 Lest by some random-shaft their hearts may bleed.
 Yon dangerous youths both *Mars* and *Venus* arm,
 While with their double darts they threat and charm;
 Those at their side forbid invading foes,
 With vain attempt true courage to oppose;
 While shafts main subtle, darted from their eye,
 Thro' softer hearts with silent conquest fly.

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of HARTFORD, Lord
 PEIRCY, President, and the rest of the Honourable
 Members of the Society of British Antiquarians, A
 Scots ODE.*

TO *Hartford* and his learned friends,
 Whose fame for science far extends,
 A *Scottish* muse her duty sends,

From *Pictish* towers :
 Health, length of days, and happy ends,
 Be ever yours.

Your generous cares make light arise
 From things obscure to vulgar eyes,
 Finding where hidden knowledge lies,
 T' improve the mind ;
 And most delightfully surprise,
 With thoughts refin'd.

When you the broke inscription read,
 Or amongst antique ruins tread,
 And view remains of princes dead,
 In funeral piles,
 Your penetration seems decreed
 To bless these isles.

Where *Romans* form'd their camps of old,
 Their gods and urns of curious mold,

Their

Their medals struck of brass or gold,
 'Tis you can show,
And truth of what's in story told,
 To you we owe.

How beneficial is the care,
That brightens up the classic lear !
When you the documents compare,
 With authors old,
You ravish, when we can so fair
 Your light behold.

Without your comments, each old book
By all the world would be forfook :
For who of thought wou'd deign to look
 On doubtful works,
'Till by your skilful hands they're struck
 With sterling marks ?

By this your learning men are fir'd
With love of glory, and inspir'd
Like ancient heroes, who ne'er tir'd
 To win a name ;
And, by their god-like acts, aspir'd
 T' immortal fame.

Your useful labours shall endure,
True merit shall your fame secure,
And will posterity allure,
 To search about
For truth, by demonstration sure,
 Which leaves no doubt.

The muse forsoes brave *Hartford's* name:
Shall to all writers be a theme,
To last while arts and greatness claim
 Th' historian's skill,
Or the chief instrument of fame,
 The poet's quill.

Pembroke's a name to *Britain* dear,
For learning and brave deeds of weir ;
The genius still continues clear
 In him whose art,
In your rare fellowship can bear
 So great a part.

272 *To the Society of British Antiquarians.*

Bards yet unborn shall tune their lays,
And monuments harmonious raise
To *Winchelsea* and *Devon's* praise,
Whose high desert,
And virtues bright, like genial rays,
Can life impart.

Nor want we *Caledonians* sage,
Who read the painted vellum page,
No strangers to each antique stage,
And *Druids* cells,
And sacred ruins of each age,
On plains and fells.

Amongst all those of the first rate,
Our learned * *Clerk* blest with the fate
Of thinking right, can best relate
These beauties all,
Which bear the marks of ancient date,
Be north the wall.

The wall which *Hadrian* first begun,
And bold *Severus* carried on,
From rising to the setting sun,
On *Britain's* coast,
Our ancestors fierce arms to shun,
Which gall'd them most.

But now no need of walls or towers,
Ag'd enmity no more endures,
Brave *Britain* joins her warlike powers,
That always dare,
To open and to shut the doors,
Of peace and war.

Advance, great men, your wise design,
And prosper in the task divine;
Draw from antiquity's deep mine
The precious ore,
And in the *British* annals shine
'Till time's no more.

* Sir John Clerk of Pennycook, Bart.

On the Marquis of ANNANDALE's conveying me a Present of Guineas in my Snuff-mill, after he had taken all the Snuff.

THE Chief requir'd my Sniffing-mill,
And well it was bestow'd ;
The Patron, by the rarest Skill,
Turn'd all the snuff to gowd.
Gowd stamp't with royal *Anna's* face,
Piece after piece came forth ;
The pictures smil'd, gi'en with such grace
By ane of so much worth.
Sure thus the patronizing *Roman*
Made *Horace* spread the wing ;
Thus *Dorset*, by kind deeds uncommon,
Rais'd *Prior* up to sing.
That there are patrons yet for me,
Here's a convincing proof,
Since *Annandale* gives gowd as free
As I can part with snuff.

Advice to Mr——on his Marriage.

ALL joy to you and your *Amelie*,
May ne'er your purse nor vigour fail ye ;
But have a care how you employ
Them baith ; and tutor well your joy.
Frae me an auld dab tak advice,
And hane them baith, if ye be wise ;
For warld's wasters, like poor cripples,
Look blunt with poverty and ripples :
There's an auld saw to ilk ane *notum*,
Better to save at braird than bottom ;
Which means, your purse and person use
As canny poets do their muse ;
For whip and spurring never prove
Effectual, or in verse or love.

Sae far, my friend, in merry strain,
 I've given a douse advice and plain,
 And honestly discharg'd my conscience
 In lines (tho' hamely) far frae nonsense.
 Some other chiel may dastily sing,
 That kens but little of the thing,
 And blaw ye up with windy fancies
 That he has thigit frae romances,
 Of endless raptures, constant glee,
 That never was, nor ne'er will be.
 Alake! poor mortals are not gods,
 And therefore often fall at odds;
 But little quarrels, now and than,
 Are nae great faults, 'tween wife and man:
 These help right aften to improve
 His understanding and her love.
 Your rib and you, 'bout hours of drinking,
 May chance to differ in your thinking;
 But that's just like a shower in *May*,
 That gars the sun-blink seem mair gay.
 If e'er she tak the pet, or fret,
 Be calm, and yet maintain your state;
 And smiling, ca' her little foolie,
 Syne with a kifs evite a toolie.
 This method's ever thought the braver,
 Than either cuffs, or clish-ma-claver:
 It shaws a spirit low and common,
 That with ill-nature treats a woman:
 They're of a make sae nice and fair,
 They must be manag'd with some care;
 Respect them, they'll be kind and civil,
 But disregarded, prove the devil.

To Mrs M. M. on her Painting.

TO paint his *Venus*, auld *Apelles*,
 Wal'd a' the bonny maids of *Greece*:
 Thou needs nae mair, but paint *thyself*, lafs,
 To ding the *Painter* and his *Piece*.

The LURE: A Tale.

THE sun just o'er the hills was peeping,
 The hynds arising, gentry sleeping,
 The dogs were barking, cocks were crawling,
 Night-drinking sots counting their lawning;
 Clean were the roads, and clear the day,
 When forth a falconer took his way,
 Nane with him but his she-knight-errant,
 That acts in air the bloody tyrant;
 While with quick wing, fierce beek and claws,
 She breaks divine and human laws;
 Ne'er pleas'd, but with the hearts and livers
 Of peartricks, teals, moor-powts and plivers;
 Yet is she much esteem'd and dandl'd,
 Clean lodg'd, well fed, and saftly handl'd.
 Reason for this need be nae wonder,
 Her parasites share in the plunder.
 Thus sneaking rooks about a court,
 That make oppression but their sport,
 Will praise a paughty bloody king,
 And hire mean hackney-poets to sing
 His glories; while the deel be licket
 He e'er attempt but what he slicket.

So, sir, as I was gawn to say,
 This falconer had tane his way
 O'er *Calder-moor*; and gawn the moss up,
 He there forgather'd with a gossip:
 And wha was't trow ye, but the de'el
 That had disguis'd himsell sae weel
 In human shape, sae snug and wylie;
Jude took him for a burlie-bailie:
 His cloven cloots were hid with shoon,
 A bonnet coor'd his horns aboon:
 Nor spat he fire, or brimstone risted,
 Nor awsome glowr'd; but cawmly listid
 His een and voice and thus began,
Good-morning t'ye, honest man,
Ye're early out:—How far gae ye
This gate?—I'm blyth of company—

What

*What fowl is that, may aye demand,
That stands sae trigly on your hand?*

‘Wow, man! quoth *Juden*, where won ye?’

‘The like was never speer’d at me!’

‘Man, ’tis a *Hawk*, and e’en as good

‘As ever flew, or wore a hood.’

Friend, I’m a stranger, quoth auld *Symmie*,
I hope ye’ll no be angry wi’ me;

The ignorant maun aye be speering

Questions, ’till they come to a clearing.

Then tell me mair——what do ye wi’ t’?

Is’t good to sing? or good to eat?

‘For neither, answer’d simple *Juden*;

‘But helps to bring my lord his food in:

‘When fowls start up that I wad hae,

‘Straight frae my hand I let her gae;

‘Her hood tane aff, she is not langsome

‘In taking captives, which I ransome

‘With a dow’s wing, or chicken’s leg.’

Trowth, quoth the de’el, *that’s nice! I beg*

Ye’ll be sae kind, as let me see

How this same bird of yours can flee.

‘T’oblige ye, friend, I winna stand.’——

Syne loos’d the *Falcon* frae his hand,

Unhooded, up she sprang with birr,

While baith stood staring after her.

But how d’ye get her back? said Nick.

‘For that, quoth *Jude*, I have a trick:

‘Ye see this *Lure*,—it shall command

‘Her upon sight down to my hand.’

Syne twirl’d it thrice, with whieu-whieu-whieu——

And straight upon’t the *Falcon* flew.

As I’m a sinner! crys the de’el,

I like this pastime wonder weel;

And since ye’ve been sae kindly free,

To let her at my bidding flee,

I’ll entertain ye in my gate.——

Mean time it was the will of fate,

A hooded friar (ane of that clan
 Ye have descriv'd by father * *Gawin*,
 In *Master-keys*) came up; good faul!
 Him *Satan* cleek'd up by the spaul,
 Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair,
 Ga'e him a tofs up in the air.
 High flew the son of saint *Loyola*,
 While startled *Juden* gave a *Hola*!
 Bombaz'd with wonder, still he stood.
 The ferly had 'maist crudled his blood,
 To see a monk mount like a facon,
 He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin;
 Thrice did he rub his een to clear,
 And having master'd part o's fear,
 ' His presence be about us a'!
 ' *He cries*, the like I never saw:
 ' See, see! he like a lavrock tours——
 ' He'll reek the starns in twa'r three hours!
 ' Is't possible to bring him back?'
For that, quoth Nick, I have knack;
To train my Birds I want na Lures,
Can manage them as ye do your's:
And there's ane coming, hie gate, hither,
Shall soon bring down the haly brither.

This was a fresh young landwart *Lass*,
 With cheeks like cherries, een like glafs;
 Few coats she wore, and they were kilted,
 And (*John come kiss me now*) she lilted,
 As she skift o'er the benty knows,
 Gawn to the bught to milk the ewes;
 Her in his hand ssee *Belzie* hint up,
 As eith as ye wad do a pint-stoup,
 Inverted, wav'd her round his head;
Whieu—whieu—he whistled, and with speed
 Down, quick as shooting starns, the priest
 Came soufe upon the lass's breast.

* The reverend Anthony Gawin, formerly a Spanish Roman Catholic Priest, now an Irish Protestant minister, who hath lately wrote three volumes on the tricks and whoredoms of the priests and nuns; which book he names *Master-keys to Popery*.

The moral of this tale shews plainly
That carnal minds attempt but vainly
Aboon this laigher warld to mount,
While slaves to *Satan*.

*An ANACREONTICK on Love.*

WHEN a' the warld had clos'd their een,
Fatigù'd with labour, care and din,
And quietly ilka weary wight
Enjoy'd the silence of the night:
Then *Cupid*, that ill-deedy gett,
With a' his pith rapt at my yett.
Surpriz'd, throw sleep, I cry'd, Wha's that?
Quoth he, *A poor young wean a' wat;*
Oh! haste ye apen,—fear nae skaith,
Else soon this storm will be my death.

With his complaint my faul grew wae,
For as he said I thought it fae;
I took a light, and fast did rin
To let the chittering infant in:
And he appear'd to be nae kow,
For a' his quiver, wings and bow.
His bairnly smiles and looks gave joy,
He seem'd sae innocent a boy:
I led him ben but any pingle,
And beekt him brawly at my ingle;
Dighted his face, his handies thow'd,
'Till his young cheeks, like roses, glow'd.
But soon as he grew warm and fain,
Let's try, quoth he, *if that that the rain*
Has wrang'd ought of my sporting gear,
And if my bow string's hale and fier.
With that his arch'ry graith he put
In order, and made me his butt;
Mov'd back a-piece,—his bow he drew,
Fast throw my breast his arrow flew.
That done, as if he'd found a nest,
He leugh, and with unsonsy jest,

Cry'd,

Cry'd, Nibour, I'm right blyth in mind,
That in good tist my bow I find :
Did not my arrow flie right smart ?
Ye'll find it sticking in your heart.

*On Mr DRUMMOND's being chosen one of the Honourable
Commissioners of the Customs. An Epigram.*

THE good are glad, when merit meets reward ;
And thus they share the pleasure of another,
While little minds, who only self regard,
Will sicken at the success of a brother.
Hence I am pleas'd to find myself right class'd,
Even by this mark, that's worthy of observing ;
It gives me joy, the patent lately pass'd
In favour of dear *Drummond*, most deserving.

*The Address of the MUSE to the Right Hon. GEORGE
DRUMMOND, Esq; Lord Provost, and Council of
Edinburgh.*

MY Lord, my patron, good and kind,
Whose every act of generous care
The patriot shews, and trusty friend ;
While favours by your thoughts refin'd,
Both public and the private share.
To you the muse her duteous homage pays,
While *Edinburgh's* interest animates her lays.

Nor will the best some hints refuse :
The narrow soul, that least brings forth,
To an advice the rarest bows ;
Which the extensive mind allows,
Being conscious of its genuine worth,
Fears no eclipse ; nor with dark pride declines,
A ray from light, that far inferior shines.

Our reason and advantage call
Us to preserve what we esteem ;

And each should contribute, tho' small,
Like silver rivulets that fall

In one, and make a spreading stream.
So should a city all her care unite,
T'engage with entertainments of delight.

Man for society was made,

His search of knowledge has no bound;
Through the vast deep he loves to wade,
But subjects ebb, and spirits fade,

On wilds and thinly peopl'd ground.
Then where the world, in minature, employs
Its various arts, the soul its wish enjoys.

Sometimes the social mind may rove,
And trace, with contemplation high,
The natural beauties of the grove,
Pleas'd with the turtle's making love,
While birds chant in a summer sky.

But when cold winter snows the naked fields,
The city then its changing pleasure yields.

Then you, to whom pertains the care,
And have the power to act aright,
Nor pains, nor prudent judging spare,
The GOOD TOWN'S failings to repair,
And give her lovers more delight
Much you have done, both useful and polite;
O never tire! 'till every plan's complete.

Some may object, we money want,
Of every project soul and nerve.

'Tis true;—but sure, the parliament
Will ne'er refuse frankly to grant

Such funds as good designs deserve.
The thriving well of each of *Britain's* towns,
Adds to her wealth, and more her grandeur crowns.

Allow that fifteen thousand pounds
Were yearly on improvements spent;
If luxury produce the funds,
And well laid out there are no grounds

For murmuring, or the least complaint:
Materials all within our native coast,
The poor's employ'd, we gain, and nothing's lost.

Two hundreds, for five pounds a day,
Will work like *Turkish* galley-slaves;
And e'er they sleep, they will repay
Back all the public forth did lay,

For small support that nature craves.
Thus kept work, few twangs of guilt they feel,
And are not tempt' by pinching want to steal.

Most wisely did our city move,
When * *Hope*, who judges well and nice,
Was chosen fittest to improve,
From rushy tufts the pleasing grove,
From bogs a rising paradise.

Since earth's foundation, to our present day,
The beauteous plain in mud neglected lay.

Now, evenly planted, hedg'd and drain'd,
Its verdures please the scent and sight;
And here the FAIR may walk unpain'd,
Her flowing silks and shoes unstain'd,

Round the green *Circus* of delight:
Which shall by ripening time still sweeter grow,
And *Hope* be fam'd while *Scotsmen* draw the bow.

Ah! while I sing, the northern air,
Throu' gore and carnage gives offence;
Which should not, while a river fair,
Without our walls flows by so near;
Carriage from thence but small expence:

The useful *Corporation* too would find,
By working there, more health, and ease of mind.

Then sweet our northern flow'rs would blow,
And sweet our northern alleys end:
Sweet all the northern springs would flow,
Sweet northern trees and herbs would grow,
And from the lake a field be gain'd:

Where on the spring's green margent by the dawn,
Our maids might wash, and blanch their lace and lawn.

* Mr Hope of Rankellour, who has beautifully planted, hedged and drained Straiton's Meadow, which was formerly the bottom of a lake.

* Forbid a nasty pack to place
 On stalls unclean their herbs and roots,
 On the high street a vile disgrace,
 And tempting to our infant-race,
 To swallow poison with their fruits.

Give them a station, where less spoil'd and seen,
 The healthful herbage may keep fresh and clean.

Besides they straiten much our street,
 When those who drive the hack and dray,
 In drunk and rude confusion meet,
 We know not where to turn our feet;
 Mortal our hazard every way.

Too oft the ag'd, the deaf, and little fry,
 Hem'd in with stalls, crush'd under axles lie.

Clean order yields a vast delight,
 And genius's that brightest shine,
 Prefer the pleasure of the sight
 Justly, to theirs who day and night
 Sink health and active thought in wine.

Happy the man that's clean in house and weed,
 Tho' water be his drink, and oats his bread.

Kind fate, on them whom I admire,
 Bestow neat rooms and gardens fair,
 Pictures that speak the painter's fire,
 And learning which the nine inspire,

With friends that all his thoughts may share;
 A house in *Edinburgh*, when the fullen storm
 Defaces nature's joyous fragrant form.

O! may we hope to see a stage,
 Fill'd with the best of such as can

* With the more freedom some thoughts in these stanza's are advanced, because several citizens of the best thinking, both in and out of the magistracy, incline to, and have such views, if they were not oppos'd by some of gross old fashion'd notions. Such will tell you, O! the street of *Edinburgh* is the finest garden of Scotland, And how can it otherwise be, considering how well 'tis dung'd every night? But this abuse we hope to see reform'd soon, when the cart and warning-bell shall leave the lazy slaters without excuse, after ten at night.

Smile

Smile down the follies of the age,
Correct dull pride and party-rage,
And cultivate the growing man;
And shew the virgin every proper grace,
That makes her mind as comely as her face.

Nor will the most devout oppose,
When with a strict judicious care,
The scenes most vertuous shall be chose,
That numerous are, forbidding those
That shock the modest, good and fair.
The best of things may often be abus'd ;
That argues not, when right, to be refus'd.

Thus, what our fathers wasting blood,
Of old from the south Britons won,
When Scotland reach'd to Humber's flood,
We shall regain by arts less rude,
And bring the best and fairest down,
From England's northern counties, nigh as far
Distant from court, as we of *Pictland* are.

Thus far inspir'd with honest zeal,
These thoughts are offer'd with submission,
By your own bard, who ne'er shall fail
The interest of the common weal,

While you indulge and grant permission
To your oblig'd, thus humbly to rehearse
His honest and well-meaning thoughts in verse.

=====

On his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON's shooting an Arrow through the Neck of an Eel.

AS from a bow a fatal flane,
Train'd by *Apollo* from the main,
In water pierc'd an Eel ;
Sae may the PATRIOT's power and art,
Sic fate to souple rogues impart,
That drumble at the common weal.
Tho' they, as ony Eels, are slid,
And thro' what's vile can scud,
A bolt may reach them, tho' deep hid
They sculk beneath their mud.

BETTY and KATE: *A Pastoral Farewell to Mr Aik-
MAN, when he went for London.*

B E T T Y.

D E A R *Katie*, Willy's e'en away!
Willy, of herds the wale,
To feed his flock, and make his hay
Upon a distant dale,
Far to the southward of this height
Where now we dowie stray;
Ay heartsome when he chear'd our sight,
And leugh with us a' day.

K A T E.

O *Willy*, can dale dainties please
Thee mair than moorland ream?
Does *I/s* flow with sweeter ease
Than *Fortha's* gentle stream?
Or takes thou rather mair delyt
In the strae-hatted maid,
Than in the blooming red and whyt
Of her that wears the plaid?

B E T T Y.

Na, *Kate*, for that we needna mourn,
He is not gi'en to change;
But fauls of sic a shining turn,
For honours like to range:
Our laird, and a' the gentry round,
Who mauna be said nay,
Sic pleasure in his art have found,
They winna let him stay.
Blyth I have stood frae morn to een,
To see how true and weel
He cou'd delyt us on the green
With a piece cawk and keel,
On a slid stane, or smoother slate,
He can the picture draw
Of you or me, or sheep or gait,
The likest e'er ye saw.
Lafs, thinkna shame to ease your mind,
I see ye're like to greet;

Let

Let gae these tears, 'tis justly kind,
For shepherd sae complete.

K A T E.

Far, far! o'er far frae *Spey* and *Clyde*,
Stands that great town of *Lud*,
To whilk our best lads rin and ride,
That's like to put us wood:
For sindle times they e'er come back,
Wha anes are hestit there.
Sure, *Bess*, thir hills are no sae black,
Nor yet thir howms sae bare.

B E T T Y.

Our rigs are rich, and green our heights,
And well our cares reward;
But yield, nae doubt, far less delights,
In absence of our laird.
But we maun cawmly now submit,
And our ill luck lament,
And leave't to his ain sense and wit
To find his heart's content.
A thousand gates he had to win
The love of auld and young,
Did a' he did with little din,
And in nae deed was dung.

K A T E.

William and *Mary* never fail'd
To welcome with a smile,
And hearten us, when ought we ail'd,
Without designing guile.
Lang may she happily possess
Wha's in his breast infest,
And may their bonny bairns increase,
And a' with rowth be left.
O *William*, win your laurels fast,
And syne we'll a' be fain,
Soon as your wand'ring days are past,
And you're return'd again.

B E T T Y.

Revive her joys by your return,
To whom you first gave pain;

Judge how her passions for you burn,
 By these you bear your ain.
 Sae may your kirk with fatness flow,
 And a' your ky be sleek;
 And may your hearts with gladness glow,
 In finding what ye seek.



*To Mr DAVID MALLOCH, on his Departure from
 Scotland.*

SINCE fate, with honour, bids thee leave
 Thy country for a while,
 It is nae friendly part to grieve,
 When powers propitious smile.
 The task assign'd thee's great and good
 To cultivate two *Grabams*,
 Wha from bauld heroes draw their blood
 Of brave immortal names.
 Like wax the dawning genius takes
 Impressions, thrawin or even;
 Then he wha fair the molding makes,
 Does journey work for heaven.
 The four weak pedants spoil the mind
 Of those beneath their care,
 Who think instruction is confin'd
 To poor grammatic ware.
 But better kens my friend, and can
 Far nobler plans design,
 To lead the boy up to a man
 That's fit in courts to shine.
 Frae *Grampian* heights, some may object,
 Can you sic knowledge bring?
 But those laigh thinkers ne'er reflect,
 Some fauls ken ilka thing.
 With vasser ease at the first glance,
 Than misty minds that plod
 And thresh for thought, but ne'er advance
 Their stawk aboon their clod.

But

But he * that could in tender strains
 Raife *Margaret's* plaining shade,
 And paint distress that chills the veins,
 While *William's* crimes are red ;
 Shaws to the world, cou'd they observe,
 A clear deserving flame——
 Thus I can roose without reserve,
 When truth supports my theme.
 Gae, Lad, and win a nation's love,
 By making those in trust,
 Like *Wallace's Achates* †, prove
 Wise, generous, brave and just.
 Sae may his grace, th' illustrious *Sire*,
 With joy paternal see
 Their rising bleeze of manly fire,
 And pay his thanks to thee.

=====

To CALISTA: *An Epigram.*

ANES wisdom, majesty and beauty,
 Contended to allure the swain,
 Wha fain wad paid to ilk his duty ;
 But only ane the prize could gain.
 Were *Jove* again to redd debate
 Between his spouse and daughters twa,
 And were it dear *Calista's* fate
 To bid amang them for the ba' :
 When given to her, the shepherd might
 Then with the single apple serve a' ;
 Since she's posselt of a' that's bright
 In *Juno*, *Venus*, and *Minerva*.

* *William* and *Margaret*, a balled in imitation of the old manner, wherein the strength of thought and passion is more observed than a rant of unmeaning words.

† The heroic Sir John Graham, the glory of his name and nation, (and dearest friend of the renowned Sir William Wallace) ancestor of his grace the Duke of Montrose.

INSCRIPTION *on the Tomb-stone of Mr ALEXAN-
DER WARDLAW, late Chamberlain to the Right Hon.
the Earl of Wigton, erected by his Son Mr JOHN
WARDLAW in the Church of Biggar.*

HERE lies a man, whose upright heart
With virtue was profusely stor'd,
Who acted well the honest part
Between the tenants and their lord.
Between the sands and flinty rock
Thus steer'd he in the golden mean,
While his blyth countenance bespoke
A mind unruff'd and serene.
As to great Bruce the *Flemings* prov'd
Faithful, so to the *Flemings* heir
Wardlaw behav'd, and was belov'd
For's justice, candor, faith and care.
His merit shall preserve his fame
To latest ages, free from rust,
'Till the arch-angel raise his frame
To join his soul amongst the just.

~~~~~  
*An ODE sacred to the Memory of her Grace ANNE  
Dutcheß of HAMILTON.*

WHY sounds the plain with sad complaint?  
Why hides the sun his beams?  
Why sighs the winds sae bleak and cauld?  
Why mourn the swelling streams?  
Wail on, ye heights; ye glens, complain;  
Sun, wear thy cloudy veil:  
Sigh, winds, frae frozen caves of snaw;  
*Clyde*, mourn the rueful tale.  
She's dead, the beauteous *Anna's* dead;  
All nature wears a gloom:

Alas!

Alas! the comely budding flower  
Is faded in the bloom.  
Clos'd in the weeping marble-vault,  
Now cauld and blae she lies;  
Nae mair the smiles adorn her cheek,  
Nae mair she lifts her eyes.  
Too soon, O sweetest, fairest, best,  
Young parent, lovely mate,  
Thou leaves thy lord and infant son  
To weep thy early fate.  
But late thy chearfu' marriage-day,  
Gave gladness all around;  
But late in thee, the youthful chief  
A heaven of blessings found.  
His bosom swells, for much he lov'd;  
Words fail to paint his grief:  
He starts in dream, and grasps thy shade,  
The day brings nae relief.  
The fair illusion skims away,  
And grief again returns;  
Life's pleasures makes a vain attempt,  
Disconsolate he mourns.  
He mourns his loss, a nation's loss,  
It claims a flood of tears,  
When sic a lov'd illustrious star  
Sae quickly disappears.  
With roses and the lily-buds,  
Ye nymphs, her grave adorn,  
And weeping tell, thus sweet she was,  
Thus early from us torn.  
To silent twilight shades retire,  
Ye melancholy swains,  
In melting notes repeat her praise,  
In sighing vent your pains.  
But haste, calm reason, to our aid,  
And paining thoughts subdue,  
By placing of the pious Fair  
In a mair pleasing view:  
Whose white immortal mind now shines,  
And shall for ever bright,

290      *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.*

Above th' insult of death and pain,

By the *first spring of light*.

There joins the high melodious thrang,

That strikes eternal strings :

In presence of *Omnipotence*,

She now a *Seraph* sings.

Then cease great *James* thy flowing tears,

Nor rent thy soul in vain :

Frae bowers of bliss she'll ne'er return

To kind arms again.

With goodness still adorn thy mind,

True greatness still improve ;

Be still a patriot just and brave,

And meet thy Saint above.

=====

ODE to the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON. *Inscribed  
to the Royal Society of London, for the Improving  
of Natural Knowledge.*

3 GREAT *Newton's* dead.—full-ripe his fame ;

Cease, vulgar grief, to cloud our song :

We thank the *Author* of our frame,

Who lent him to the earth so long.

The god like *Man* now mounts the sky,

Exploring all yon radiant spheres ;

And with one view can more descry,

Than here below in eighty years :

Tho' none, with greater strength of soul,

Could rise to more divine a height,

Or range the *Orbs* from *Pole* to *Pole*,

And more improve the human sight.

Now with full joy he can survey

These worlds, and ev'ry shining blaze,

That countless in the *Milky Way*,

Only thro' glasses shew their rays.

Thousands in thousand arts excell'd,

But often to one part confin'd ;

While

While ev'ry science stood reveal'd  
 And clear to his capacious mind.  
 His penetration, most profound,  
 Launch'd far in that extended sea,  
 Where human minds can reach no bound,  
 And never div'd so deep as he.  
 Sons of the east and western world,  
 When on this *Leading Star* ye gaze,  
 While magnets guide the sail unfurl'd,  
 Pay to his memory due praise.  
 Thro' ev'ry maze, he was the guide ;  
 While others crawl'd, he soar'd above :  
 Yet modesty, unstain'd with pride,  
 Increas'd his merit, and our love.  
 He shunn'd the sophistry of words,  
 Which only hatch contentious spite ;  
 His learning turn'd on what affords  
 By *Demonstration* most delight.  
 Britain may honourably boast,  
 And glory in her *matchless Son*,  
 Whose genius has *invented* most,  
 And *finish'd* what the rest begun.  
 Ye *Fellows* of the *Royal Class*,  
 Who honour'd him to be your *Head*,  
 Erect in finest stone and brass  
 Statues of the *Illustrious Dead*.  
 Altho' more lasting than them all,  
 Or ev'n the *Poet's* highest strain,  
 His *Works*, as long as wheels this ball,  
 Shall his great memory sustain.  
 May from your *Learned Band* arise  
*Newtons* to shine thro' future times,  
 And bring down knowledge from the skies,  
 To plant on wild *Barbarian* climes.  
 'Till nations, few degrees from brutes,  
 Be brought into each proper road,  
 Which leads to wisdom's happiest fruits,  
 To know their Saviour and their God.



To WILLIAM SOMERVILE of Warwickshire, Esq; on  
reading several of his excellent Poems.

SIR, I have read, and much admire  
Your muse's gay and easy flow,  
Warm'd with that true *Idalian* fire  
That gives the bright and chearful glow.  
I con'd each line with joyous care,  
As I can such from fun to fun ;  
And like the glutton o'er his fare  
Delicious, thought them too soon done.  
The witty smile, nature and art,  
In all your numbers so combine,  
As to complete their just desert,  
And grace them with uncommon shine.  
Delighted we your muse regard,  
When she like *Pindar's* spreads her wings ;  
And virtue being its own reward,  
Expresses by the *Sister Springs*.  
Emotions tender croud the mind,  
When with the royal bard you go,  
To sigh in notes divinely kind,  
*The mighty sal'n on mount Gilbo.*  
Much surely was the virgin's joy,  
Who with the *Iliad* had your lays ;  
For e'er, and since the siege of *Troy*,  
We all delight in love and praise.  
These heaven-born passions, such desire,  
I never yet cou'd think a crime ;  
But first-rate virtues which inspire  
The soul to reach at the sublime.  
But often men mistake the way,  
And pump for fame by empty boast,  
Like your *gilt Ass*, who stood to bray,  
'Till in a flame his tail he lost.  
Him th' incurious benchers hits,  
With his own tale, so tight and clean,

That

That while I read, streams gush, by fits  
Of hearty laughter, from my cen.

Old *Chaucer*, bard of vast ingine,  
*Fontaine* and *Prior*, who have sung  
Blyth tales the best; had they heard thine  
On *Lob*, they'd own'd themselves out-done.

The plot's pursu'd with so much glee,  
The too officious *Dog* and *Priest*,  
The '*Squire oppress'd*', I own, for me,  
I never heard a better jest.

*Pope* well describ'd an *Ombre Game*,  
And *King revenging Captive Queen*;  
He merits; but had won more fame,  
If author of your *Bowling-green*.

You paint your parties, play each bowl,  
So natural, just, and with such ease,  
That while I read, upon my soul!  
I wonder how I chance to please.

Yet I have pleas'd, and please the best;  
And sure to me laurels belong,  
Since *British* fair, and 'mongst the best,  
*Somerville's* consort likes my song.

Ravish'd I heard th' harmonious fair  
Sing, like a dweller of the sky,  
My verses with a *Scotian* air;  
Then saints were not so blest as I.

In her the valu'd charms unite;  
She really is what all would seem,  
Gracefully handsome, wise and sweet;  
'Tis merit to have her esteem.

Your noble kinsman her lov'd mate,  
Whose worth claims all the world's respect,  
Met in her love a smiling fate,  
Which has, and must have good effect.

You both from one great lineage spring,  
Both from *de Somerville*, who came  
With *William*, *England's* conquering king,  
To win fair plains, and lasting fame.

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*Which* he left to's eldest son,  
That first-born chief you represent;  
His second came to *Caledon*,  
From whom our *Somer'le* takes descent.

On him and you may fate bestow  
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,  
As long's ye'd wish to live below,  
Still blest with all you wou'd desire.

O Sir! oblige the world, and spread  
In print\* those and your other lays;  
This shall be better'd while they read,  
And after-ages sound your praise.

I cou'd enlarge—but if I shou'd  
On what you've wrote, my *Ode* wou'd run  
Too great a length—your thoughts so croud,  
To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a muse,  
Who on her *Pictland* hills ne'er tires;  
Nor shou'd (when worth invites) refuse  
To sing the person she admires.

---

*An Epistle from Mr SOMERVILE.*

N EAR fair *Avona*'s silver tide,  
Whose waves in soft meanders glide,  
I read, to the delighted swains,  
Your jocund songs, and rural strains.  
Smooth as her streams your numbers flow,  
Your thoughts in vary'd beauties show,  
Like flow'rs that on her borders grow.  
While I survey, with ravish'd eyes,  
This † friendly gift, my valu'd prize,  
Where sister *Arts*, with charms divine,  
In their full bloom and beauty shine,

\* Since the writing of this Ode, Mr Somerville's poems are printed by Mr Lintot in an 8vo vol.

† Lord Somerville was pleased to send me his own picture, and Mr Ramsay's works.

Alternately my soul is blest.  
Now I behold my welcome guest,  
That graceful, that engaging air,  
So dear to all the brave and fair.  
Nor has th' ingenious artist shown  
His outward lineaments alone,  
But in th' expressive draught design'd  
The nobler beauties of his mind ;  
True friendship, love, benevolence,  
Unstudied wit and manly sense.  
Then, as your book, I wander o'er,  
And feast on the delicious store,  
(Like the laborious busy bee,  
Pleas'd with the sweet variety)  
With equal wonder and surprize,  
I see resembling portraits rise.  
Brave archers march in bright array,  
In troops the vulgar line the way.  
Here the droll figures sily sneer,  
Or coxcombs at full length appear.  
There woods and lawns, a rural scene,  
And swains that gambol on the green.  
Your pen can act the pencil's part  
With greater genius, fire and art.

Believe me, bard, no hunted hind  
That pants against the southern wind,  
And seeks the stream thro' unknown ways ;  
No matron in her teeming days,  
E'er felt such longings, such desires,  
As I to view those lofty spires,  
Those domes, where fair *Edina* shrouds  
Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.  
But oh ! what dangers interpose ?  
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows,  
Proud winter-floods with rapid force,  
Forbid the pleasing intercourse.  
But sure we bards, whose purer clay  
Nature has mixt with less alloy,  
Might soon find out an easier way.  
Do not sage matrons mount on high,  
And switch their broom-sticks thro' the sky ;

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Ride post o'er hills, and woods, and seas,  
From *Thule* to th' \* *Hesperides* ?  
And yet the men of *Gresham* own  
That this and stranger feats are done,  
By a warm fancy's power alone.  
This granted ; why can't you and I  
Stretch forth our wings and cleave the sky ?  
Since our poetic brains, you know,  
Than theirs must more intensely glow.  
Did not the *Theban* swan take wing,  
Sublimely soar, and sweetly sing ?  
And do not we of humbler vein,  
Sometimes attempt a loftier strain,  
Mount sheer out of the reader's sight,  
Obscurely lost in clouds and night ?

Then climb your *Pegasus* with speed,  
I'll meet thee on the banks of *Tweed* :  
Not as our fathers did of yore,  
To swell the flood with crimson gore ;  
Like the *Cadmean* murd'ring brood,  
Each thirsting for his brother's blood.  
For now all hostile rage shall cease ;  
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,  
Our honest hands and hearts shall join,  
O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine.  
Let *Peggy* at thy elbow wait,  
And I shall bring my bonny *Kate*.  
But hold——oh ! take a special care,  
T' admit no prying *Kirkman* there ;  
I dread the *Penitential Chair*.  
What a strange figure shou'd I make,  
A poor abandon'd *English* rake ;  
A squire well-born, and six foot high,  
Perch'd in that sacred pillory ?  
Let spleen and zeal be banish'd thence,  
And troublesome impertinence,  
That tells his story o'er again :  
Ill-manners and his saucy train,

\* The Scilly Islands were so called by the antients, as Mr Camden observes.



And self-conceit, and stiff rumpst pride,  
 That grin at all the world beside ;  
 Foul scandal, with a load of lies,  
 Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies ;  
 Fame's busy hawker, light as air,  
 That feeds on frailties of the fair :  
 Envy, hypocrisy, deceit,  
 Fierce party-rage, and warm debate ;  
 And all the hell-hounds that are foes  
 To friendship, and the world's repose.  
 But mirth instead, and dimpling smiles,  
 And wit, that gloomy care beguiles ;  
 And joke, and pun, and merry tale,  
 And toasts, that round the table sail :  
 While laughter, bursting thro' the crowd  
 In volleys, tells our joys aloud.  
 Hark ! the shrill piper mounts, on high,  
 The woods, the streams, the rocks reply,  
 To his far-sounding melody.  
 Behold each lab'ring squeeze prepare  
 Supplies of modulated air  
 Observe *Croudero's* active bow,  
 His head still nodding to and fro,  
 His eyes, his cheeks with raptures glow.  
 See, see the bashful nymphs advance,  
 To lead the regulated dance,  
 Flying still, the swains pursuing,  
 Yet with backward glances wooing.  
 This, this shall be the joyous scene ;  
 Nor wanton elves that skim the green  
 Shall be so blest, so blyth, so gay,  
 Or less regard what dotards say.  
 My *Rose* shall then your *Thisle* greet,  
 The *Union* shall be more compleat ;  
 And, in a bottle and a friend,  
 Each national dispute shall end.

*Answer*

*Answer to the above Epistle from WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq; of Warwickshire.*

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleasure,  
 On the receipt, exceeded measure.  
 You write with so much sp'rit and glee,  
 Sae smooth, sae strong, correct and free;  
 That any he (by you allow'd  
 To have some merit) may be proud.  
 If that's my fault, bear you the blame,  
 Whav'e lent me sic a list to fame.  
 Your ain tours high, and widens far,  
 Bright glancing like a first-rate star,  
 And all the world bestow due praise  
 On the *Collection* of your lays;  
 Where various arts and turns combine,  
 Which even in parts first poets shine:  
 Like *Mat* and *Swift* ye sing with ease,  
 And can be *Waller* when you please.  
 Continue, sir, and shame the crew  
 That's plagu'd with having nought to do,  
 Who fortune in a merry mood  
 Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,  
 But has deny'd a genius fit  
 For action or aspiring wit;  
 Such kenna how t' employ their time,  
 And think activity a crime:  
 Aught they to either do, or say,  
 Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!  
 When money, their *Factotum*'s able  
 To furnish them a numerous rabble,  
 Who will, for daily drink and wages,  
 Be chair-men, chaplains, clerks, and pages:  
 Could they like you, employ their hours  
 In planting these delightful flowers,  
 Which carpet the poetic fields,  
 And lasting funds of pleasure yields;  
 Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away,  
 Or sleep or loiter out the day,

Or waste the night damning their fauls  
In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls :  
Whence pox and poverty proceed  
An early eild, and spirits dead.  
Reverse of you ;—and him you love,  
Whose brighter spirit tours above  
The mob of thoughtless lords and beaus,  
Who in his ilka action shows  
*True friendship, love, benevolence,*  
*Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense.*  
Allow here what you've said yoursell,  
Nought can b' exprest so just and well :  
To him and her, worthy his love,  
And every blessing from above,  
A son is given, GOD save the boy,  
For theirs and every *Som'ril's* joy.  
Ye wardens, round him take your place,  
And raise him with each manly grace ;  
Make his *Meridian* vertues shine,  
To add fresh lustres to his line :  
And many may the mother see  
Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, sir, when *Boreas* nae mair thuds  
Hail, snaw and fleet, frae blacken'd clouds ;  
While *Caledonia's* hills are green,  
And a' her *Straths*, delight the een ;  
While ilka flower with fragrance blows,  
And a' the year its beauty shows ;  
Before again the winter lour,  
What hinders then your northern tour ?  
Be sure of welcome : nor believe  
These wha an ill report would give  
To *Ed'nburgh* and the land of cakes,  
That nought what's necessary lacks.  
Here plenty's goddess frae her horn  
Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,  
In blyth abundance ; —and yet mair,  
Our men are brave, our ladies fair.  
Nor will *North Britain* yield for fouth  
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,  
To ony but her sister *South*.

}  
True,

True, rugged roads are cursed dreigh,  
 And speats aft roar frae mountains hiegh :  
 The body tires,—poor tottering clay,  
 And likes with ease at hame to stay ;  
 While fauls stride warlds at ilka stend,  
 And can their widening views extend.  
 Mines sees you, while you chearfu' roam  
 On sweet *Avona's* flow'ry howm,  
 There recollecting, with full view,  
 These follies which mankind pursue ;  
 While, conscious of superior merit ;  
 You rise with a correcting spirit ;  
 And, as an agent of the gods,  
 Lash them with sharp satyric rods :  
 Labour divine !—Next, for a change,  
 O'er hill and dale I see you range  
 After the fox or whidding hare,  
 Confirming health in purest air ;  
 While joy frae heights and dales resounds,  
 Rais'd by the *Hola, Horn* and *Hounds* :  
 Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out-run,  
 I see the friend, and setting sun,  
 Invite you to the temp'rate bicquor,  
 Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.  
 The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound,  
 To save your health by sleeping sound.  
 Thus with cool head and healsome breast  
 You see new day stream frae the east :  
 Then all the muses round you shine,  
 Inspiring every thought divine ;  
 Be long their aid——Your years and blesses,  
 Your servant *Allan Ramsay* wishes.

---

REASONS for not answering the Hackney Scribblers, my  
*obscure Enemies.*

THESE to my blyth indulgent friends ;  
 Dull faes nought at my hand deserve :  
 To pump an answer's a' their ends ;  
 But not ae line, if they shou'd starve.

Wha

Wha e'er shall with a midding fight,  
 Of victory will be beguil'd;  
 Dealers in dirt will be to dight,  
 Fa' they aboon or 'neath, they're fil'd.  
 It helps my character to heez,  
 When I'm the butt of creeping tools;  
 The warld, by their daft medley sees,  
 That I've nae enemies but fools.  
 But sae it has been, and will be,  
 While real poets rise to fame,  
 Sic poor *Macflecknos* will let flee  
 Their venom, and still miss their aim.  
 Should ane like *Young* or *Somer'le* write,  
 Some canker'd coof can say 'tis wrang;  
 On *Pope* sic mungrels snaw'd their spite;  
 And shot at *Addison* their stang.  
 But well dear *Spec* the feckless asses  
 To wiest insects even'd and painted,  
 Sic as by magnifying glasses  
 Are only kend when throu' them tented.  
 The blundering fellows ne'er foryet,  
 About my tade to f—— their fancies,  
 As if, forsooth, I wad look blate  
 At what my honour maist advances.  
 Auld *Homer* sang for's daily bread;  
 Surprizing *Shakespear* fin'd the wool;  
 Great *Virgil* creels and baskets made;  
 And famous *Ben* employ'd the trowel:  
 Yet *Dorset*, *Lansdown*, *Lauderdale*,  
*Bucks*, *Stirling*, and the son of *Angus*,  
 Even monarchs, and of men the wale,  
 Were proud to be inrow'd amang us.  
 Then, hackneys, write till ye gae wood,  
 Drudge for the hawkers day and night;  
 Your malice cannot move my mood,  
 And equally your praise I flight.  
 I've gotten mair of fame than's due,  
 Which is secur'd amang the best;  
 And shou'd I tent the like of you,  
 A little faul wad be confest.



Nae mastive minds a yamphing cur ;  
 A craig defies a frothy wave ;  
 Nor will a lyon raise his fur,  
 Altho' a monkey misbehave.

*Nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere.*

---

*To Mr DONALD MACEWEN, Jeweller, at St Petersburg.*

**H**O W far frae hame my friend seeks fame !  
 And yet I canna wyte ye,  
 T'employ your fire, and still aspire  
 By vertues that delyte ye.  
 Should fortune lour, 'tis in your power,  
 If heaven grant bawmy health,  
 T'enjoy ilk hour a faul unfowr ;  
 Content's nae bairn of wealth.  
 It is the mind that's not confin'd  
 To passions mean and vile,  
 That's never pin'd, while thoughts refin'd  
 Can gloomy cares beguile.  
 Then *Donald* may be e'en as gay  
 On *Russia's* distant shore,  
 As on the *Tay*, where *Usquebae*  
 He us'd to drink before.  
 But howsoe'er, haste gather gear,  
 And syne pack up your treasure ;  
 Then to *Auld Reekie*, come and beek ye,  
 And close your days with pleasure.

---

*To the same, on receiving a Present from him of a Seal,  
 Homer's Head finely cut in Crystal, and set in Gold.*

**T**H A N K S to my frank ingenious friend ;  
 Your present's most gentile and kind,  
 Baith rich and shining as your mind ;  
 And that immortal laurell'd pow,  
 Upon the gem sae well design'd  
 And execute, sets me on low.

The

The heavenly fire inflames my breast,  
 Whilst I unweary'd am in quest  
 Of fame, and hope that ages niest  
 Will do their highland bard the grace,  
 Upon their seals to cut his crest,  
 And blytheft strakes of his short face.

Far less great *Homer* ever thought  
 (When he, harmonions beggar ! sought  
 His breed throu' *Greece*) he should be brought  
 Frae *Russia's* shore by Captain \* *Hugh*,  
 To *Pittland* plains, sae finely wrought  
 On precious stone, and set by you.



*A Ballad on bonny KATE.*

C E A S E, poets, your cunning devising  
 Of rhimes that low beauties o'er rate ;  
 They all, like the stars at the rising  
 Of *Phoebus*, must yield to fair *Kate*.

We sing, and we think it our duty  
 To admire the kind blessings of fate,  
 That has favour'd the earth with such beauty,  
 As shines so divinely in *Kate*.

In her smiles, in her features and glances,  
 The graces shine forth in full state,  
 While the god of love dang'rously dances  
 On the neck and white bosom of *Kate*.

How straight, how well-turn'd, and gentile, are  
 Her limbs ! and how graceful her gait !  
 Their hearts made of stone, or of steel are,  
 That are not adorers of *Kate*.

But ah ! what a sad palpitation  
 Feels the heart, and how simple and blate  
 Must he look, almost dead with vexation,  
 Whose love is fixt hopeless on *Kate* ?

Had I all the charms of *Adonis*,  
 And galleons freighted with plate,

\* Capt Hugh Eccles, master of a fine merchant ship, which he  
 lost in the unhappy fire at St Petersburg.

As *Solomon* wife; I'd think none is  
So worthy of all, as dear *Kate*.

Ah! had she for me the same passion,  
I'd tune the lyre early and late;

The sage's song on his *Circassian*,  
Should yield to my sonnets on *Kate*.

His pleasure each moment shall blossom,  
Unfading, gets her for his mate;

He'll grasp every bliss in his bosom,  
That's linked by *Hymen* to *Kate*.

Pale envy may raise up false stories,  
And hell may prompt malice and hate;  
But nothing shall sully their glories,  
Who are shielded with virtue like *Kate*.

This name, say ye, many a lass has,  
And t'apply it may raise a debate;  
But sure he as dull as an ass is,  
That cannot join *Cochran* to *Kate*.

---

To Dr J. C. who got the foregoing to give to the young  
Lady.

HERE, happy Doctor, take this sonnet,  
Bear to the Fair the faithful strains:  
Bow, make a leg, and d'off your bonnet;  
And get a kiss, for *Allan's* pains.

For such a ravishing reward,  
The *Cloud Compeller's* self would try  
To imitate a *British* bard,  
And bear his ballads from the sky.

---

PROLOGUE, before the acting of AURENGZEBE and  
the DRUMMER, by the young Gentlemen of the Gram-  
mar-School of Haddington, August 1727, spoke by Mr  
Charles Cockburn, Son to Colonel Cockburn.

BE hush, ye crowd, who pressing round appear  
Only to stare—we speak to those can hear  
The nervous phrase, which raises thoughts more high,  
When added action leads them thro' the eye.

To paint fair vertue, humours and mistakes,  
 Is what our school with pleasure undertakes,  
 Thro' various incidents of life led on  
 By *Dryden*, and immortal *Addison*;  
 Those study'd men, and knew the various springs  
 That mov'd the minds of *Coachmen* and of *Kings*.  
 Altho' we're young—allow no thought so mean,  
 That any here's to act the *Harlequin*:  
 We leave such dumb-show mimickry to fools,  
 Beneath the sp'rit of *Caledonian Schools*.  
 Learning's our aim, and all our care, to reach  
 At elegance and gracefulness of speech,  
 And the Address from bashfulness refin'd,  
 Which hangs a weight upon a worthy mind.  
 The *Grammar*'s good, but pedantry brings down  
 The gentle *Dunce* below the sprightly *Clown*.  
*Get seven score verse of Ovid's Trist by heart,*  
*To rattle o'er, else I shall make you smart,*  
 Cry snarling *Dominies* that little ken:  
 Such may teach parrots, but our \* *Lessy* men.

— — — — —  
 EPILOGUE, *after the acting of the DRUMMER,*  
*spoke by Mr Maurice Cockburn, another son of Colonel*  
*Cockburn's.*

O UR plays are done—now criticise, and spare not;  
 And tho' you are not fully pleas'd, we care not.  
 We have a reason on our side—and that is,  
 Your treat has one good property—'tis *gratis*.  
 We've pleas'd ourselves; and if we have good judges,  
 We value not a head where nothing lodges.  
 The generous men of sense will kindly praise us,  
 And, if we make a little snapper, raise us:  
 Such know the aspiring soul at manly dawn,  
 Abhors the fow'r rebuke, and carping thrawin;  
 But rises on the hope of a great name,  
 Up all the rugged roads that lead to fame.

\* Mr John Lessy, master of the school, a gentleman of true learning, who, by his excellent method, most worthily fills his place.

Our breasts already pant to gain renown  
 At *Senates, Courts*, by *Arms*, or by the *Gown*;  
 Or by improvements of *Paternal* fields,  
 Which never failing joy and plenty yields;  
 Or by deep draughts of the *Castalian* springs,  
 To soar with *Mantuan* or *Horatian* wings.

Hey boys! the day's our ain! the *Ladies* smile!  
 Which over recompenses all our toil!  
 Delights of mankind, tho' in some *small Parts*  
 We are deficient, yet our wills and hearts  
 Are yours; and, when more perfect, shall endeavour,  
 By *acting better*, to secure your favour:  
 To spinnets then retire, and play a few tunes;  
 'Till we get thro' our *Gregories* and *Newtons*;  
 And, some years hence, we'll tell another tale;  
 'Till then, ye bonny blooming buds,—farewell.



PROLOGUE *spoken by Mr Anthony Aston, the first  
 Night he acted in Winter, 1726.*

THIS I,—dear *Caledonians*, blythsome *Tony*,  
 That oft, last winter, pleas'd the brave and bonny  
 With medley, merry song, and comic scene;  
 Your kindness *then* has brought me here again:  
 After a circuit round the queen of isles,  
 To gain your friendship and approving smiles,  
 Experience bids me hope;—tho' south the *Tweed*  
 The dastards said, 'He never will succeed:  
 'What! such a country look for any good in!  
 'That does not relish plays,—nor pork,—nor pudding!  
 Thus great *Columbus*, by an idiot crew,  
 Was ridicul'd, at first, for his just view;  
 Yet his undaunted spirit ne'er gave ground;  
 'Till he a new and *better* world had found.  
 So I—laugh on—the simile is bold;  
 But faith 'tis just: for 'till this body's cold,  
*Columbus* like, I'll push for fame and gold,



## A CHARACTER.

**O**F judgment just, and fancy clear,  
 Industrious, yet not avaritious;  
 No slave to groundless hope and fear,  
 Cheerful, yet hating to be vitious.  
 From envy free, tho' prais'd not vain,  
 Ne'er acting without honour's warrant;  
 Still equal, generous and humane,  
 As husband, master, friend and parent.  
 So modest, as scarce to be known  
 By glaring, proud, conceited asses,  
 Whose little spirits often frown  
 On such as their less worth surpasses.  
 Ye'll own he's a deserving man,  
 That in these out-lines stand before ye;  
 And trowth the picture I have drawn,  
 Is very like my friend \*——.

Ode to ALEXANDER MURRAY of Brughton, Esq; on  
 his Marriage with Lady EUPHEMIA, Daughter to  
 the Right Hon. the Earl of Galloway.

**T**IS conquering love alone can move  
 The best to all that's great;  
 It sweetly binds two equal minds,  
 And makes a happy state,  
 When such as *Murray*, of a temper even,  
 And honour'd worth, receives a mate from heaven.

Joy to you, Sir, and joy to her,  
 Whose softer charms can sooth,  
 With smiling pow'r, a sullen hour,  
 And make your life flow smooth.  
 Man's but unfinish'd, till by *Hymen's* ties  
 His sweeter half lock'd in his bosom lies.

The general voice approve your choice,  
 Their sentiments agree,

\* The Character, tho' true, has something in it so great, that  
 my too modest friend will not allow to me set his name to it.

With.



Ne'er pal'd her cheek, or fir'd her blood;  
 Her mind was ever calm and even.  
 Come, fairest nymphs, and gentle swains,  
 Give loose to tears of tender love;  
 Strow fragrant flowers on her remains,  
 While sighing round her grave you move.  
 In mournful notes your pain express,  
 While with reflection you run o'er,  
 How excellent, how good she was!  
 She was! alas! but is no more!  
 Yet piously correct your moan,  
 And raise religious thoughts on high,  
 After her spotless soul, that's gone  
 To joys that ne'er can fade or die.

On a Slate's falling from a House on Mrs M. M.—k's  
 Breast.

WAS *Venus* angry, and in spite  
 Allow'd that stane to fa',  
 Imagining these breasts so white  
 Contain'd a heart of snaw?  
 Was her wing'd *Son* sae cankert set  
 To wound her lovely skin,  
 Because his arrows could not get  
 A passage farder in?  
 No: She is to love's goddess dear,  
 Her smiling boy's delight——  
 It was some hag that doughtna bear  
 Sic charms to vex her sight.  
 Some silly sow'r pretending saint,  
 In heart an imp of hell,  
 Whase hale religion lies in cant,  
 Her vertue in wrang zeal;  
 She threw the stane, and ettled death:  
 But watching *Zylphs* flew round,  
 To guard dear *Madie* from all skaith,  
 And quickly cur'd the wound.

*To my kind and worthy Friends in Ireland, who on a Report of my Death, made and published several Elegies Lyric and Pastoral, very much to my Honour.*

Sighing shepherds of *Hibernia*,  
 Thank ye for your kind concern a',  
 When a fause report, beguiling,  
 Prov'd a draw-back on your smiling;  
 Dight your een, and cease your grieving,  
*Allan's* hale, and well, and living,  
 Singing, laughing, sleeping soundly,  
 Cowing beef, and drinking roundly;  
 Drinking roundly *Rum* and *Claret*,  
*Ale* and *Uisquae*, bumpers fair out,  
*Supernaculum* but spilling,  
 The least diamond \* drawing, filling;  
 Sowfing sonnets on the lasses,  
 Hounding satires at the asses;  
 Smiling at the surly critics,  
 And the pack-horse of politics;  
 Painting meadows, schaws and mountains,  
 Crooking burns and flowing fountains,  
 Flowing fountains, where ilk gowan  
 Grows about the borders glowan,  
 Smelling sweetly, and inviting  
 Poets lays, and lovers meeting;  
 Meeting kind to niffer kisses,  
 Bargaining for better blisses,

Hills in dreary dumps now lying,  
 And ye *Zephyrs* swiftly flying,  
 And ye rivers gently turning,  
 And ye *Philomellas* mourning,  
 And ye double sighing echoes,  
 Cease your sobbing, tears, and hey ho's!  
 Banish a' your care and grieving,  
*Allan's* hale, and well, and living,  
 Early up on morning's shining,  
 Ilka fancy warm refining,

\* See page 15.

Giving ilka verse a burnish  
That maun *Second Volume* furnish,  
To bring in frae lord and lady  
Meikle fame and part of Ready ;  
Splendid thing of constant motion,  
Fish'd for in the southern ocean ;  
Prop of gentry, nerve of battles,  
Prize for which the gamester rattles ;  
*Belzie's* banes, deceitfu', kittle,  
Risking a' to gain a little.

Pleasing *Philip's* tunefu' tickle  
*Philomel*, and kind *Arbuckle* :  
Singers sweet, baith lads and lasses,  
Tuning pipes on hill *Parnassus*,  
*Allan* kindly to you wishes  
Lasting life, and rowth of blisses ;  
And that he may, when ye surrender  
Sauls to heaven, in number tender  
Give a' your fames a happy heezy,  
And gratefully immortalize ye.



THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD.  
A  
PASTORAL COMEDY.

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

SUSANNA Countess of EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

**T**HE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with chearfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom among them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the aukward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will croud into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shines with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what's due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were

# DEDICATION.

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*Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field's ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: be that the care of the herald and historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the Fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flatter'd; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: for whilst you are possess of every outward charm in the most perfect degrees, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.*

*All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good-nature: but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the Poet's privilege, which is, To speak what every body thinks. Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life; but the bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: but if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be class'd with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,*

If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,  
One half of round eternity is mine.

M A D A M,

*Your Ladyship's most obedient,*

*and most devoted Servant,*

ALLAN RAMSAY.

*To the Countess of EGLINTOUN, with the following  
Pastoral.*

**A** Ccept, O *Eglintoun*! the rural lays,  
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:  
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,  
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blestful plains,  
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,  
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,  
Once more resumes the still successful lay,  
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray.  
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair  
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,  
In the cool evening negligently laid,  
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,  
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve  
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires  
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!  
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs and tears,  
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.  
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!  
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!  
When first the Fair One, piteous of his fate,  
Cur'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,  
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,  
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent!  
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,  
In *Charlot's* smile, or in *Maria's* frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,  
Love courted beauty in a golden age,  
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,  
Ere yet the Fair affected phrase desir'd.  
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,  
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.  
He speaks his love so artless and sincere,  
As thy *Eliza* might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the *Rural State* bestows  
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes:

Secure alike from envy and from care,  
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear :  
Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,  
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.  
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,  
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.  
Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,  
In humble goodness, and in calm content.  
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,  
Sinless and pure, in fair *Humeia's* soul.

But now the *Rural State* these joys has lost ;  
Even swains no more that innocence can boast.  
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,  
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.  
Now *Happiness* forsakes her blest retreat,  
The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat.  
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,  
Companion to an upright sober race ;  
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,  
Free and familiar with the sons of men,  
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,  
She uninvited came a welcome guest :  
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,  
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts ;  
Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,  
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed ;  
Then dow'rless beauty lost the power to move ;  
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.  
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,  
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers blood :  
The friend no more upon the friend relies,  
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.  
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,  
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms ;  
The voice of impious mirth is heard around ;  
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd :  
Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,  
And *Happiness* forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh *Happiness* ! from human search retir'd,  
Where art thou to be found by all desir'd ?

Nun sober and devout ! why art thou fled,  
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head !  
 Virgin, of aspect mild ! ah why, unkind,  
 Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce mankind ?  
 O ! teach our steps to find the secret cell,  
 Where, with thy sire *Content*, thou lov'st to dwell.  
 Or say, do'st thou a duteous handmaid wait  
 Familiar at the chambers of the great ?  
 Do'st thou pursue the voice of them that call  
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball ?  
 Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,  
 Do'st thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl ?  
 Or, with th' industrious planter, do'st thou talk,  
 Conversing freely in an evening walk ?  
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,  
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold ?  
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,  
 Still musing silent at the morning hour ?  
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,  
 In *Stair's* wisdom, or in *Erskine's* charms.

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,  
 The flying good eludes the searchers toil :  
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,  
 Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.  
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,  
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.  
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast ;  
 But many passions must the blessing cost :  
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,  
 And envy, grieving at another's state.  
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,  
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.  
 When these are in the human bosom nurs'd,  
 Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst,  
 Unlike, O *Eglintoun* ! thy happy breast,  
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest :  
 From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,  
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.  
 In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,  
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind ;

Sincere



Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,  
 How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame?  
 Bold in thy presence *Bashfulness* appears,  
 And backward *Merit* loses all its fears,  
 Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace;  
 Confest is thine, an early blooming race;  
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,  
 Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.  
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart,  
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart)  
 When thou beholdest them of each grace possst,  
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest;  
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,  
 Or in the visit, or the dance to shine?  
 Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,  
 The lovely *Eglintouns* of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,  
 And listen to thy native poet's strains.  
 In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,  
 The garb our muses wore in former years.  
 As in a glass reflected, here behold  
 How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.  
 Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,  
 Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;  
 While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven  
 To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,  
 Let this, O *Eglintoun*! delight thee most,  
 T'enjoy that *Innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.

To JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq; Secretary of the Admiralty,  
with the first Scene of the Gentle Shepherd.

THE nipping frosts and driving snaw  
Are o're the hills and far awa;  
Bauld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw,  
And ilka thing  
Sae dainty, youthfou, gay and bra'  
Invites to sing.

Then lets begin by creek of day,  
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,  
To try anes mair the landart lay,  
With a' thy speed,  
Since *Burchet* awns that thou can play  
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree  
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,  
To him wha has sae courteously,  
To weaker sight,  
Set these \* rude sonnets sung by me  
In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine  
In his fair character still shine,  
Sma' need he has of sangs like mine,  
To beet his name;  
For frae the north to southern line,  
Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,  
Whilst hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,  
Wha vainly strave upon the tide  
T' invade these lands  
Where *Britain's* royal fleet doth ride,  
Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen †,  
Our age, and these to come, shall ken,

\* To weaker sight, set these, &c. Having done me the honour  
of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

† Fae his pen. His valuable naval history.

How stubborn navies did contend  
                                     Upon the waves,  
 How free-born *Britons* faught like men,  
                                     Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, sir, to you,  
 This country sang my fancy flew,  
 Keen your just merit to pursue;  
                                     But ah! I fear,  
 In giving praises that are due,  
                                     I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;  
 May powers aboon with kindly care,  
 Grant you a lang and muckle skair  
                                     Of a' that's good,  
 'Till unto langest life and mair  
                                     You've healthfu' stood.

May never care your blessings sow'r,  
 And may the muses ilka hour  
 Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r,  
                                     I'm but a callan:  
 Yet may I please you, while I'm your  
                                     Devoted ALLAN.

The

## The PERSONS.

### M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in Love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in Love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*

GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a Hynd engaged with Neps.*

### W O M E N.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few  
Miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, *within Twenty four Hours.*

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins by Day-light next Morning.

THE

THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD.



ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

*Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,  
Where crystal springs the hale some waters yield,  
Twa youthsfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,  
Tenting their flocks as bony morn of May.  
Poor Roger granes, 'till hollow echo's ring;  
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune, The wawking of the fauld.*

PATIE. **M***y Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her teens,  
Fair as the day, and sweet as May.  
Fair as the day, and always gay.  
My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm not very auld,  
Yet well I like to meet her at  
The wawking of the fauld.  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
Whene'er we meet alane,  
I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare,  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld;  
But she gars a' my spirits glow  
At wawking of the fauld.  
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
Whene'er I whisper love,*

*That*



*That I look down on a' the town,*

*That I look down upon a crown.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,*

*It makes me blythe and bauld,*

*And naething gi'es me sic delight,*

*As warwking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,*

*When on my pipe I play;*

*By a' the rest it is confest,*

*By a' the rest, that she sings best.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,*

*And in her sangs are tald,*

*With innocence, the wale of sense,*

*At warwking of the fauld.*

**T**HIS sunny morning, *Roger*, cheers my blood,  
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.

How hartfom is't to see the rising plants;

To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants?

How halesome is't to snuff the cawler air,

And all the sweets it bears, when void of care.

What ails thee, *Roger*, then? what gars thee grane?

Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

*Roger*. I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart fate!

I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.

Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,

Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:

But I, oppress'd with never-ending grief,

Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

*Patie*. The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,

The saughs on boggie-ground shall cease to thrive,

Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,

Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

*Roger*. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done

By ane whase faul's sae sadly out of tune.

You have sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue.

You are the darling baith of auld and young.

If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,

They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,

And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,

While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:

Yet

Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,  
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.

For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,  
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

*Patie.* But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,  
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:  
If that be true, what signifies your gear?  
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care?

*Roger.* My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd,  
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:  
In winter last my cares were very sma',  
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

*Patie.* Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,  
Lefs you wad loss, and lefs ye wad repine.  
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:  
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

*Roger.* May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,  
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss:  
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,  
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench:  
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!  
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

*Patie.* Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clute  
At the *West port*, and bought a winsome flute,  
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round:  
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:  
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool!  
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

*Roger.* Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,  
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:  
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,  
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

*Patie.* Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence  
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens.  
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide  
Your well-seen love, and dorty *Jenny's* pride:  
Take courage, *Roger*, me your sorrows tell,  
And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

*Roger.* Indeed now, *Patie*, ye have guess'd o'er true,  
And there is nathing I'll keep up frae you.

Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon asquint ;  
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint :  
 In ilka place she jeers me air and late,  
 And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate :  
 But yesterday I met her yont a know,  
 She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.  
 She *Bauldy* looes, *Bauldy* that drives the car.  
 But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

*Patie.* But *Bauldy* looes not her, right well I wat,  
 He sighs for *Neps* ;—sae that may stand for that.

*Roger.* I wish I cou'dna looe her—but in vain,  
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.  
 My *Bawty* is a cur I dearly like,  
 'Till he yowl'd fair she strak the poor dumb tyke ;  
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,  
 She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.  
 When I begin to tune my stock and horn,  
 With a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.  
 Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite ;  
 O'er *Bogie* was the spring, and her delyte :  
 Yet tauntingly she at her cousin spear'd,  
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.  
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,  
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

*Patie.* E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help misluck ?  
 Saebins she be sic a thrawin-gabbit chuck,  
 Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all hope,  
 Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

*Roger.* I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,  
 I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

*Patie.* Daft gowk ! leave off that silly whinging way ;  
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.  
 Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as weel  
 As ye do *Jenny*, and with heart as leel.  
 Last morning I was gay and early out,  
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about,  
 I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the lee ;  
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* saw na me :  
 For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,  
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist.

Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw  
 Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.  
 Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,  
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;  
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;  
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.  
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,  
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:  
 Blythsome, I cry'd, my bonny *Meg*, come here,  
 I ferly wherefore ye're so soon alseer?  
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew:  
 She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?  
 Then fare ye weel, *Meg-Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,  
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.  
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,  
 She came with a right thieveless errand back:  
 Miscaw'd me first—than bad me hound my dog,  
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.  
 I leugh; and sae did she; then with great haste  
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;  
 About her yielding waist, and took a south  
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.  
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,  
 My very saul came lowping to my lips.  
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,  
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.  
 Dear *Roger*, when your jo puts on her gloom,  
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.  
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood:  
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune*, Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,*  
*And answer kindness with a slight,*  
*Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,*  
*For women in a man delight:*  
*But them despise who're soon defeat,*  
*And with a simple face give way*  
*To a repulse—then be not blate,*  
*Puss bauldly on, and win the day.*

*When maidens, innocently young,  
 Say aften what they never mean;  
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue;  
 But tent the language of their een:  
 If these agree, and she persist  
 To answer all your love with hate,  
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,  
 And let her sigh when tis too late.*

*Roger.* Kind *Patie*, now fair-fa your honest heart,  
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art  
 To hearten ane: For now as clean's a leek,  
 Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.  
 Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,  
 (My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine;)  
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawstock woo,  
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue:  
 With sprains like gowd, and filler cros'd with black;  
 I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind  
 Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

*Patie.* Weel, hald ye there—and since ye've frank-  
 ly made

To me a present of your braw new plaid,  
 My flute's be your's, and she too that sae nice,  
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

*Roger.* As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;  
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't  
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;  
 For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

*Patie.* But first we'll take a turn up to the height,  
 And see gif all our flocks be feeding right:  
 Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese  
 Will make a breakfast that a laird might please:  
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise  
 To season meat with health, instead of spice.  
 When we have tane the grace-drink at this well,  
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my fell. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E



## SCENE II.

## PROLOGUE.

*A flowrie bowm between twa verdant braes,  
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths;  
A trotting burnie wimpling throw the ground,  
Its channel peebles, shining smooth and round,  
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;  
First please your eye, than gratify your ear;  
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,  
And Meg with better sense true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. **C**OME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,

This shining day will bleach our linen clean;  
The water's clear, the list unclouded blew,  
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to *Habbie's How*,  
Where a' that's sweet in spring and simmer grow:  
Between twa birks out-o'er a little lin  
The water fa's, and makes a singand din:  
A pool-breast deep, beneath as clear as glafs,  
Kisses with easy whirls the bordering grafs.  
We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,  
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,  
There wash our sells—'tis healthfou now in *May*,  
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,  
Gif our twa *Herd*s come brattling down the brae,  
And see us sae? that jeering fallow, *Pate*,  
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;  
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height:  
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, we're our lane,  
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?  
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I:  
That *Roger* loo's ye, yet ye care na by.  
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,  
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

E c 2

Jenny.

*Jenny.* I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an an end,  
 A *Herd* mair sheepish yet I never kend.

He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,  
 With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;  
 Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,  
 And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.  
 He falds his owrelay down his breast with care,  
 And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;  
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,  
 Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

*Peggy.* Ye dafh the lad with constant slighting pride,  
 Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:  
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld.  
 What like's a dorty maiden, when she's auld?  
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,  
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet;  
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,  
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,  
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.  
*Fy, Jenny*, think, and dinna sit your time.

SANG III. *Tune, Polwart on the Green.*

*The dorty will repent,  
 If lover's heart grow cauld,  
 And nane her smiles will tent,  
 Soon as her face looks auld:*

*The dawted bairn thus takes the pot,  
 Nor eats tho' hunger crave,  
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,  
 And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the dinner's past,  
 Thus by it sell abus'd,  
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,  
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

*Jenny.* I never thought a single life a crime.

*Peggy.* Nor I—but love in whispers let us ken,  
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

*Jenny.* If *Roger* is my jo, he kens himsel,  
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.  
 He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;  
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?

When-

Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain;  
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.  
 They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;  
 The chiefs may a' knit up themselves for me.

*Peggy.* Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind  
 To be as yielding as my *Patie's* kind.

*Jenny.* Heh, lafs! how can ye loo that rattle-skull?  
 A very deel, that ay maun have his will.  
 We'll soon hear what a poor feightan life  
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

*Peggy.* I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,  
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,  
 'Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed.  
 Where on my *Patie's* breast I'll lean my head.  
 There he may kifs as lang as kissing's good,  
 And what we do, there's none dare call it rude.  
 He's get his will: why no? 'tis good my part  
 To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

*Jenny.* He may indeed for ten or fifteen days.  
 Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraise,  
 And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane:  
 But soon as his newfangelness is gane,  
 He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,  
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.  
 Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,  
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the nieft he'll flyte:  
 And may be, in his barlichoods ne'er stick  
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV. *Tune,* O dear mother, what shall I do?

*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,  
 We ought not to trust his smiling;  
 Better far to do as I do,  
 Lest a harder luck betide you.  
 Lassies when their fancy's carry'd,  
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;  
 Running to a life destroys  
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

*Peggy.* Sic coarse-spun thoughts as that want pith to  
 move

My setul'd mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.

E c 3

*Patie*

*Patie* to me is dearer than my breath,  
 But want of him I dread nae other skaith.  
 There's nane of a' the Herds that tread the green  
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.  
 And then he speaks with sic a taking art,  
 His words they thirle like musick throw my heart,  
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,  
 And jest at little fears that fright the lave.  
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,  
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill,  
 He is——but what need I say that or this,  
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is !  
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,  
 The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear *Pate*.  
 His better sense will lang his love secure :  
 Ill-nature hefts in fauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune*, How can I be sad on my, &c.

*How shall be I sad when a husband I hae,  
 That has better sense than any of thae  
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,  
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.  
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,  
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife ;  
 He praises ber virtue, and ne'er will abuse  
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

*Jenny*. Hey *Bony Lass of Branksome*, or't be lang,  
 Your witty *Pate* will put you in a sang.  
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride ;  
 Syne whindging getts about your ingle-side,  
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous din :  
 To make them brats then ye maun toil and spin.  
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' brue,  
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.  
 The *Deel* ga'es o'er John Wabster : hame grows hell ;  
 When *Pate* miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

*Peggy*. Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,  
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.  
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight  
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them tight.

Wow,

Wow, *Jenny*! can there greater pleasure be  
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;  
When a' they ettle at——their greatest wish,  
Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?

Can there be toil in tenting day and night  
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

*Jenny*. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst of a',  
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw.

There little love or canty chear can come

Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom:

Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away

Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—

The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,

May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewe.

A dyvor buys your butter woo and cheese,

But or the day of payment breaks and flees.

With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent:

'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent.

His honour maunna want, he poinds your gear:

Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?

Dear *Meg*, be wise, and lead a single life:

Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

*Peggy*. May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she

Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.

Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;

Nae mair's requir'd: let heaven make out the rest.

I've heard my honest uncle aften say,

That lads should a for wives that's vertuous pray:

For the maist thrifty man could never get

A well-stor'd room, unless his wife wad led:

Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part

To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.

Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,

And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,

For halefom, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.

A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,

Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due.

Syne a' behind's our ain;——thus without fear,

With love and rowth we throw the warld will steer:

And when my *Pate* in bairns and gear grows rise,

He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

*Jenny*.



*Jenny.* But what if some young giglit on the green,  
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,  
Shou'd gar your *Patie* think his half-worn *Meg*,  
And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

*Peggy.* Nae mair of that—Dear *Jenny*, to be free,  
There's some men constanter in love than we :  
Nor is the fearly great, when nature kind  
Has blest them with solidity of mind.  
They'll reason caumly, and with kindness smile,  
When our short passions wad our peace beguile :  
Sae, whensoever they slight their maiks at hame,  
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.  
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art  
To keep him cheerfu' and secure his heart.  
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,  
I'll have a' things made ready to his will ;  
In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,  
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane :  
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,  
The seething pot's be ready to tak aff,  
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,  
And serve him with the best we can afford.  
Good humour and white bigonets shall be  
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

*Jenny.* A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,  
And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

*Peggy.* But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find  
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.  
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye,  
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.  
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side ;  
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride ;  
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,  
'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,  
And in their mixture now are fully blest. }  
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,  
That in return defends it frae the west.  
Sic as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you !)  
Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

*Jenny.* I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield,  
Your better sense has fairly won the field,

With

With the assistance of a little fae  
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nanfy's to the green-wood gane.*

*I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,  
And there is nae denying,  
That sure as light flows frae the sun,  
Frae love proceeds complying;  
For a' that we can do or say  
'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,  
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,  
That by the heartstrings leads us.*

*Peggy.* Alake poor pris'ner ! *Jenny,* that's no fair,  
That ye'll no let the wic thing take the air :  
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,  
Gif he be *Bauldy's*, or poor *Roger's* man.

*Jenny.* Anither time's as good—for see the sun  
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun  
To freath the graith; if canker'd *Madge*, our aunt,  
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :  
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;  
For this seems true, nae lass can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE. I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug thack house, before the door a green ;  
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.  
On this side stands a barn, on that a byar :  
A peet slack joins, and forms a rural square.  
The house is Glaud's there you may see him lean,  
And to his divet-seat invite his frien.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

*Glaud.* Good-morrow, nibour *Symon*,—come, sit  
down,  
And gie's your cracks,—What's a' the news in town ?  
They

They tell me ye was in the ither day,  
 And seld your *Crummock*, and her bassend quey.  
 I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;  
 Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

*Symon.* With a' my heart;—and tent me now, auld  
 I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy. [boy,  
 I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,  
 To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,  
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,  
 And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

*Glaud.* Fy blaw!—Ah *Symmie*! rattling chieles ne'er  
 To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand, [stand  
 Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near:  
 But loose your poke, be't true or fause, let's hear.

*Symon.* Seeing's believing, *Glaud*, and I have seen  
*Hab*, that abroad has with our *Master* been,  
 Our brave good *Master*, wha right wisely fled,  
 And left a fair estate to save his head,  
 Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose  
 To shine, or set in glory with *Montrose*.  
 Now *Cromwell*'s gane to *Nick*; and ane ca'd *Monk*,  
 Has plaid the *Rumple* a right flee begunk;  
 Restor'd king *Charles*, and ilka thing's in tune;  
 And *Habby* says, we'll see sir *William* soon.

*Glaud.* That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw,  
 Te'll o'er your news again! and swear til't a',  
 And saw ye *Hab*! and what did *Halbert* say?  
 They have been e'en a dreary time away.  
 Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,  
 And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

*Symon.* They that hag-rid us 'till our guts did grane,  
 Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,  
 And good sir *William* fall enjoy his ain. }

SANG VII. *Tune, Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.*

*Cauld be the rebels cast,  
 Oppressors base and bloody,  
 I hope we'll see them at the last  
 Strung a' up in a woody.  
 Blest be he of worth and sense,  
 And ever high in station,*

*That*

*That bravely stands in the defence  
Of conscience, king and nation.*

*Glaud.* And may he lang, for never did he stent  
Us in our thriving with a racket rent ;  
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise  
Our mailens, when we pat on *Sunday's* claiiths.

*Symon.* Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,  
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare :

' Put on your bonnet, *Symon*—tak a seat— [Kate ?  
' How's all at hame?—How's *Elspa*?—How does  
' How sells black cattle?—What gies woo this year ?'  
And sic like kindly questions wad he speare.

SANG VII. *Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byar.*

*The laird who in riches and honour  
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,  
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour  
To rise aboon poverty :  
Else like the pack-horse that's unsotter'd  
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint ;  
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,  
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

*Glaud.* Then wad he gar his *Butler* bring bedeen  
The nappy bottle ben and glasss clean,  
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,  
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.  
My heart's e'en rais'd !—Dear nibour, will ye stay,  
And tak your dinner here with me the day.  
We'll send for *Elspith* too—and upo' sight,  
I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the height.  
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,  
And bring a draught of ale, baith stout and brown,  
And gar our cottars a' man wife and wean,  
Drink 'till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

*Symon.* I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,  
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :  
For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,  
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat ;  
A furlet of good cakes my *Elspa* beuk,  
And a large ham hangs reeling in the nook.

I saw

I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan.  
 Our meikle pot, that scads the whey, put on,  
 A mutton-bouk to boil;----and ane we'll roast;  
 And on the haggies *Elspa* spares nae cost.  
 Small are they thorn; and she can mix fou nice  
 The gussy ingans with a curn of spice.  
 Fat are the puddings,----heads and feet well sung;  
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,  
 To pass this afternoon with glee and game,  
 And drink our *Master's* health and welcome-hame.  
 Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,  
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.  
 Bring wi'ye all your family, and then,  
 Where'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

*Glaud.* Spoke like ye'r fell, auld-birky, never fear  
 But at your banquet I shall first appear:  
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,  
 'Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.  
 Auld, said I!----Troth, I'm younger be a score,  
 With this good news, than what I was before.  
 I'll dance or een! hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear?

*Enter Madge.*

*Madge.* The man's gain gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome  
 What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this haste and din? [here:  
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

*Glaud.* Spin! snuff!-----Gae break your wheel, and  
 burn your tow,  
 And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low:  
 Syne dance about the bane-fire 'till ye die,  
 Since now again we'll soon sir *William* see.

*Madge.* Blyth news indeed!----And wha was't tald  
 you o't.

*Glaud.* What's that to you?--gae get my *Sunday's*  
 Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands, [coat;  
 My whyt-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;  
 Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,  
 And mak ye'r sells as trig, head, feet and waist,  
 As ye were a' to get young lads or een:  
 For we're gawn o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

*Symon.*



*Symon.* Do, honest *Madge*—and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er  
the gate,

And see that a' be done as I wad ha'e't.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

## P R O L O G U E.

*The open field.----A cottage in a glen,  
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end,  
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,  
With falded arms, and haff-rais'd look ye see*

*BAULDY his lane.*

*Bauldy.* **W**HAT's this!-----I canna bear't! 'Tis  
war than hell,

To be sae burnt with love, yet darena tell!

O *Peggy*, sweeter than the dawning day,

Sweeter than gowany glens or new mawn hay:

Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,

Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:

Her een the clearest blob of dew out shines:

The lily in her breast its beauty tines:

Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,

Will be my deid, that will be shortly seen!

For *Pate* loes her!----waes me! and she loes *Pate*;

And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky fate,

Made a daft vow!---O! but ane be a beast,

That makes rash aiths, 'till he's afore the priest.

I darena speak my mind, else a' the three,

But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.

'Tis fair to thole----I'll try some witchcraft art,

To brake with ane and win the other's heart.

Here *Mausy* lives, a witch, that for sma' price,

Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice;

She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon,

And mak the deils obedient to her crune.

At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,

And howks uncristen'd weans out of their graves;

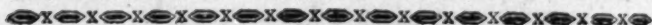
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,

Rins withershins about the hemlock low;

F f

And

And seven times does her prayers backwards pray,  
 'Till *Plotcock* comes with lumps of *Lapland* clay,  
 Mixt with the venom of black tairs and snakes.  
 Of this unsonfy pictures aft she makes  
 Of any ane she hates ; ---and gars expire  
 With slaw and racking pains afore a fire,  
 Stuck fou of prines ; the devilish pictures melt,  
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.  
 And yonder's *Mause* : Ay, ay, she kens fou weil,  
 When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.  
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,  
 To speak my errand, faith amais I'm fear'd :  
 But I maun do't, tho' I shou'd never thrive ;  
 They gallop fast, that deils and lasses drive. [Exit.



## S C E N E III.

## P R O L O G U E.

*A green kail-yard, a little fount,  
 Where water poplin springs,  
 There sits a wife with wrinkled front,  
 And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX. *Tune, Carle and the King come.*

MAUSE. **P**EGGY, now the king's come,  
 Peggy, now the king's come,  
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,  
 Peggy, since the king's come :  
 Nae mair the hawkeys shalt thou milk,  
 But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,  
 And be a lady of that ilk,  
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

*Enter Bauldy.*

*Bauldy.* How does auld honest lucky of the glen ?  
 Ye look baith hale and feir at threescore ten.

*Mause.* E'en twining out a thread with little din,  
 And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.

What

What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?

Is there nae muck to lead,—to thresh, nae corn?

*Bauldy.* Enough of baith--- But something that requires  
Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

*Maufe.* My helping hand, alake! what can I do,  
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

*Bauldy.* Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,  
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

*Maufe.* Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posselt,  
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

*Bauldy.* Well vers'd in herbs and seasons of the moon,  
By skilfu' charms 'tis kend what ye have done.

*Maufe.* What fowk say of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;  
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

*Bauldy.* Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'  
That ilk ane talks about you, but a' flaw.

When last the wind made *Glaud* a roofless barn,

When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn,

When *Brawny* elf-shot never mair came hame;

When *Tibby* kirk'd and there nae butter came;

When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy-cheeked wean

To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane:

When *Wattie* wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,

And tint himsel amaisht among the snaw;

When *Mungo's* mare stood still, and swat with fright,

When he brought east the *Howdy* under night:

When *Bawfy* shot to dead upon the green,

And *Sara* tint a snood was nae mair seen;

You, *Lucky*, gat the wyte of a' fell out,

And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;

And sae they may that mean to do ye skaith;

For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:

But when I neist make groats, I'll strive to please

You with a furlet of them mixt with pease.

*Maufe.* I thank ye, lad—now tell me your demand,  
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

*Bauldy.* Then I like *Peggy*---*Neps* is fond of me---  
*Peggy* likes *Pate*;---and *Patie's* bauld and flee,  
 And looes sweet *Meg*---But *Neps* I downa see---  
 Cou'd ye turn *Patie's* love to *Neps* and then  
*Peggy's* to me,--I'd be the happiest man.

*Mause.* I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,  
Sae gang your ways and come again at night;  
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,  
Worth all your pease and groats, take ye na care.

*Bauld.* Well, *Mause*, I'll come, gif I the road can find;  
But if ye raise the *Deil*, he'll raise the wind;  
Synce rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,  
Will make the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.  
We're a' to rant in *Symmie's* at a feast,  
O will ye come like badrans for a jest;  
And there ye can our different haviours spy;  
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and you I.

*Mause.* 'Tis like I may-- but let na on what's past  
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

*Bauldy.* If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,  
May ye ride on me ilka night to *France*. [*Exit Bauldy.*

*Mause.* [*her lane.*] This fool imagines, as do mony sic,  
That I'm a witch in compact with *Auld Nick*,  
Because by education I was taught

To speak and act aboon their common thought.  
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear,  
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.  
Now since the royal *Charles*, and right's restor'd,  
A shepherdess' is daughter to lord.

The bonny foundling that's brought up by *Glaud*,  
Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,  
Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend  
Bow'd to th' *Usurper*, and her death design'd,  
To establish him and his in all these plains  
That by right heritage to her pertains.

She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms  
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms:  
None knows't but me;---and if the morn were come,  
I'll tell them tales will gar them all sing dumb.



#### SCENE IV.

#### PROLOGUE.

*Behind a tree upon the plain,  
Pate and his Peggy met,*

*In love without a vicious stain,  
The bonny lass and chearfu' swain  
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY. **O** *Patie*, let me gang, I maunna stay;  
We're baith cry'd hame, and *Jenny*, she's  
away.

*Patie*. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,  
And *Roger* he's away wi' *Jenny* gane;  
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,  
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.  
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,  
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:  
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,  
How fast the westlin winds fough through the reeds!

*Peggy*. The scented meadows—birds—and healthy  
breeze,

For aught I ken, my mair than *Peggy* please.

*Patie*. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;  
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind.  
Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair  
As my sweet *Meg*, or worthy of my care.  
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,  
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear:  
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,  
That warble through the merle or mavis' throats:  
With thee I tent nae flowers that buse the field,  
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:  
The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,  
Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

*Peggy*. But *Patrick* for some wicked end may fleech,  
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.  
I darena stay,—ye joker let me gang,  
Or swear ye'il never tempt to do me wrang.

*Patie*. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,  
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:  
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,  
The gaits to clim—the sheep to yield the fleece,  
Ere ought by me be either said or doon,  
Shall do thee wrang, I swear by all aboon.



*Peggy.* Then keep your aith——But mony lads will  
 And be mansworn to twa in half a year : [swear,  
 Now I believe ye like me wonder weel ;  
 But if anither las your heart shou'd steal,  
 Your *Meg.* forsaken, bootless might relate  
 How she was daunted anes by faithless *Pate.*

*Patie.* I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,  
 Tho' we're but young I've loo'd you mony a year :  
 I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,  
 Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang  
 Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,  
 Aft to the tanfy-know or rashy strand ;  
 Thou smiling by my side——I took delight  
 To pou the rashes green with roots sac white,  
 Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,  
 For thee I plet thee flow'ry belt and snood.

*Peg.* When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,  
 And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill,  
 To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,  
 When at the bught at ev'n I met with thee.

SANG X. *Tune,* Winter was cauld, and my Cleath-  
 ing was thin.

## P E G G Y.

*When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,  
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,  
 To bear the milk-bowie, no pain was to me,  
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.*

## P A T I E.

*When corn-riggs waw'd yellow, and blew hether bells  
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,  
 Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,  
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

## P E G G Y.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the stane,  
 And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain :  
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;  
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

## P A T I E.

*Our Jenny sings softly the Cowdon-broom-knows,  
 And Rosie liltis swiftly the Milking the ews ;*

*There's*

*There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,  
 At Throw the wood laddie, Bels gars our lugs ring :  
 But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,  
 The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the Mill,  
 'Tis mony times sweeter and and pleasing to me ;  
 For tho' they sing nicely they cannot like thee.*

## P E G G Y.

*How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?  
 And praises sae kindly increases love's fire :  
 Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be  
 To make my self better and sweeter for thee.*

*Patie.* When corns grew yellow, and the hether bells  
 Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,  
 Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,  
 Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

*Peg.* When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the stane,  
 And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain :  
 At all these sports thou still gave joy to me ;  
 For nane can wrestle, run, or put with thee.

*Patie.* Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowden-Knows*,  
 And *Rosie* lilt the *Milking of the Ews* ;  
 There's nane, like *Nansie*, *Jenny Nettles* sings :  
 At turns in *Maggy Lawder*, *Marion* dings :  
 But when my *Peggy* sings with sweeter skill  
 The *Boatman*, or the *Lads of Patie's Mill*,  
 It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;  
 Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

*Peg.* How eith can lasses trow what we desire,  
 And roos'd, by them we love, blows up the fire :  
 But wha loves best, let time and carriage try ;  
 Be constant, and my love shall time defy.  
 Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,  
 How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*Patie.* Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,  
 That little better than our nowt behave,  
 At naught they'll ferly, — senseless tales believe,  
 Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve —  
 Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how  
 Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true :

But

344      *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

But thou in better sense, without a flaw,  
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.  
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,  
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

*Peg.* Agreed;—but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry,  
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

*Patie.* And let them ferly,—naw a kindly kifs,  
Or fivescore good anes wad not be amifs;  
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,  
That I made up last owk on you and me.

*Peggy.* Sing first, syne claim your hyre—

*Patie.* Well, I agree.

SANG XI.      To its ane Tune.

PATIE [*sings.*]

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,  
And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,  
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,  
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY [*sings.*]

*But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,  
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:  
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,  
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE [*sings.*]

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,  
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:  
Red-cheek'd ye compleatly ripe appear,  
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.*

PEGGY [*sings, falling into Patie's arms.*]

*Then dinna pow me, gently thus I sa'  
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':  
But stint your wiskes to this kind embrace,  
And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace.*

PATIE [*with his left hand about her waist.*]

*O charming armsu'! hence ye cares away,  
I'll kifs my treasure a' the live lang day;  
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,  
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,  
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;  
O lash your steeds, post time away,  
And haste about our bridal-day;  
And if you're weary'd honest light,  
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*  
[Let down the curtain, and let them kiss.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,  
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd with time;  
Ane elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,  
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:  
But whisht it is the knight in masquerade,  
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.  
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves  
Throw his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.*

*Sir WILLIAM solus.*

**T**HE Gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,  
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes  
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,  
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.  
Yet, 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,  
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.  
Yonder! ah, me, it desolately stands,  
Without a roof, the gates fal'n from their bands;  
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,  
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.  
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!  
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:  
My gardens once adorn'd the most compleat,  
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;  
Where round the figur'd green and pebble-walks,  
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks:

But

But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,  
 No *Jaccacinths* or *Eglantines* appear.  
 Here fail'd and broke's the rising ample shade,  
 Where *peach* and *nect'rine* trees their branches spread,  
 Basking in rays, and early did produce  
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use;  
 All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie,  
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.  
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy  
 Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my BOY,  
 My only prop, and object of my care,  
 Since heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair:  
 Him, e'er the rays of reason clear'd his thought,  
 I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought,  
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,  
 'Till we shou'd see what changing times brought forth.  
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,  
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,  
 After his fleecy charge serenely gay,  
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.  
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,  
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully  
 A calm, contended mortal spends his time  
 In health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

SANG XII. *Tune, Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn  
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,  
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,  
 After his bleeting flocks.  
 Healthful, and innocently gay,  
 He chants and whistles out the day;  
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,  
 Like courtly weathercocks.*

*Life happy from ambition free,  
 Envy and vile hypocrisie,  
 When truth and love with joy agree,  
 Unfullied with a crime:  
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,  
 In propping of their pride and state,  
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,  
 Contented spends his time.*

Now



Now tow'rd's good *Symon's* house I'll bend my way,  
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;  
 All on the green in a fair wanton ring,  
 My youthful tenants gaylie dance and sing.

[*Exit Sir William.*]

SCENE II.  
 PROLOGUE.

'Tis *Symon's* house, please to step in,  
 And vissy't round and round,  
 There's nought superstitious to give pain,  
 Or costly to be found.  
 Yet all is clean: A clear peat ingle  
 Glances amidst the floor;  
 The green horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle  
 On skelfs foregainst the door.  
 While the young brood sport on the green,  
 The auld anes think it best,  
 With the brown cow to clear their een,  
 Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

*Glaud.* WE anes were young our fells—I like to see  
 The bairns bob round with other merrylic:  
 Troth, *Symon*, *Patie's* grown a strapan lad,  
 And better looks than his I never bade;  
 Amang our lads he bears the gree awa':  
 And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

*Elspa.* Poor man!----he's a great comfort to us baith;  
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.  
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,  
 That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

*Glaud.* I trow, good wife, if I be not mistane,  
 He seems to be with *Peggy's* beauty tane,  
 And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,  
 As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,  
 Nor better----be't she were nae kin to me.

*Sym.*

*Sym.* Ha, *Glaud*! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,  
My *Patie*'s wild, and will be ill to catch;  
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,  
I'd rather be mixt with the mools my sell.

*Glaud.* What reason can ye have? There's nane I'm  
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor: [sure,  
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,  
I'll be to her as my ain *Jenny* kind;  
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,  
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,  
I'll gie to *Peggie* that day she's a bride;  
By and attour, if my good luck abide,  
Ten lambs, at spaining-time, as lang's I live,  
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

*Elspa.* Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna speer  
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

*Symon.* Or this day eight-days likely he shall learn,  
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

*Glaud.* Well, nae mair o't; — come, gi's the other bend,  
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*

*Symon.* But will ye tell me, *Glaud*? --- By some 'tis said,  
Your niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid  
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in *May*,  
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

*Glaud.* That clattern *Madge*, my titty, tell sic flaws,  
Whene'er our *Meg* her cankart humour gaws.

*Enter Jenny.*

*Jenny.* O father, there's an auld man on the green,  
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:  
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,  
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look:  
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard;  
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

*Sym.* Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,  
Nane shall gang hungry by my house-to day.

[*Exit Jenny.*

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,  
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

*Glaud.* Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt,  
For greater liars never ran thereout.

*Returns*

Returns Jenny bringing in Sir William; with them Patie.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle---here, tak a seat.

Sir Will. I give ye thanks, goodman, Ise no be blate.

Glaud [*drinks.*] Come, t'ye, friend---How far came ye the day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way:  
Rousted with eild, a wie piece gate seems lang,  
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,  
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

Sir Will. That's kind unsought:----Well, gin ye have  
a bairn

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,  
I shall employ the farthest of my skill  
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Simon [*pointing to Patie*] Only that lad---alack! I  
have nae mae,

Either to makè me joyful now or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand---what gars  
ye sneer?

Patie. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir W. Ye cut before the point---But billy, byde,  
I'll wager there's a mouse mark on your side.

Elsp. Beteech-us-to! and well I wat that's true;  
Awa, awa, the deel's owre girt wi' you:  
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,  
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir Will. I tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd  
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird!---Hear ye, goodman --what think ye  
now?

Sym. I dinna ken! Strange auld man, what art thou?  
Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth;  
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

Patie. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,  
Twa curs my trusty tenants on the bent,  
Is all my great estate---and like to be;  
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Simon. Whisht, Patie---let the man look owre your  
Aftymes as broken a ship has come to-land. [*hand.*]

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*

*Elspa.* Preserve's !---the man's a warlock, or posselt  
With some nae good, or second-sight at least :

Where is he now?-----

*Glaud.* -----He's seeing a' that's done  
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

*Elspa.* These second-sighted fowks, his peace be here !  
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear  
As I can see my thumb----wow ! can he tell  
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsel)  
How soon we'll see *Sir William* ? Whisht he heaves,  
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

*Sym.* He'll soon grow better---*Elspa,* haste ye, gae  
And fill him up a tals of *Ufquebae*.

*Sir Will.* [*starts up and speaks.*]

- " A *Knight* that for a L Y O N fought
- " Against a herd of bears,
- " Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
- " In which some thousands shares :
- " But now again the L Y O N rares,
- " And joy spreads o'er the plain,
- " The L Y O N has defeat the bears,
- " The *Knight* returns again.
- " The *Knight* in a few days shall bring
- " A shepherd frae the fauld ;
- " And shall present him to the King,
- " A subject true and bauld :
- " He Mr *Patrick* shall be call'd----
- " All you that hear me now
- " May well believe what I have tald,
- " For it shall happen true.

*Sym.* Friend, may your spacing happen soon and weel ;  
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deel,  
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep ;  
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep ?

*Sir W.* Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,  
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward ;

But

But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,  
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

*Symon.* You prophesying fowks are odd kind men !  
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken  
The wimpld meaning of your unko tale,  
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

*Glaud.* 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how *Sym* believes,  
And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gives  
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate* :  
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

*Sir Will.* Whisht ! doubtfa' carle ; for e'er the sun  
Has driven twice down to the sea,  
What I have said, ye shall see done  
In part, or nae mair credit me.

*Glaud.* We'll be't sae, friend ; I shall say nathing mair,  
But I 'ave twa sonfy lasses young and fair,  
Plump, ripe for men : I wish ye cou'd foresee  
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

*Sir W.* Nae mair through secrets can I sift,  
'Till darknes black the bent ;  
I have but anes a day that gift,  
Sae rest a while content,

*Sym.* *Elspa*, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,  
And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

*Sir W.* Delay a-while your hospitable care,  
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair  
Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk  
With you kind friend, to have some private talk.

*Sym.* Soon as you please I'll answer your desire----  
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire.  
Well but gae round the place, and soon be back,  
Syne sup together, and take our pint and crack.

*Glaud.* I'll out a space, and see the young anes play ;  
My heart's still light, abeit my locks be gray. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III.  
PROLOGUE.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame,  
Young Roger draps the rest,  
To whisper out his melting flame,  
And throw his lassie's breast.  
Behind a bush, well hid frae sight, they meet :  
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.  
Poor Shepherd !*

ROGER and JENNY.

*Rog.* **D**EAR *Jenny*, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,  
And yet I ergh ye'r ay sae scornfu' set.

*Jenny.* And what wad *Roger* say, if he cou'd speak ?  
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye'r to seek ?

*Rog.* Yes, ye may guess, right eith for what I grein,  
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een :  
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,  
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith even and morn.  
Ah ! cou'd I loo ye less, I'd happy be,  
But happier far ! cou'd ye but fancy me.

*Jenny.* And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may ?  
Ye canna say, that e'er I said ye nay.

*Rog.* Alake ! my frightened heart begins to fail,  
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,  
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,  
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

*Jenny.* I loo my father, cusin *Meg* I love ;  
But to this day, nae man my heart cou'd move :  
Except my kin, ilk lad's alyke to me ;  
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

*Rog.* How lang, dear *Jenny* ? --- sayna that again,  
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?  
I'm glad however that ye stand free ;  
Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me ?

*Jenny.* Ye have my pity else, to see you set  
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget :  
Wow ! but were bony, good, and every thing !  
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing !

But

But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,  
Than we our daffin, and tint power repent :  
When prison'd in four waws a wife right tame,  
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

*Rog.* That only happens, when for sake of gear,  
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare :  
Or when dull parents bairns together bind  
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind :  
But love, true downright love, engages me,  
(Tho' thou should scorn) still to delight in thee.

*Jenny.* What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa' !  
But girning marriage comes and ends them a' :  
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,  
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies ;  
I've seen the silver spring a-while rin clear,  
And soon in mossy puddles disappear :  
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile ;  
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

*Rog.* I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,  
The day unclouded, sink in calmest night :  
I've seen the spring rin wimpling throw the plain,  
Increase and join the ocean, without stain :  
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile ;  
Rejoice throw life, and all your fears beguile.

S A N G XIII. *Tune, Leih-wynd.*

J E N N Y.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove ;  
You should nae mair complain ;  
The easy maid, beset with love,  
Few words will quickly gain :  
For I mns't own, now since you're free ;  
This too fond heart of mine  
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,  
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

R O G E R.

*I'm happy now, ah ! let my head  
Upon thy breast recline !  
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead ;  
Is Jenny then sae kind ? —*

O let me brize thee to my heart!  
 And round my arms entwine:  
 Delishtfu' thought, we'll never part!  
 Come press thy mouth to mine.

*Jenny.* Were I but sure ye lang wou'd love maintain,  
 The fewest words my easy heart could gain:  
 For I maun own, since now at last you're free,  
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;  
 And ever had a warmth in my breast,  
 That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

*Rog.* I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—  
 This gush of pleasure's like to be my deid.  
 Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fir'd.  
 With wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.  
 Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,  
 And ferly at the quick return of day!  
 O *Jenny*! let my arms about thee twine,  
 And brize thy bony breasts and lips to mine.

[*They embrace.*]

*Jenny.* With equal joy my faster heart does yield,  
 To own thy well-try'd love has won the field.  
 Now by these warmest kisses thou has tane,  
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

*Roger.* I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,  
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,  
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,  
 If you agree with me to lead your life.

*Jenny.* Well, I agree.—neist to my parent gae,  
 Get his consent----he'll hardly sae ye nae:  
 Ye have what will commend ye to him well,  
 Auld fowks like them that want na milk and meal.

S A N G XIV. Tune, O'er Bogie.

Well, I agree, ye're sure of me;  
 Next to my father gae:  
 Make him content to give consent;  
 He'll hardly say you nae:  
 For ye have what he wad be at,  
 And will commend you weel,  
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld:  
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should

*Should he deny, I care na by,  
 He'd contradict in vain :  
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,  
 But thee I will have nane.  
 Then never range, nor learn to change,  
 Like these in high degree :  
 And if you prove faithful in love,  
 You'll find nae fault in me.*

*Rog.* My faulds contain twice fifteen sorrow nowt,  
 As mony newcal in my byers rowt :  
 Five pack of woo I can at *Lamma's* sell,  
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.  
 Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,  
 With meikle care, my thrifty mither made :  
 Ilk thing that makes a hartsome house and tight  
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.  
 They left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,  
 Because I can give a', my dear to thee :  
 And had I fifty times as mickle mair,  
 Nane but my *Jenny* shou'd the famen skair.  
 My love and all is yours ; now had them fast,  
 And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

*Jenny.* I'll do my best ; but see wha gangs this way,  
*Patie* and *Meg*-----besides *I maunna* stay ;  
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn ;  
 If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

*Rog.* To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin pool,  
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool :  
 Keep tryst, and meet me there, there let us meet,  
 To kiss and tell our loves ; there's nought sae sweet.

## S C E N E IV.

## P R O L O G U E.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sym,  
 Within a gallery of the place,  
 Where all looks ruinous and grim,  
 Nor has the baron shown his face ;  
 But joking with his shepherd leel,  
 As speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir W. **T**O whom belongs this house so much decay'd?  
*Sym* To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous  
 To bear the *Head* up, when rebellious *Tail* [aid,  
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.  
*Sir William Worthy* is our master's name,  
 Wha fills us all with joy, now *He's come hame*.

## P R O L O G U E.

*Sir William draps his masking beard;*  
*Symon transported, sees*  
*The welcome knight, with fond regard,*  
*And grasps him round the knees.*

My master! my dear master!----do I breath!  
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!  
 Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants sight!  
 To bless his SON, my charge, the world's delight.

*Sir W.* Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my arms enjoy  
 A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:  
 I came to view thy care in this disguise,  
 And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;  
 Since still the secret thou'lt securely seal'd,  
 And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

*Sym.* The due obedience to your strict command  
 Was the first lock-----neist my ain judgment fand  
 Out reasons plenty-----Since, without estate,  
 A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, look baugh and blate.

*Sir W.* And aften vain and idly spend their time,  
 'Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,  
 Hang on their friends---which gi'es their sauls a cast,  
 That turns them downright beggars at the last.

*Symon.* Now, well I wat, sir, ye have spoken true;;  
 For there's laird *Kytie's* son, that's loo'd by few.  
 His father steght his fortune in his wame,  
 And left his heir nought but a gentle name:  
 He gangs about fornan frae place to place,  
 As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace,  
 Oppressing a' as punishment o' their sin  
 That are within his tenth degree of kin:  
 Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust:  
 To his ane fam'ly as to gi'e him trust.



Sir W. Such uselefs branches of a common-wealth  
Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health.  
Unworthy bare reflection—*Symon*, run  
O'er all your observations on my son;  
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,  
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

*Sym.* To speak his praise, the longest simmer-day  
Wad be owre short—cou'd I them right display.  
In word and deed he can sae well behave,  
That out of sight he runs before the lave:  
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,  
*Patrick's* made judge, to tell whase cause is best,  
And his decree stands good—he'll gar it stand:  
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand;  
With a firm look, and a commanding way,  
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir W. Your tale much pleases—my good friend, pro-  
What learning has he? can he write and read? [ceed:

*Sym.* Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare  
To gi'e him at the school enough of lair;  
And he delyts in books—He reads and speaks  
With fowks that ken them, *Latin* words and *Greeks*.

Sir W. Where gets he books to read—and of what kind?  
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the bliud.

*Sym.* Whene'er he drives our sheep to *Edinburgb* port,  
He buys some books of history, sang or sport:  
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,  
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.  
About ane *Shakespear*, and a famous *Ben*  
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.  
How sweetly *Hawthornden* and *Stirling* sing,  
And ane caw'd *Cowley*, loyal to his king,  
He kens fou well, and gars their verses ring.  
I sometimes thought, that he made o'er great fraize  
About fine poems, histories and plays.  
When I reprov'd him anes—a book he brings,  
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir W. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,  
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear:  
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind  
Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

*Sym.*

*Sym.* What ken we better, that sae fiddle look,  
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a book ?  
When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,  
'Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our fell.

*Sir W.* Well jested, *Symon*; ---but one question more,  
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.  
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves  
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves :  
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mein  
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,  
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart ?

*Sym.* I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest part,  
'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet  
(With *Glaud's* fair niece) than I thought right or meet.  
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,  
Since like yourself, your son will soon appear;  
A gentleman enrich'd with all these charms,  
May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

*Sir W.* This night must end his unambitious fire,  
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.  
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,  
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.  
Yonder's my horse and servant nigh at hand,  
They come just at the time I gave command :  
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress ;  
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

*Sym.* With how much joy I on this errand flee,  
There's nane can know that is not down-right me.

[*Exit Symon.*]

*Sir William solus.* Whene'er th' event of hope's success  
One happy hour cancels the toil of years :      [*appears,*  
A thousand toils are lost in *Lethe's* stream,  
And cares evanish like a morning dream ;  
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,  
The pain that's past enhances the delight.  
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,  
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love,  
I must, in haste, my *Patrick* soon remove,  
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.

}  
Like.

Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,  
 Only in little breakings shews its light,  
 'Till artful polishing has made it shine:  
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. *Tune, Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*

*Now from rusticity, and love,  
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,  
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,  
 His soul must take another turn:  
 As the rough diamond, from the mine,  
 In breakings only shews its light,  
 'Till polishing has made it shine,  
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.*

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

PROLOGUE.

*The scene describ'd in former page,  
 Glaud's onset — Enter Maufe and Madge.*

*Maufe.* O UR laird come hame! and owns young  
*Pate* his heir,  
 That's news indeed!

*Madge.* -----As true as ye stand there.  
 As they were dancing all in *Symon's* yard,  
*Sir William*, like a warlock, with a beard,  
 Fives nives in length, and white as driven snaw,  
 Amang us came, cry'd *Had ye merry a'*.  
 We ferly'd mickle at his unco look,  
 While frae his poutch he whirl'd forth a book.  
 As we stood round about him on the green,  
 He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his een;  
 Then pawkylic pretended he cœ'd spae,  
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

*Maufe.* Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,  
 Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

*Madge.* As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,  
 Whilk flee tod *Lawrie* hads without his mow,

When

360      *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,  
 In summer-days slides backward in a pool :  
 In short, he did for *Pate* braw things foretel,  
 Without the help of conjuring or spell ;  
 At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,  
 Pou'd off his beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew  
 His welcome master ; --round his knees he gat,  
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.  
*Patrick* was sent for----happy lad is he !  
*Symon* tald it *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me.  
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon ;  
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd-when a' is done,  
 To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,  
 Na, no sae meikle as to *Pate* himsell :  
 Our *Meg*, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

*Mause*. It may be sae, wha kens, and may be no.  
 To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain ;  
 Even kings has tane a queen out of the plain,  
 And what has been before, may be again. }

*Madge*. Sic nonsense ! love tak root, but tocher-good,  
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood !  
 Sic fashions in king *Bruce*'s days might be ;  
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

*Mause*. Gif *Pate* forsakes her, *Bauldy* she may gain,  
 Yonder he comes, and wow ! but he looks fain ;  
 Nae doubt he thinks that *Peggy*'s now his ain. }

*Madge*. He get her ! flaverin doof ! it sets him well  
 To yoke a plough where *Patrick* thought to teil !  
 Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young master see---

*Mause*. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he ;  
 And so wad I : but whisht ! here *Bauldy* comes.

*Enter Bauldy* [*singing.*]

*Jocky* said to *Jenny*, *Jenny* wilt thou do't,  
 Ne'er a fit, quoth *Jenny*, for my tocher-good ;  
 For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,  
 E'en's ye like, quoth *Jocky*, ye may let it be.

*Madge*. Weel liltit, *Bauldy*, that's a dainty sang.  
*Bauldy*. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[*sings again.*

*I ha'e*

*I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh,  
I have seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh;  
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,  
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byer,  
A peatstack 'fore the door, we'll make a rantin fire;  
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry sall we be,  
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,  
Ye shall be lad, I'll be the lasti mysell;  
Ye're a bonny lad, and am a lassie free;  
Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.*

I trow sae,----lasses will come to at last,  
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-baws cast.

*Mause.* Well, *Bauldy*, how gaes a'.—

*Bauldy.* —Faith, unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane this night:

*Madge.* And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?

*Bauldy.* To find out that, is nae difficult task.

Poor bony *Peggy*, wha maun think nae mair  
On *Pate* turn'd *Patrick*, and *Sir William's* heir.

Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Mause*, stand be,

While *Meg's* in dumps, put in a word for me,

I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* could prove;

Lefs wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

*Madge.* As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy thorn,

Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.

Fy, *Bauldy*, blush, and vows of love regard;

What other lads will trow a mansworn herd;

The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,

That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece say gray a gate,

Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wate.

*Bauldy.* Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest;

Ye leed, auld roudes,---and in faith had best

Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand

With a het face afore the haly band.

*Madge.* Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabbit brock,  
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,

H h

And



And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,  
Can flyp the skin o'ye'r cheeks out-o'er your chin.

*Bauldy.* I tak ye witness, *Mause*, ye heard her say,  
That I'm mansworn,——I winna let it gae.

*Madge.* Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bony names,  
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.  
Ye filthy dog!      —— [*Flees to his hair like a fury.*  
*A stout battle*——*Mause endeavours to redd them.*]

*Mause.* Let gang your grips; fy, *Madge*! howt,  
*Bauldy*, leen,  
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen;  
'Tis sae daft like——

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches, with a bleeding nose.*]

*Madge.* ——'Tis dafter-like to thole  
An ether-cap like him, to blaw the coal.  
It sets him well with vile unscrapit tongue,  
To cast up whether I be auld or young;  
They're aulder yet than I have married been.  
And, or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

*Mau.* That's true; and *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame, }  
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd name. }

*Baul.* My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same. }

*Madge.* Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

*Mause.* Howt, no;—ye'll e'en be friends with honest

*Bauldy*;

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:  
Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I see the lad looks wae.

*Bauldy.* In troth now, *Mause*, I have at *Madge* nae  
But she abusing first was a' the wyte      [spite;  
Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave  
My pardon first, and shall acquaintance have.

*Madge.* I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,  
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat.  
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,  
'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear,  
Vow and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?  
Swith tak him deel, he's owre lang out of hell.

*Bauldy*

Bauldy [*running off.*] His presence be about us! Curst  
were he

That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

*Exit Bauldy.*

Madge. [*laughing.*] I think I have towzled his harrigalds a-wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve

A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly---I commend ye for't,  
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport:  
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,  
And breeding baith---to tell me to my face,  
He hoped I was a *witch*, and wadna stand,  
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A *witch*!---how had ye patience this to bear,  
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear.

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like  
Obliges fowk resentment to decline, [*mine,*  
'Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we  
With cunning can the lack of pith supply:  
Thus I pat aff revenge 'till it was dark,  
Syne bad him come, and we should gang to wark:  
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here  
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll hae as I protest;  
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.  
A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,  
I'll cawk my face, and grane and shake my head.  
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang  
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on night,  
The westlin cloud shines with a setting light. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE H.

## PROLOGUE.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,  
And the green-sward grows damp with falling dew,  
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,  
The gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,  
Walks throw the broom with Roger ever leel,  
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewel.*

*Roger.* **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps  
light;

O Mr *Patrick*, ay your thoughts were right;  
Sure gentle-fowk are farer seen than we,  
That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.  
My *Jenny* now, wha' brak my heart this morn,  
Is perfect yielding---sweet---and nae mair scorn.  
I spak my mind---she heard---I spak again,  
She smil'd---I kifs'd---I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

*Patie.* I'm glad to hear't---But O my change this day,  
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.  
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,  
And an estate that lifts me boon the lave.  
With looks all kindness, words that love confess }  
He all the father to my soul express,  
While close he held me to his manly breast:  
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth }  
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing o' my youth!  
Wha set too soon!---And while he praise bestow'd,  
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.  
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,  
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;  
That speechless lang, my late kend fire I view'd,  
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd:  
Unusual transports made my head turn round, }  
Whilst I myself with rising raptures found,  
The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.  
But he has heard---too faithful *Symon's* fear!  
Has brought my love for *Peggy* to his ear,  
Which he forbids;---ah! this confounds my peace,  
While, thus to beat, my heart must sooner cease.

*Roger.*

*Roger.* How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :  
But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

*Patie.* Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause ;  
But love rebels against all bounding laws ;  
Fixt in my soul the shepherde's excels,  
And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVI. *Tune,* Kirk wad let me be.

*Duty and part of reason,  
Plead strong on the parents side,  
Which love superior calls treason,  
The strongest must be obey'd :*

*For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,  
My constancy falsehood repels ;  
For change in my heart is no entry,  
Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

*Roger.* Enjoy them baith----Sir William will be won :  
Your Peggy's bonny----you're his only son.

*Patie.* She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,  
And frae these bands nae fate my mind shall move.  
I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true,  
But still obedience is a parent's due.

*Roger.* Is not our master and yourself to stay  
Amang us here---or are ye gawn away  
To London court, or ither far aff parts,  
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts ?

*Pat.* To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,  
To London neist, and afterwards to France,  
Where I must stay some years, and learn---to dance,  
And twa three other monky-tricks : --That done,  
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.  
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,  
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave ;  
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel  
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel :  
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,  
Sonner than hear sic news shall hear my death.

*Roger.* They wha have just enough can soundly sleep,  
The owrecome only fashes sowk to keep----

Good master *Patrick*, tak your ain tale hame.

*Pat.* What was my morning thought, at night's the  
The poor and rich but differ in the name. [same.]

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure  
Frae 'boon the list--without it kings are poor.

*Roger.* But an estate like yours yields braw content,  
When we but pike it scanty on the bent :

Fine claiths, soft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine;

Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,

Submissive servants, honour, wealth and ease,

Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

*Patie.* Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,  
But mony a cloud bings hovering o'er their bliss :

The passions rule the roast—and if they're sour,

Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour:

The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,

Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.

The gouts, and gravels, and the ill disease,

Are frequentest with fowk owrelaid with ease;

While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,

Enjoys his sober wish, and halesome air.

*Roger.* Lord, nian, I wonder, ay, and it delights

My heart, whene'er I hearken to your sighs :

How gat ye a' that sense I fain wad lear,

That I may easier disappointments bear?

*Patie.* Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill,

These best can teach what's real good and ill :

Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,

To gain these silent friends that ever please.

*Roger.* I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy :

Faith I'll hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky :

But now let's hear how you're design'd to move

Between Sir *William's* will and *Peggy's* love.

*Patie.* Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd,

My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride :

But I some time this last design maun hide.

Keep you the secret close, and leave me here ;

I sent for *Peggy*, yonder comes my dear.

*Roger.* And proud of being your secretary, I

To wyle it frae me a' the deels defy.

*Exit Roger.*

*Patie.*



*Patie* [*solus.*] With what a struggle must I now impart  
My father's will to her that had my heart :  
I ken she loves, and her fast soul will sink,  
While it stands trembling on the hated brink  
Of disappointment—heav'n support my fair,  
And let her comfort claim your tender care :  
Her eyes are red—— [*Enter Peggy.*

——My *Peggy*, why in tears ?

Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears :

*Peggy.* I dare not think sae high—I now repine  
At that unhappy chance, that made not me.  
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee,  
Wha can withouten pain see frae the coast  
The ship that bears his all like to be lost ?  
Like to be carried by some rever's hand,  
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

*Patie.* Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains  
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.  
My father has forbid our loves, I own :  
But love's superior to a parent's frown :  
I falsehood hate : come kifs thy cares away ;  
I ken to love as well as to obey.

Sir *William's* generous ; leave the task to me  
To make strict duty and true love agree.

*Peggy.* Speak on ! speak ever thus, and still my grief,  
But short I dare to hope the fond relief ;  
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,  
That with nice air swims round in silk attire ;  
Then I ! poor me !—with sighs may ban my fate,  
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome *Pate*.  
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales express,  
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest :  
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,  
When *Patie* kifs'd me, when I danc'd or sang ;  
Nae mair alake ! we'll on the meadows play !  
And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay,  
As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,  
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane :  
Nae mair around the *foggy know* I'll creep,  
To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.

But

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But hear my vow—'twill help to give me ease,  
May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,  
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,  
If e'er to anc but you I be a wife.

SANG XVII. *Tune, Waes my heart that we  
shou'd sunder.*

*Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,  
Holds up a heart that's sinking under  
These fears, that soon will want relief,  
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.  
A gentler face and silk attire,  
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,  
Alake poor me! will now conspire,  
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the shepherd who excell'd  
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,  
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;  
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.  
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,  
Ye banks where we were wont to wander;  
Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,  
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep  
Around the know with silent duty,  
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
And wonder at thy manly beauty?  
Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
Tho' thou shou'd prove a wandering lover,  
Throw life to thee I shall prove true,  
Nor be a wife to any other.*

*Patie.* Sure heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,  
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:  
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,  
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,  
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,  
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.  
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move  
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.

If at my foot were crowns and scepters laid,  
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid,  
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things  
To sic as have the patience to be kings.  
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

*Peggy.* I greet for joy, to hear thy love sae kind;  
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,  
Made me think life was little worth my care:  
My heart was like to burst; but now I see  
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy heart for me:  
With patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,  
Dream thro' that night, 'till my day-star appear;  
And all the while I'll study gentler charms  
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:  
I'll gain on uncle *Glaud*—he's far frae fool,  
And will not grudge to put me throwilk school,  
Where I may manners learn——

SANG XVIII. *Tune, Tweed-side.*

*Peggy.* When hope was quite sunk in despair,  
My heart it was going to break;  
My life appear'd worthless my care,  
But now I will sav't for thy sake.  
Where-e'er my love travels by day,  
Where-ever he lodges by night,  
With me his dear image shall stay;  
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,  
And study the gentlest charms;  
Hope time away till thou appear,  
So lock thee for ay in those arms.  
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd  
No higher degree in this life;  
But now I'll endeavour to rise  
To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,  
Must fade the like gowans of May,  
But inwardly rooted, will keep  
For ever, without a decay.

*The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*  
*Nor age, nor the changes of life,*  
*Can quench the fair fire of love,*  
*If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,*  
*And the husband have sense to approve.*

*Patie.* — That's wisely said,  
 And what he wares that way shall be well paid.  
 Tho' without a' the little helps of art,  
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart,  
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,  
 We must learn modes, to innocence unkend ;  
 Affect oft-times to like the thing we hate,  
 And drap serenity, to keep up state ;  
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,  
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae :  
 Pay compliments to them we oft have scorn'd,  
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

*Peggy.* If this is gentry, I had rather be  
 What I am still—but I'll be ought with thee.

*Patie.* No, no, my *Peggy*, I but only jest  
 With gentry's apes ; for still amangst the best,  
 Good-manners give integrity a bleeze,  
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

*Peggy.* Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence,  
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,  
 Then why, ah ! why shou'd the tempestuous sea  
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me ?  
 Sir *William's* cruel that wad force his son,  
 For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

*Pat.* There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve ;  
 Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love :  
 But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast  
 In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

SANG XIX. *Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.*

*Peggy.* *At setting day and rising morn,*  
*With soul that still shall love thee,*  
*I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,*  
*With all that can improve thee.*  
*I'll visit aft the birkin bush,*  
*Where first thou kindly told me*

*Sweet*

*Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,  
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,  
By greenwood-shaw or fountain;  
Or where the summer-day I'd share  
With thee, upon yon mountain.  
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,  
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;  
By vows you're mine, my love is yours  
A heart which cannot wander.*

With every setting day, and rising morn,  
I'll kneel to heaven, and ask thy safe return:  
Under that tree, and on the Suckler-brae,  
Where aften we wont, when bairns, to run and play:  
And to the Hiffel-shaw, where first ye vow'd  
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,  
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,  
With joy that they'll bear witness I am yours.

*Patie.* My dear allow me frae thy temples fair  
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,  
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,  
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

*Peggy.* Were ilka hair that appertains to me  
Worth an estate, they all belong to thee:  
My sheers are ready, take what you demand,  
And aught what love with virtue may command.

*Patie.* Nae mair I'll ask; but since we've little time,  
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime,  
Love's safer meaning better is exprest,  
When it's with kisses on the heart imprest.

*[Here they embrace, and the curtain's let down.]*



## ACT V. SCENE I.

## PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,  
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest :  
Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,  
See the auld man comes forward to the fot.*

*Sym.* **W**HAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this silent hour,  
When nature nods beneath the drowsy pow'r:  
Far to the *North* the scant approaching light  
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.  
What gars ye shake, and glowre and look fae wan?  
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

*Bauldy.* O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,  
My head's grown giddy—legs with shaking fail;  
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:  
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.

I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon*, O *Symon*! O!

*[Symon gives him a drink.]*

*Sym.* What ails thee, gowk!—to make so loud ado.  
You've wak'd *Sir William*, he has left his bed;  
He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd; I hear his tread.

*Enter Sir William.*

*Sir W.* How goes the night? Does day-light yet appear?  
*Symon*, you're very tymously asteer.

*Sym.* I'm sorry, sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,  
But some strange thing has *Bauldy's* sp'rit oppress'd,  
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist. }

*Bauldy.* O! ay—dear sir, in troth, 'tis very true,  
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

*Sir Will. (smiling.)* I lang to hear't—

*Bauldy.* —Ah! sir, the witch caw'd *Maufe*,  
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,  
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,  
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart;  
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night,  
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!  
For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good,  
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)

*Rais'd*

Rais'd up a ghaist or deel, I kenna whilk,  
Like a dead coarfe in sheet as white as milk;  
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,  
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,  
Lows'd down my breeks, while I like a great fool,  
Was labour'd as I won't to be at school.  
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp,  
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,  
'Till, with an elritch laugh they vanish'd quite;  
Syne I haf dead dead with anger, fear and spite,  
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, sir, to you,  
Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.  
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,  
'Till in a fat tar-barrel *Mause* be brunt.

Sir *W.* Well, *Bauldy*, whate'er's just shall granted be;  
Let *Mause* be brought this morning down to me.

*Bauldy.* Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;  
But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa three mae,  
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,  
And cast her cantraips that bring up the deel.

[Exit *Bauldy*.]

Sir *W.* Troth *Symon*, *Bauldy*'s more afraid than hurt,  
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport,  
What silly notions croud the clouded mind,  
That is throw want of education blind!

*Sym.* But does your Honour think there's nae sic thing,  
As witches raising deels up throw a ring,  
Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,  
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir *W.* Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,  
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor.  
Who are rejoyc'd to see him frisk and lowp  
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp,  
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,  
Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*;  
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,  
While they on cats or clowns, or broomstuffs ride,  
Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,  
To drink their leader's health in *France* or *Spain*;  
Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,  
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs and stools.

I i

What-

Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,  
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

*Symon.* 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch  
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:  
But *Mause*, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,  
And lives a quiet and very honest life.  
That gars me think that this hoblefhew that's past  
Will end in naithing but a joke at last.

*Sir W.* I'm sure it will; but see increasing light  
Commands the imps of darkness down to night:  
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,  
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX. Tune, Bony gray-ey'd morn.

*The bony gray-ey'd morning begins to peep,  
And darkness flies before the rising ray,  
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,  
To follow healthfu' labours of the day,  
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,  
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,  
And he joins their concert, driving the plow,  
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss  
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,  
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,  
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.  
Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,  
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,  
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,  
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate,*

[Exeunt.



## SCENE II.

### PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,  
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;  
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,  
The rising sun shines motty throw the reek:  
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,  
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

*Glaud.*

*Glaud.* **I** Wish, my bairns, it may keep fair 'till night,  
Ye do not use so soon to see the light ;  
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,  
To tak your leave of *Patrick* or he gang :  
But, do ye think, that now when he's a laird,  
That he poor landwart lasses will regard ?

*Jen.* Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,  
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor :  
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,  
And kifs'd my cusin there frae lug to lug.

*Glaud.* Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again ;  
But, be advis'd, his company refrain :  
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,  
With her to live a chaste and frugal life :  
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake  
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

*Peggy.* A rake, what's that ?—Sure, if it means ought  
He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill. [ill,

*Glaud.* Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,  
Ane young and good, and gentle's unco rare :  
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame  
To do what like of us thinks sin to name ;  
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never slap  
To brag how often they have had the clap ;  
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdich flush'd,  
Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.  
Be wary then I say, and never gi'e  
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

*Peggy.* Sir *William*'s vertuous, and of gentle blood ;  
And may not *Patrick* too, like him be good ?

*Glaud.* That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,  
As they are wiser better are than we ;  
But thinner fawn ; they're sae puft up with pride,  
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,  
That shaws the gate to heaven ;—I've heard mysell,  
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin and hell.

*Jenny.* Watch o'er us, father ! heh, that's very odd,  
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

*Glaud.* Doubt ! why they neither doubt, nor judge,  
nor think,  
Nor hope, nor fear ; but curse, debauch, and drink :

But I'm no saying this, as if thought  
That *Patrick* to sic gaits will e'er be brought.

*Peggy*. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:  
But heres comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

*Enter Madge*.

*Mad*. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for owre the gate,  
To hear, and help to red some odd debate  
'Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some withcraft spell  
At *Symon's* house, the knight sits judge himsel.

*Glaud*. Lend me my staff—*Madge*, lock the outer the  
door,

And bring the lassies wi'ye; I'll step before. *[Exit.*

*Madge*. Poor *Meg*!—Look, *Jenny*, was the like e'er  
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een! *[Seen?*  
This day her brankan woocer taks his horse,  
To strute a gentle spark at *Edinburgh* cross;  
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,  
For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane;  
To leave his ram-horn spoons and kitted whey,  
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;  
To leave the green swaird dance, when we gae milk,  
To rustle amang the beauties clad in silk.  
But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the shepherds slay,  
And take what God will send in hodden-gray.

*Peg*. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn.  
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.  
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,  
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the green:  
Now since he rises, why should I repine?  
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:  
And then, the like has been, if the decree  
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be,

*Madge*. A bony story, trowth!—But we delay;  
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E



## SCENE III.

## PROLOGUE.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,  
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe  
Attend, and with loud laughter bear  
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :  
For now it's tell'd him that the tawz  
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,  
Because he brak good breeding's laws,  
And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

Sir W. **A**ND was that all?—Well, Archbald, ye  
was serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.  
Was it so small a matter to defame,  
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?  
Besides your going about to have betray'd,  
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

*Bauldy.* Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,  
And ne'er again shall be untrue to *Neps*.

*Maufe.* Thus far sir, he oblig'd me on the score,  
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

*Bauldy.* An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;  
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel;  
Yet with your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,  
She's baith a slee and a revengfu' ——  
And that my *some-place* finds; ——but I had best  
Haud in my tongue; for yonder comes the *Ghaist*,  
And the young bony *Witch*, whase rosie cheek  
Seet me without my wit the deel to seek.

*Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.*

Sir Will. [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's she  
that wears th' *Aurora* gown,  
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?  
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!  
The girl brings all my sifter to my mind.  
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,  
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.  
Is this your daughter, *Glaud*? ——

*Glaud.* -----Sir, she's my niece-----

And yet she's not——but I should had my peace.

*Sir W.* This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean? She is, and she is not! pray, *Glaud*, explain.

*Glaud.* Because I doubt, if I should mak appear  
What I have kept a secret thirteen year——

*Maufe.* You may reveal what I can fully clear.

*Sir W.* Speak soon: I'm all impatience!—

*Patie.* ——So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

*Glaud.* Then, since my master orders, I obey—  
This *bony fundling* ae clear morn of *May*,  
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,  
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,  
In infant-weeds, of rich and gentle make.  
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?  
Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air  
Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,  
Sae helpless young; for she appear'd to me,  
Only about twa towmands auld to be.  
I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd  
With sic a look, wad made a savage mild.  
I hid the story, she has pass'd sincefyne  
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:  
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,  
For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.  
Ye see she's bony; I can swear she's good,  
And am right sure she's come of gentle blood;  
Of whom I kenna——naithing ken I mair,  
Than what I to your honour now declare.

*Sir W.* This tale seems strange!——

*Patie.* -----The tale delights my ear!

*Sir W.* Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

*Maufe.* That be my task—Now, sir, bid all be hush,  
*Peggy* may smile—Thou hast no cause to blush.  
Lang have I wish'd to see this happy day,  
That I might safely to the truth give way;  
That I may now *Sir William Worth* name,  
The best and nearest parent she can claim.

He saw't at first, and with quick eyes did trace  
His sister's beauties in her daughter's face.

Sir *W.* Old woman, do not rave—prove what you say;  
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

*Patie.* What reason, sir, can an old woman have  
To tell a lie, when she's fac near her grave?  
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,  
I every thing that looks like reason want.

*Omnes.* The story's odd! we with we heard it out.

Sir *W.* Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir Will.*]

*Mause.* Sir, view me well, has fifteen years so plew'd  
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,  
That here I as an unknown stranger stand  
Who nurs'd her mother, that now holds my hand?  
Yet stronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

Sir *W.* Ha, honest nurse! where were my eyes before!  
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;  
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,  
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[*Sir Will. embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*]

Sir *Will.* Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece! truth must  
prevail;

But no more words, 'till *Mause* relate her tale.

*Pat.* Good nurse, dispatch thy story wing'd with blisses,  
That I may give my cusin fifty kisses.

*Mause.* Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,  
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.  
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,  
How they pursu'd with avaricious view  
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:  
All this to me a confident confest.

I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,  
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.  
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,  
At midnight-hour the floor I softly prest,  
And staw the sleeping innocent away,  
With whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day.  
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,  
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,

'Till

'Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,  
 Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains,  
 For fear of being found out, I, to secure  
 My *charge*, I laid her at this shepherd's door;  
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,  
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.  
 Here, honest *Glaud* himsel, and *Symon* may  
 Remember well how I that very day  
 Frae *Roger's* father took my little cove.

*Glaud*, [*with tears of joy happing down his beard*]  
 I well remember't: Lord reward your love!  
 Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,  
 Sick knowledge some time should about be brought.

*Patie*. 'Tis now a crime to doubt,----my joys are full,  
 With due obedience to my parent's will.  
 Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,  
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms:  
 She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,  
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

*Sir W.* My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,  
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair:  
 Equal with *Patrick*; now my greatest aim  
 Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.  
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand,  
 With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir Will.*

*Patie*. With as much joy this blessing I receive,  
 As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

*Sir Will. raises them.*] I give you both my blessing;  
 may your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

*Peggy*. My wishes are compleat,----my joys arise,  
 While I'm haf dizzy with the blest surprise;  
 And am I then a match for my ain lad,  
 That for me so much generous kindness had?  
 Lang may *Sir William* blest these happy plains,  
 Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

*Patie*. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,  
 We'll only crave what you shall please to gie?  
 Th' estate be yours, my *Peggy's* ane to me.

*Glaud.*

*Glaud.* I hope your honour now will take amends  
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

*Sir W.* The base unnatural villain soon shall know,  
That eyes above watch the affairs below :  
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,  
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

*Peggy.* To me the views of wealth, and an estate  
Seem light, when put in balance with my *Pate* :  
For his sake only I'll ay thankful bow  
For such a kindness, *best of men*, to you.

*Sym.* What double blythness wakens up this day,  
I hope now, sir, you'll no soon haste away.  
Sall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare  
A dinner for ye of hale country fare ?  
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,  
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you :  
Even *Bauldy*, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot  
Fell *Madge's* tawz, and pawky *Mause's* plot.

*Sir W.* Kindly old man, remain with you this day !  
I never from these fields again will stray ;  
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,  
And busy gardeners shall new planting rear :  
My father's hearty table you soon shall see  
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

*Sym.* That's the best news I heard this twenty year !  
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

*Glaud.* God save the king, and save *Sir William* lang,  
To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

*Roger.* Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing ?  
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring ?

*Bauldy.* I'm friends with *Mause*,---with very *Madge*  
I'm gree'd,

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly scid ;  
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,  
To join and sing, *lang may Sir William live*.

*Mad.* Lang may he live ; --and *Archbald* learn to steek  
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak,  
And never ca' her auld, that wants a man,  
Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban.  
This day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,  
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt



Of our young lady,----my dear bonny bairn !

*Peggy.* No other name I'll ever for you learn :---  
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be  
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me ?

*Mause.* The flowing pleasures of this happy day  
Does fully all I can require repay.

*Sir W.* To faithful *Symon*, and, kind *Glaud*, to you, }  
And to your heirs I give in endless feu,  
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,  
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,  
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.

*Mause*, in my house, in calmness, close your days,  
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

*Omnes.* The LORD of heaven return your honour's  
love.

Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

*Patie.* [*presenting Roger to Sir William.*]

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd  
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird;  
*Glaud's* daughter *Janet* (*Jenny*, think nae shame)  
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame :  
Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,  
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son ;  
Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his consent,  
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

*Sir W.* My son's demand is fair.—*Glaud*, let me crave,  
That trusty *Roger* may your daughter have  
With frank consent ; and while he does remain  
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

*Glaud.* You croud your bounties, Sir ; what can we }  
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay ? [say,  
Whate'er your honour will's, I shall obey.

*Roger*, my daughter with my blessing take,  
And still our master's right your business make.  
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head  
Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

*Roger.* I ne'er was good a speaking a' my days,  
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise ;  
But for my master, father, and my wife,  
I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir W. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,  
 Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.  
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find  
 Reward and satisfaction to your mind.  
 The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;  
 And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.  
 Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,  
 Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.  
 Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest should obey:  
 I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae,

SANG XXI. *Tune, Corn-riggs are bony.*

*My Patie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy;  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy:  
 His shape is handsome, middle size,  
 He's comely in his rawking,  
 The shining of his een surprise,  
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last night I met him on a barwk,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There mony a kindly word he spak  
 That set my heart a glowing.  
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And loo'd me best of ony,  
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,  
 O corn riggs are bony.*

*Let lasses of a silly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
 Since we for yielding were design'd,  
 We chastly should be granting.  
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,  
 And syne my Cockernony  
 He's free to touzle, air or late,  
 Where corn riggs are bony.*

## SCOTS SONGS.

*The happy Lover's Reflections.*

**T**HE last time I came o'er the moor ;  
 I left my love behind me ;  
 Ye pow'rs ! what pain I do endure,  
 When soft ideas mind me :  
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
 The beaming day ensuing,  
 I met betimes my lovely maid,  
 In fit retreats for wooing.  
 Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
 Gazing and chaffly sporting ;  
 We kifs'd and promis'd time away,  
 'Till night spread her black curtain.  
 I pitied all beneath the skies,  
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;  
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
 Which cou'd but ill deny me.  
 Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,  
 Where mortal steel may wound me,  
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
 Where dangers may surround me ;  
 Yet hopes again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my cares at distance move,  
 In prospect of such blisses.  
 In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter ;  
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,  
 In her my love shall center.  
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the *Alps* shall cover,  
 On *Greenland* ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.  
 The next time I goe o'er the moor  
 She shall a lover find me :

And

And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Tho' I left her behind me ;  
 Then *Hymen's* sacred bonds shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom,  
 There, while my being does remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

=====

*The Lafs of PATIE's Mill.*

**T**HE lafs of *Patie's* mill,  
 So bony, blyth and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 She stole my heart away.  
 When tedding of the hay  
 Bare-headed on the green,  
 Love 'midst her locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her een.  
 Her arms white, round and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their dawn,  
 To age it wou'd give youth,  
 To press 'em with his hand.  
 Thro' all my spirits ran  
 An extasy of bliss,  
 When I such sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.  
 Without the help of art,  
 Like flowers which grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd ;  
 I wish'd her for my bride.  
 O had I all the wealth  
*Hopeton's* high mountains fill,  
 Insur'd lang life and health,  
 And pleasure at my will ;

\* *Hopeton's* high mountains, thirty three miles south west of Edinburgh, where the right honourable the Earl of *Hopeton's* mines of gold and lead are.

I'd promise and fulfill,  
That none but bony she,  
The lass of *Patie's* mill  
Shou'd share the same wi' me.

DELIA. *To the Tune of Green-sleeves.*

**Y**E watchful guardians of the fair,  
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,  
Of my dear *Delia* take a care,  
And represent her lover  
With all the gaiety of youth,  
With honour, justice, love and truth,  
'Till I return, her passions sooth  
For me, in whispers move her.

Be careful, no base fordid slave,  
With soul sunk in a golden grave,  
Who knows no virtue but to save,  
With glaring gold betwitch her.  
Tell her for me she was design'd,  
For me who know how to be kind,  
And have more plenty in my mind,  
Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,  
And fools run an eternal round,  
In quest of what can ne'er be found,  
To please their vain ambition.  
Let little minds great charms espy  
In shadows which at distance lie,  
Whose hop'd for pleasure when come nigh,  
Prove nothing in fruition.

But, cast into a mold divine,  
Fair *Delia* does with lustre shine,  
Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,  
Which yields a constant treasure.  
Let poets in sublimest lays,  
Employ their skill her fame to raise;  
Let sons of music pass whole days,  
With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

*The*



*The Yellow-hair'd LADDIE.*

**I**N *April* when primroses paint the sweet plain;  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,  
 The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* wou'd oftentimes go  
 To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn-trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn;  
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, thio' young *Maya* be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;  
 But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing,  
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth;  
 But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,  
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sow'r:  
 Then sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,  
 The witty sweet *Susie* his mistress might be.

---

 N A N N Y -- O.

**W**HILE some for pleasure pawn their health,  
 'Twixt *Lais* \* and the *Bagnio*,  
 I'll save myself, and without stealth  
 Kifs and caress my *Nanny-O*.  
 She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*,  
 Than *Leda* did or *Danae-O* †;  
 Were I to paint the queen of love,  
 None else should sit but *Nanny-O*.

How joyfully my spirits rise,  
 When dancing she moves finely-O,

\* *Lais*. A famous Corinthian courtesan.

† *Leda* and *Danae*. Two beauties to whom *Jove* made love;  
 to one in the figure of a swan, to the other in a golden shower.

I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,  
Which sparkle so divinely-O.  
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I  
Breathe in the blest *Britannio*,  
None's happiness I shall envy,  
As long's ye grant me *Nanny-O*.

## C H O R U S.

*My bony, bony Nanny-O,  
My loving charming Nanny-O,  
I care not tho' the world do know  
How dearly I love Nanny-O.*

## B O N N Y J E A N.

**L** O V E's Goddess in a myrtle grove  
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with speed,  
Nor let the shaft at random rove,  
For *Jeanie's* haughty heart must bleed.  
The smiling boy, with divine art,  
From *Paphos* shot an arrow keen,  
Which flew unerring to the heart,  
And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the nymph with haughty air,  
Refuses *Willie's* kind address;  
Her yielding blushes shew no care,  
But too much fondness to suppress.  
No more the youth is *fallen* now,  
But looks the gayest on the green,  
Whilst every day he spies some new  
Surprising charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,  
He moves as light as fleeting wind,  
His former sorrows seem a jest,  
Now when his *Jeanie* is turn'd kind:  
Riches he looks on with disdain,  
The glorious fields of war look mean,  
The chearful hound and horn give pain,  
If absent from his bonny *Jean*.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,  
 Which even in summer shorten'd seems :  
 When sunk in down with glad amaze,  
 He wonders at her in his dreams.  
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright  
 Than *Troy's* fair prize, the *Spartan* queen :  
 With breaking day he lifts his sight,  
 And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

— — — — —  
*The Kind Reception. To the Tune of Auld lang syne.*

**S**HOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 Tho' they return with scars ?  
 These are the noblest heroe's lot,  
 Obtain'd in glorious wars :  
 Welcome, my *Varo*, to my breast,  
 Thy arms about me twine,  
 And make me once again as blest,  
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,  
 A thousand *Cupids* play,  
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,  
 Each object makes me gay.  
 Since your return the sun and moon  
 With brighter beams do shine,  
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,  
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state,  
 Let that to their share fall ;  
 Who can esteem such slav'ry great,  
 While bounded like a ball ?  
 But sunk in love, upon my arms  
 Let your brave head recline,  
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,  
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend  
 You may pursue the chase ;  
 And after a blyth bottle end  
 All cares in my embrace :

And in a vacant rainy day  
 You shall be wholly mine;  
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,  
 And laugh at lang syne.

The heroe pleas'd with the sweet air,  
 And signs of gen'rous love,  
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,  
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above:  
 Next day with glad consent and haste  
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine,  
 Where the good priest the couple blest,  
 And put them out of pine.

*The PENITENT. To the Tune of, The lass of Livingston.*

PAIN'D with her slighting *Jamie's* love,  
*Bell* dropt a tear,—*Bell* dropt a tear,  
 The gods descended from above,  
 Well pleas'd to hear,—Well pleas'd to hear.  
 They heard the praises of the youth  
 From her own tongue,----From her own tongue,  
 Who now converted was to truth,  
 And thus she sung,----And thus she sung.

Blest days when our ingen'ous sex,  
 More frank and kind,----More frank and kind,  
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex,  
 But spoke their mind,----But spoke their mind.  
 Repenting now she promis'd fair,  
 Wou'd he return,----Wou'd he return,  
 She ne'er again wou'd give him care,  
 Or cause to mourn,--- Or cause to mourn.

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,  
 Yet still thought shame,----Yet still thought shame,  
 When he my yielding heart did gain,  
 To own my flame.----To own my flame?  
 Why took I pleasure to torment,  
 And seem too coy,----And seem too coy?  
 Which makes me now, alas! lament  
 My slighted joy,-----My slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,  
 Own your desire,—Own your desire;  
 While love's young power with his soft wing  
 Fans up the fire,—Fans up the fire.  
 O do not with a silly pride,  
 Or low design,—Or low design,  
 Refuse to be a happy bride,  
 But answer plain,----But answer plain.  
 Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime;  
 With flowing eyes,----With flowing eyes;  
 Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,  
 With sweet surprise, ---With sweet surprise,  
 Some god had led him to the grove,  
 His mind unchang'd,----His mind unchang'd,  
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, my love,  
 I am reveng'd,----I am reveng'd!

=====

LOVE'S CURE. *To the Tune of, Peggy I must love thee.*

**A**S from a rock past all relief,  
 The shipwreckt *Colin* spying  
 His native home, o'ercome with grief,  
 Half sunk in waves, and dying;  
 With the next morning sun he spies  
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise,  
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes  
 With joy, and waits her motion.  
 So when by her whom I long lov'd,  
 I scorn'd was and deserted,  
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,  
 To be for ever parted:  
 Thus droopt I, 'till diviner grace  
 I found in *Peggy's* mind and face;  
 Ingratitude appear'd appear'd then base,  
 But virtue more engaging.  
 Then now since happily I've hit,  
 I'll have no more delaying,  
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,  
 We lose ourselves in staying;



I'll haste dull courtship to a close,  
 Since marriage can my fears oppose,  
 Why shou'd we happy minutes lose.

Since *Peggy* I must love thee ?

Men may be foolish, if they please,

And deem't a lover's duty,

To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,

Doating on a proud beauty :

Such was my case for many a year,

Still hope succeeding to my fear,

False *Betty's* charms now disappear,

Since *Peggy's* far out-shine them.

## O D E.

**H**ENCE every thing that can  
 Disturb the quiet of man ;  
 Be blyth my soul,  
 In a full bowl  
 Drown thy care,  
 And repair  
 The vital stream :  
 Since life's a dream;  
 Let wine abound,  
 And healths go round,  
 We'll sleep more sound ;  
 And let the dull unthinking mob pursue  
 Each endless wish, and still their toil renew.

## BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

**O** *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*  
 They are twa bonny lasses,  
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brac,  
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.  
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,  
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;  
 But *Mary Gray's* twa pawky een,  
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Bessy's* hair's like a lint tap,  
 She smiles like a *May*-morning,  
 When *Phoebus* starts frae *Thetis'* lap,  
 The hills with rays adorning :  
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,  
 Her waste and feet's fow genty,  
 With ilka grace she can command,  
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* locks are like the crow,  
 Her eye like diamonds glances ;  
 She's ay sae clean red-up and braw,  
 She kills when e'er she dances :  
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,  
 She blooming, tight and tall is ;  
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,  
 O *Jove* ! she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,  
 Ye unco' fair oppress us,  
 Our fancies jee between you twae,  
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :  
 Wae's me, for baith I canna get,  
 To ane by law we're stented ;  
 Then I'll draw cuts and take my fate,  
 And be with ane contented.

*The young LAIRD and Edinburgh KATY.*

**N**O W wat ye wha I met yestreen  
 Coming down the street, my Jo,  
 My mistress in her Tartan screen,  
 Fou bonny, braw and sweet, my Jo.  
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night  
 That never wish'd a lover ill :  
 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,  
 Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu gang wi' me,  
 And leave the dinsome town a while ?  
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
 And a' the summer's gawn to smile ;

The

The mavis, nightingale and lark,  
 The bleeting lambs and whistling hynd,  
 In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,  
 Will nourish health and glad ye'r mind.  
 Soon as the clear goodman of day  
 Does bend his morning draught of dew,  
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
 And gather flowers to busk ye'r brow.  
 We'll pou the daizies on the green,  
 The lucken gowans frae the bog;  
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,  
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.  
 There's up into a pleasant glen,  
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,  
 A canny, fast and flow'ry den,  
 Which circling birks has form'd a bower :  
 When e'er the sun grows high and warm,  
 We'll to the cauller shade remove,  
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,  
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

---

KATY'S Answer.

**M**Y Mither's ay glowran o'er me,  
 Tho' she did the same before me,  
     I canna get leave  
     To look to my love,  
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.  
 Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,  
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher,  
     Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,  
     And wyt ye'r poor *Kate*,  
 When e'er ye keek in your toom coffer.  
 For tho' my father has plenty  
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,  
     Yet he's unco sweer  
     To twin wi' his gear;  
 And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
 Be wylie in ilka motion;  
                                   Brag we'll o' ye'r land,  
                                   And there's my leal hand,  
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

~~~~~  
Spoken to Mrs N.

A Poem wrote without a thought,
 By notes may to a song be brought,
 Tho' wit be scarce, low the design,
 And numbers lame in ev'ry line:
 But when fair *Christy* this shall sing
 In consort with the trembling string,
 O then the poet's often prais'd,
 For charms so sweet a voice hath rais'd.

~~~~~  
*MARY SCOT.*

H Appy's the love which meets return,  
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;  
 But words are wanting to discover  
 The torments of a hopeless lover.  
 Ye registers of heav'n relate,  
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,  
 Did you there see mark'd for my marrow  
*Mary Scot* the flower of *Yarrow*?

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,  
 Her love the gods above must share,  
 While mortals with despair explore her,  
 And at a distance due adore her.  
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,  
 Revive and bless me with a smile;  
 Alas! if not you'll soon debar a  
 Sighing swain the banks of *Yarrow*.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,  
 My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair;  
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish;  
 She is too good to let me languish;

With

With success crown'd, I'll not envy  
 The folks who dwell above the sky;  
 When *Mary Scot's* become my marrow,  
 We'll make a paradise on *Yarrow*.

---

O'er BOGIE.

**I** Will awa' wi' my love,  
     I will awa' wi' her,  
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,  
     I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.

If I can get but her consent,  
     I dinna care a strae,  
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
     Awa' wi' her I'll gae.  
*I will awa', &c.*

For now she's mistress of my heart,  
     And wordy of my hand,  
 And well I wat we shanna part,  
     For filler or for land.  
 Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,  
     And beaus admire fine lace,  
 But my chief pleasure is to blink  
     On *Betty's* bony face.  
*I will awa', &c.*

There a' the beauties do combine,  
     Of colour, treats and air,  
 The faul that sparkles in her een  
     Makes her a jewel rare:  
 Her flowing wit gives shining life  
     To a' her other charms,  
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,  
     And lockt up in my arms.  
*I will awa', &c.*

There blythly will I rant and sing,  
     While o'er her sweets I range,  
 I'll cry, Your humble servant king,  
     Shamefa' them that wa'd change



A'kiss of *Betty* and a smile,  
 Abett ye wa'd lay down  
 The right ye ha'e to *Britain's* isle,  
 And offer me your crown,  
*I will awa', &c.*

---

*O'er the Moor to MAGGY.*

AND I'll o'er the moor to *Maggy*,  
 Her wit and sweetness call me,  
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,  
 Whatever may befall me:  
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing;  
 Or likes the nine to follow,  
 I'll lay my lugs in *Pindus'* spring,  
 And invoke *Apollo*.  
 If she admire a martial mind,  
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour;  
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,  
 With gayest airs I'll charm her;  
 If she love grandeur, day and night  
 I'll plot my nation's glory,  
 Find favour in my prince's sight,  
 And shine in future story.  
 Beauty can wonders work with ease,  
 Where wit is corresponding,  
 And bravest men know best to please,  
 With complaisance abounding.  
 My bony *Maggy's* love can turn  
 Me to what shape she pleases,  
 If in her breast that flame shall burn  
 Which in my bosom bleazes.

---

*I'll never leave thee.*

*J O N N Y.*

THO' for seven years and mair honour shon'd reave  
 me,  
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee;  
 L I For

For deep in my spirit thy sweets are indented,  
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
Gang the warld as it will, dearest believe me.

## NELLY.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous, when e'er ye discover  
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;  
And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart fairer,  
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.  
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!  
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

## JONNY.

My *Nelly*, let never sic fancies oppress ye,  
For while my blood's warm I'll kindly carefs ye;  
Your blooming fast beauties first beeted love's fire,  
Your virtue and wit make it flame ay the higher:  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
Gang the warld as it will, dearest believe me.

## NELLY.

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this minute allow ye  
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;  
And gin ye prove fa'se, to ye'r sel be it said then,  
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.  
Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me  
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

## JONNY.

Bid icefhogles hammer red gauds on the study,  
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;  
Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,  
But never 'till that time, believe I'll betray ye;  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;  
The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

## POLWART on the Green.

A<sup>T</sup> Polwart on the green  
If you'll met me the morn,  
Where lasses do convey  
To dance about the thorn;

A kindly

A kindly welcome ye shall meet  
 Frae her wha likes to view  
 A lover and a lad complete,  
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na,  
 As lang as e'er they please,  
 Seem caulder than the sna',  
 While inwardly they bleeze ;  
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,  
 And yield my heart to thee ;  
 Be ever to the captive kind  
 That fangs na to be be free.

At *Polwart* on the green,  
 Among the new-mawn hay,  
 With fangs and dancing keen  
 We'll pass the heartsome day.

*At night if beds be o'er thrashed,*  
*And thou be twin'd of thine,*  
*Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,*  
*To take a part of mine.*

JOHN HAY's *Bony Lassie*.

**B**Y smooth winding *Tay* a swain was reclining,  
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey ! maun I still live pining  
 My sell thus away, and darena discover  
 To my bony *Hay* that I am her lover.

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger,  
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer ;  
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,  
 May be e'er we part my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,  
 When birds mount and sing bidding day a good-morrow.  
 The sward of the mead enamel'd with daisies,  
 Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verduries invite her,  
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter :

'Tis heav'n to be by, when her wit is a flowing,  
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,  
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;  
I'm all in a fire, dear maid to carefs ye,  
For a' my desire is *Hay's* bony lassie.

~~~~~  
Genty TIBBY and *sonsy* NELLY.

To the Tune of Tibby Fowler in the Glen.

T I B B Y has a store of charms,
Her genty shape our fancy warms,
How starkly can her sma' white arms
Fetter the lad wha looks but at her;
Frae ancle to her slender waist,
These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
Her rosie cheek and rising breast,
Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fou' o' water.

Nelly's gawfy, fast and gay,
Fresh as the lucken flowers in *May*,
Ilk ane that sees her, cries, *Ab hey!*
She's bony, O I wonder at her!
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her,
Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
My wyson with the maiden shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for
When these twa stars appear thegither.
O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large? while we're oblig'd to nither.
Our spacious fauls immense desires,
And ay be in a hankerin swither.

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
And *Nelly's* beauties are divine;
But since they canna baith be mine,

Ye gods give ear to my petition,
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect *plano* and fruition.



Up in the Air.

NOW the sun's gane out o' sight,
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light :
In glens the fairies skip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to *France*,

Up in the air
On my bony grey mare.
And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna'
O'er frozen hags like a foot ba',
Nae starns keek throw the azure slit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit,

The man i' the moon
Is carowling aboon,
D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet.
The man, &c.

Take your glafs to clear your een,
'Tis the *Elixir* hailes the spleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
And gently puffs the lovers fire,

Up in the air,
It drives away care,
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet,
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost,
Come, *Willy*, gi'es about ye'r tost,
Til't lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythsome bowt,

Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet,
Up wi't, &c.

To Mrs A. C. A Song. To the Tune of, All in the Downs.

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muse can no more cease to sing,
Than can the lark, with rising light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning shines, harmonious birds mount high;
The dawning beauties smile, and poets fly.

Young *Annie's* budding graces claim
Th' inspired thought, and softest lays;
And kindle in the breast a flame,
Which must be vented in her praise.
Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When she appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
And to her snowy neck and breasts resort.

But vain must every caution prove,
When such enchanting sweetness shines,
The wounded swain must yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such flames the foppish butterfly shou'd shun;
The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lily fair,
Her lovely features are complete;
Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share
With angels all that's wise and sweet.
These virtues, which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
Or sparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains,
Unhappy! if she on him frown.
The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

To Mrs E. C. A Song. To the Tune of, Tweed-side.

NOW *Phoebus* advances on high ;
 No footsteps of winter are seen ;
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,
 And lambskins dance reels on the green.
 Thro' groves, and by rivulets clear,
 We wander for pleasure and health,
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth.
 View every gay scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be ;
 Yet in them all nothing is found
 So perfect, *Elisa*, as thee.
 Thine eyes the clear fountains excel ;
 Thy locks they out-rival the grove ;
 When Zephyrs these pleasingly swell,
 Each wave makes a captive to love.
 The roses and lilies combin'd,
 And flowers of most delicate hue,
 By thy cheek and thy breasts are out-shin'd
 Their tinctures are nothing so true.
 What can we compare with thy voice,
 And what with thy humour so sweet ?
 No music can bless with such joys ;
 Sure angels are just so complete.
 Fair blossom of every delight,
 Whose beauties ten thousands out-shine,
 Thy sweets shall be lastingly bright,
 Being mixt with so many divine.
 Ye powers, who have given such charms
 To *Elisa*, your image below,
 O ! save her from all human harms,
 And make her hours happily flow.

To

*To CALISTA: A Song. To the Tune of, I wish my
Love were in a Mire.*

SHE sung,—the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms espies,
Then all in raptures falls a slave,
Both to her voice and eyes.

So spoke and smil'd the Eastern maid,
Like thine, seraphic were her charms,
That in *Circassia's* vineyards stray'd,
And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair, of high desert,
Strave to enchant the amorous king;
But the *Circassian* gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bard to sing.
Calista thus our sang inspires,
And claims the smooth and highest lays;
But while each charm our bosom fires,
Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint, surpasses human skill;
Her majesty, mixt with the sweet;
Let seraphs sing her if they will:
Whilst wond'ring, with a ravish'd eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a sister of the sky,
To whom an adoration's due.

=====

A S O N G. Tune of, Lochaber no more.

Farewell to *Lochaber*, and farewell, my *Jean*,
Where hartsome with thee I've mony day been;
For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho'

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind :
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jeany*, main plead my excuse ;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame ;
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

=====

LASS with a Lump of Land.

G I'E me a lass with a lump of land,
 And we for life shall gang thegither ;
 Tho' daft or wise I'll never demand,
 Or black or fair it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane is no worth a shilling ;
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
 Shou'd love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bony, to meddle ;
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
 They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And filler and gowd's a sweet complection ;
 But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Hae tint the art of gaining affection.

Love:

Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and moors, and meadows;
 And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
 But well tocher'd lasses, or jointer'd widows.

=====

VIRTUE and WIT the Preservatives of Love and Beauty.

To the Tune of, Gillikranky.

To Mrs K. H.

C Onfess thy love, fair blushing maid;
 For since thine eye's consenting,
 Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And na'asays no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
 With words thy wish denying?
 Since nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and reason's joint consent
 Make love a sacred blessing;
 Then happily that time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind caressing.
 Come then, my *Katie*, to my arms,
 I'll be nae mair a rover,
 But find out heaven in a' thy charms,
 And prove a faithful lover.

S H E.

What you design by nature's law,
 Is fleeting inclination;
 That *Willy-Wisp* bewilds us a',
 By its infatuation.
 When that gaes out, caresses fire,
 And love's nae mair in season;
 Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,
 With all our boasted reason.

H E.

The beauties of inferior cast
 May start this just reflection;

But

But charms like thine maun always last,
 Where wit has the protection.
 Virtue and wit, like *April* rays,
 Make beauty rise the sweeter;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My love will grow compleater.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

H E.

A D I E U for a while, my native green plains,
 My nearest relations, and neighbouring swains;
 Dear *Nelly*, frae these I'd start easily free,
 Were minutes not ages while absent frae thee.

S H E.

Then tell me the reason thou do'st not obey
 The pleading of love, but thus hurries away:
 Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
 A lover sae roving will never mind me.

H E.

The reason unhappy is owing to fate,
 That gave me a being without an estate;
 Which lays a necessity now upon me,
 To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

S H E.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway;
 Then, *Johny*, be counsel'd nae langer to stray;
 For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
 Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

H E.

Cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
 A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
 To fondness, which may prove a ruin to thee,
 A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers;
 Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,
 If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
 May nothing propitious e'er smile upon me.

S O N G.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, We'll a' to Kelfo go.

A NN I'll awa' to bony *Tweed* side,
 And see my deary come throw,
 And he fall be mine
 Gif sae he incline;
 For I hate to lead *Apes* below.
 While young and fair,
 I'll make it my care,
 To secure mysell in a jo;
 I'm no sic a fool,
 To let my blood cool,
 And syne gae lead *Apes* below.
 Few words, bony lad,
 Will eithly persuade,
 Tho' blushing, I dastly say no,
 Gae on with your strain;
 And doubt not to gain;
 For I hate to lead *Apes* below.
 Unty'd to a man,
 Do whate'er we can,
 We never can thrive or dow:
 Then I will do well,
 Do better wha will,
 And let them lead *Apes* below.
 Our time is precious,
 And Gods are gracious,
 That beauties upon us bestow;
 'Tis not to be thought
 We got them for nought,
 Or to be set up for a show.
 'Tis carry'd by votes,
 Come kilt up your coats,
 And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
 Where she that's bony
 May catch a *Johnny*,
 And never lead *Apes* below.

The Widow.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
 And mony braw things the widow can do;
 Then have at the widow, my laddie.
 With conrage attack her baith early and late,
 To kifs her and clap her ye mauna be blate :
 Speak well, and do better ; for that's the best gate
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
 The war of the wearing, and has a good skair
 Of every thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
 What cou'd ye wish better your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
 With naithing but draw in your stool, and sit down,
 And sport with the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, and kill her with courtesy dead,
 Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead ;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
 With a bony gay widow, my laddie.
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald ;
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

The STEP-DAUGHTER's Relief.

To the Tune of, The Kirk wad let me be.

I Was anes a well-tocher'd lass,
 My mither left dollars to me ;
 But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
 My step-dame has gart them flee.
 My father he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the deel with his gear ;
 She neither has lawtith nor shame,
 And keeps the hale house in a steer.

M m

She's

She's barmy fac'd, thriftless and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine;
 While hungry, haff-naked and cauld,
 I see her destroy what's mine:
 But soon I might hope a revenge,
 And soon of my sorrows be free,
 My poortith to plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd
 This bony lass tenderly,
 I'll tak thee, sweet *May*, in thy snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
 'Tis only yoursell that I want;
 Your kindness is better to me,
 Than a' that your step-mother, scant
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
 And ye are the sprout of a laird;
 But I have milk-cattle enow,
 And rowth of good rucks in my yard.
 Ye sall have nathing to fash ye;
 Sax servants sall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
 Net thinking the offer amiss,
 Consented;—while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
 Received her with mony a kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
 That makes her goodwife at hame.

The SOGER LADDIE.

MY soger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold and money to me;
 And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady:
 My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a foger and lover behave :
 True to his country, to love he is steady ;
 There's few to compare with my foger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my langing arms,
 Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me;
 When back to my wishes my foger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must, if he get his due ;
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my foger laddie.

BONY CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the simmer green ?
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry ;
 Painting and order please our een,

And claret makes us merry :
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers;
 Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting ;
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in consort chaunting !
 But if my *Christy* tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration ;
 My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman.
 But dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother,
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a burn,
 His *Christy* did o'er hear him;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And sang his arms about her.
 My *Christy*!—witness bony streams,
 Sic joys frae tears arising;
 I wish this may na be a dream:
 O love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for tauk,
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But wair'd it a' on kisses.

=====

The BONNY SCOT. To the tune of, The Boatman.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny Boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny *Scot*—man,
 In haly bands
 We join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate,
 Before a faithfu' lover.
 But I loor chuse in *Highland* glens
 To herd the kid and goat—man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bony *Scot*—man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views,
 Love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae

Frae foreign fields my lovely youth,
 Hasto to thy longing lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.
 Love gi'es the word,
 Then hast on board,
 Fair winds and tenty Boat---man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny *Scot*—man.

LOVE *inviting* REASON. *A* Song.

To the Tune of, I am asleep do not waken me.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 E'er *Annie* became a fine lady in town;
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she!
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*;
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee;
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
 And favour thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.
 Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the spleen?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can lap-dogs and monkees draw tears frae these een,
 That look with indifference on poor dying me?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be prudent and canny,
 And think on thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.
 Ah! shou'd a new gown, or a *Flanders*-lace head,
 Or yet a wee coatie, tho' never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
 That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeries to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new-fangle *Sany*,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*.
 And aim at these benifons promis'd to me ?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me :
 O ! as thou art bony, be constant and canny,
 Love only thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

O ! think my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
 That flade away softly between thee and me,
 Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power,
 To rival my love, and impose upon thee,
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me ;
 O ! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The Bob of DUNBLANE.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame ;
 For fainness deary I'll gar ye keckle,
 If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dunblane*.
 Hasten ye, gang to the gronnd of ye'r trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame :
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies,
 Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dunblane*.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And take my word and offer again ;
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
 Ye did na accept of the *Bob of Dunblane*.
 The dinner, the piper and priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane ;
 Away then, leave baith minny and dady,
 And try with me the *Bob of Dunblane*.

Throw,

Throw the Wood LADDIE.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When nathing can please me;
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bony, and mornings are clear,
 While lavrocks are singing,
 And primroses springing;
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare no to tell;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning:
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

An thou wert my ain Thing.

A *NN* thou were my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee;
Ann thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
 And gar the gods envy me,
Ann thou were, &c.

Sae

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in saft whispers through the night
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean*!
She moves a goddess o'er the green:
Were I a king, thou shou'd be queen,
Nane but mysell aboon thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine;
Förm'd hardy to defend thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of no delay,
O! let na scorn undo thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk smile thou shalt command.
The will of him wha loves thee.

Ann thou were, &c.



There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY sweetest *May*, let love incline thee
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it;
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet or bony:
Receive it then with a kiss and a smile;
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are!
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,

That

That when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
 They carry away my heart between 'em.
 I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
 O gin I had thee on a mountain;
 Tho' kith and kin, and a' shou'd revile thee,
 There my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
 Tenting my flocks, lest they shou'd wander;
 Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
 And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear lassie, it is ~~but~~ daffin
 To had thy woer up ay niff naffin:
 That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely;
 O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.



The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
 How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
 And manly looks of my Highland Laddie?
O my bony, bony Highland Laddie.
My handsome charming Highland Laddie:
May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our Lawland Lads and her Highland Laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young *Donald* without trews,
 With bonnet blew and belted plaidy.
O my bony, &c.

The brawest beau in borrows town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bony, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and dady;
 Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bony, &c.

A painted

A painted room and silken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kifs, and be as glad
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.

O my bony, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie ;
 And he ca's me his lawland lass :
 Syne rows me in his highland plaidy.

O my bony, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him ; which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.

O my bony, &c.

The Coalier's bony LASSIE.

THE Coalier has a daughter,
 And O she's wonder bony ;
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money.
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover :
 But love is like the ocean ;
 Wha can its depths discover ?
 He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The coalier's bony lassie
 Fair as the new blown lily,
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,
 Secur'd the heart of *Willy*,
 He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession ;
 His life was dull without her.

After

After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her;
 My bony coalier's daughter,
 Let naithing discompose ye,
 'Tis not your scanty tocher,
 Shall ever make me lose ye;
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heaven has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

COLIN and GRISY parting.

To the Tune of, Woes my Heart that we shou'd sunder.

WITH broken words and downcast eyes,
 Poor *Colin* spoke his passion tender,
 And parting with his *Grisy*, cries,
 Ah! woes my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit and prudence rare
 Shall still be present tho' we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me tho' we sunder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her,

When

When that blest time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again and never sunder.

—————
The Mill, Mill—O.

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid
Was sleeping sound and still—O,
A' lowan wi' love my fancy did rove,
Around her with good will—O;
Her bosom I prefs'd, but sunk in her rest,
She stirdna my joy to spill—O:
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill—O.
Oblig'd by command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my courage and skill—O;
Frae 'er quietly I staw, hois'd sails and awa,
For wind blew fair on the hill—O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising fame
Tald me with a voice right shill—O,
My las like a fool had mounted the stool*,
Nor kend wha'd done her the ill—O.
Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
I ferlying speer'd how she fell—O,
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, let me die,
Sweet sir, gin I can tell—O.
Love gae the command, I took her by th' hand,
And bade her a' fears expell—O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed mysell—O.
My bony sweet las on the gowany grass,
Beneath the *Shilling hill*†,—O,
If I did offence I'll make ye amends
Before I leave *Peggy's Mill*—O.
O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
And the cogging of the wheel—O;
The sack and the sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
And round with a foger reel—O.

* viz. of repentance.

† Where they winnow the chaff from the corn.

To L. L. in Mourning,

To the Tune of, Where Helen lyes,

AH! why those tears in *Nelly's* eyes?
To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
The gods stand list'ning from the skies,
Pleas'd with thy piety.

To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
Or some divinity.

O be less graceful or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Caus'd by the boy severe and blind,
Wounded I sigh for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to rise
To such a height, by *Hymen's* ties,
To lay me down where *Helen* lies,
And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love and die,
When such a sovereign cure is by?
No, she can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my fate may be.
Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes;
With those dear agents I'll advise,
They tell the truth, when tongues tell lies,
The least believ'd by me.

The CONCLUSION.

After the manner of HORACE, *ad librum suum*,

DEAR vent'rous book, e'en take thy will,
And scowp around the world thy fill:
Wow! ye're newfangle to be seen,
In gilded *Turkey* clad, and clean.
Dast giddy thing! to dare thy fate,
And spang o'er dykes that scar the blate:

N n

But

But mind when anes ye'er to the bent,
 (Altho' in vain) ye may repent.
 Alake, I'm ffeed thou aften meet
 A gang that will thee sourly treat,
 And ca' thee dull for a' thy pains,
 When damps distrefs their drouzie brains.
 I dinna doubt, whilst thou art new,
 Thou'lt favour find frae not a few ;
 But when thou'rt ruffl'd and forfairn,
 Sair thumb'd by ilka coof or bairn ;
 Then, then by age ye may grow wise,
 And ken things common gi'es nae price.
 I'd fret, wae's me ! to see thee lye
 Beneath the bottom of a pye ;
 Or cow'd out page by page, to wrap
 Up snuff, or sweeties in a shap.

Awa, sic fears, gae spread my fame,
 And fix me an immortal name ;
 Ages to come shall thee revive,
 And gar thee with new honours live.
 The future critics I forsee
 Shall have their notes on notes on thee :
 The wits unborn shall beauties find
 That never enter'd in my mind.

Now when thou tells how I was bred
 But * hough enough to a mean trade ;
 To ballance that, pray let them ken
 My faul to higher pitch cou'd stien :
 And when ye shaw I'm scarce of gear,
 Gar a' my virtues shine mair clear.
 Tell, I the best and fairest please,
 A little man that loo's my ease,
 And never thole these passions lang
 That rudely mint to do me wrang.

Gin ony want to ken my age,
 See *Anno Dom* †. on title page ;

* Hough enough. Very indifferently.

† See *Anno Dom*. The first edition of his poems was pub.
 in 1720.

This year when springs by care and skill
The spacious † leaden conduits fill,
And first flow'd up the *Castle hill*;
When *South-Sea* projects cease to thrive,
And only *North-Sea* seems alive,
Tell them your author's thirty-five.

† The spacious, &c. The new lead pipes for conveying water to Edinburgh, of 4 inches and a half diameter within, and 6 roths of an inch in thickness; all cast in a mould invented by the ingenious Mr Harding of London.

F I N I S.

A GLOSSARY:

O R,

EXPLANATION of the *Scots*
Words used by the Author, which are
rarely or never found in the modern
English Writings.

*Some General Rules, shewing wherein many
Southern and Northern Words are originally
the same, having only a letter changed for ano-
ther, or sometimes one taken away or added.*

- I. In many Words ending with an l after an a or u, the l is rarely sounded. II. The l changes to a w, or u, after o or a, and is frequently sunk before another Consonant; as,

Scots.	English.
A Ba,	A ^{LL} Ball.
Ca,	Call.
Fa,	Fall.
Ga,	Gall.
Ha,	Hall.
Sma,	Small.
Sta,	Stall.
Wa,	Wall.
Fou, or fu,	Full.
Pou, or pu,	Pull.
Woo, or U,	Wood.

Scots.	English.
B ^{Awm} Bauk,	B ^{Alm} Baulk.
Bouk,	Bulk.

- II. The l changes to a w, or u, after o or a, and is frequently sunk before another Consonant; as,

Scots.	English.
Bow,	Boll.
Bowt,	Bolt.
Caff,	Calf.
Cow,	Coll or Clip.
	Faut,



	<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Faut,	<i>Fault.</i>	<i>Owner.</i>
Fause,	<i>False.</i>	<i>Bone.</i>
Fowk,	<i>Folk.</i>	<i>Boar.</i>
Gowd,	<i>Gold.</i>	<i>Both.</i>
Haff,	<i>Half.</i>	<i>Blow.</i>
How,	<i>Hole or hol-</i>	<i>Broad.</i>
	<i>low.</i>	<i>Cloth.</i>
Howms,	<i>Holms.</i>	<i>Crow.</i>
Maut,	<i>Malt.</i>	<i>Drop.</i>
Pow,	<i>Poll.</i>	<i>Foe.</i>
Row,	<i>Roll.</i>	<i>Fro, or from.</i>
Scawd,	<i>Scald.</i>	<i>Go.</i>
Stown,	<i>Stoln.</i>	<i>Goats.</i>
Wawk,	<i>Walk.</i>	<i>Groan.</i>

III. *Au o before ld, changes*
to an a, or au, as ;

A uld;	O ld.	
Bauld,	Bold.	
Cauld,	Cold.	Halt, or het, Hot.
Fauld,	Fold.	Laith,
Hald, or had,	Hold.	Laid,
Sald,	Sold.	Lain, or len,
Tald,	Told.	Lang,
Wad,	Would.	Law,
		Mae,
		Mait,
		Mair,
		Mane,
		Maw,
		Na,
		Nane,
		Naithing,
		Pape,
		Rae,
		Rair,
		Raip,
		Raw,
		Saft,
		Saip,
		Sair,
		Sang,

IV. *The o, oe, or ow is*
changed to a, ae, aw, or
ai ; as,

A E, or ane	O Ne.	
Acten,	Oaten.	
Aff,	Off.	
Aften,	Often.	
Aik,	Oak.	
Aith,	Oath.	
Ain, or awn,	Own.	
Alane,	Alone.	
Amaist,	Almost.	
Amang,	Among.	
Airs,	Oars.	
Aits,	Oats.	
Apen,	Open.	
		None.
		Nothing.
		Pope.
		Roe.
		Roar.
		Rope.
		Row.
		Syst.
		Sdap.
		Sore.
		Song.

Scots.	English,	V. The o or u is frequently changed into i; as,
Slaw,	slow.	
Snaw,	Snow,	
Strake,	Stroke.	
Staw,	Stole.	Scots. English
Stane,	Stone.	A Nither, A Nather.
Saul,	Soul.	Bill, Bull.
Tae,	Toe.	Birn, Burn.
Taiken,	Token.	Brither, Brother.
Tangs,	Tongs.	Fit, Foot.
Tap,	Top.	Fither, Fother.
Thrang,	Throng.	Hinny, Hony.
Wae,	Woe.	Ither, Other.
Wame,	Womb.	Mither, Mother.
Wan,	Won.	Nits, Nuts.
War,	Worse.	Nife, Nose.
Wark,	Work.	Pit, Put.
World,	World.	Run, Run.
Wha,	Who.	Sin, Sun.

A U

A Blins, perhaps.
 Abiet, albeit.
 Aboon, above.
 Aikerbraid, the breadth of
 an acre.

Air, long since. It, early
 Air up, soon up in the
 morning.

Ambrie, cupboard.

Anew, enow,

Arles, earnest of a bargain.

Ase, ashes.

Attains, or Atanes, at once
 at the same time.

Attour, out-over.

Auld-fartan, ingenious.

Aurglebargain, or Eagle-
 bargain, to contend and

B A

wrangle
 Awfome, frightful, terrible.
 Aynd, the breath.
 Ayont beyond.

B A

B Ack-say, a firloin.

Badrans, a cat.

Baid, staid, abode.

Bairns, children.

Balen, whalebone,

Bang, is sometimes an ac-
 tion of haste. We say, he
 or it came with a bang.
 —A bang, also means
 a great number. Of custo-
 mers she had a bang.

Bang-

B E

Bangster, a blustering roaring person.
Bannocks, a sort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.
Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like a bark.
Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry passion.
Barrow trams, the slaves of a hand-barrow.
Batts, colick.
Bawbie, half-penny.
Bauch, sorry, indifferent.
Bawsey, bawlsand faced, is a cow or horse with a white face.
Bedeem, immediately in haste.
Bedrals, beadles.
Best, beaten.
Begoud, began.
Begrutten, all in tears.
Beik, to balk.
Beild or beil, a shelter.
Bein, or *been*, wealthy. A *been house*, a warm well furnished one.
Beit, or *beet*, to help, repair.
Bells, bubbles.
Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day.
Bend, to drink,
Bended, drank hard.
Benn, the inner room of a house.
Benifon blessing.
Bensell, or *bensail*, force.
Bent, the open field. A

B L

tough grass growing in sand.
Beuk, baked.
Bewith, something in the mean time.
Bicker, a wooden dish,
Bickering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.
Bigg, build. *Bigget*, built,
Biggings, buildings.
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif.
Billy, brother.
Bindging, becking, courtesying.
Byre, or *byar*, a cow-stall.
Birks, birch-trees.
Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor, they call it *birling* a *bawbie*.
Birn, a burnt mark.
Birns, the stalks of burnt heath.
Birr, force, flying swiftly with a noise.
Birsed, bruised.
Bittle, or *beetle*, a wooden melle for beating hemp, or a fuller's club.
Black-a-vised, of a black complexion.
Blae, pale blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.
Blasfum, beguile.
Blate, bashful.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Bleech, to blanch or whiten.
Bleer,

B R

Bleer, to make the eye-water.
Bleez, blaze.
Blether, foolish discourse.
Bletherer, a babler. Stammering is called *blethering*.
Blin, cease. *Never blin*, never have done.
Blink, glance of the eye.
Blinkan, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.
Bluter, plunder.
Boak, or *boke*, vomit.
Boal; a little press or cupboard in the wall.
Bode, predict.
Bodin, or *bodden*, provided or furnished.
Bodle, one sixth of a penny *English*.
Bodworth, an ominous message. *Bodwords* are now used to express ill-natured messages.
Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre.
Bony, beautiful.
Bonywalys, toys, gewgaws.
Bofs, empty.
Bougils, sounding horns.
Bouk, bulk.
Bountith, gratuity.
Bourd, jest or dally.
Bouze, to drink.
Brochen, a kind of water-gruel, of oat-meal, butter, and honey.

B U

Brae, the side of a hill, bank of a river.
Braird, the first sprouting corns.
Brander, a gridiron.
Brands, calves of the legs.
Brankit, primm'd up.
Brankan, prancing, a capering.
Branks, wherewith the countrymen bridle their horses.
Brattle, noise, as of horse's feet.
Brats, rags. Sometimes children.
Brave, fine in apparel, brave.
Brecken, fern.
Brent: brow, smooth high forehead.
Brigs, bridges.
Bris, to press.
Broach, a buckle.
Brack, broken parts or refuse.
Brock, a badger.
Broe, broth.
Brow, forehead.
Browden, fond.
Browster, brewer. *Browst*, a brewing.
Bruliment, a broil.
Bruik, to love and enjoy.
Bucky, the large sea snail; a term of reproach, when we express a cross natured fellow, by *thrawnucky*.
Buff, nonsense: as *he blethered buff*.

C A

Bugh, the little fold where the ewe are inclosed at milking-time.

Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a rising tide.

Bumbazed, confused, made to stare and look like an idiot.

Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.

Bunkers, a bench or sort of long low chests, that serve for seats.

Bumler, a bungler.

Burn, a brook.

Busk, to deck. Dress.

Bustine, fustian (cloth.)

But, often, for *without*. As, *but feed or favour*.

Byer, a cowhouse.

Bykes, or *bikes*, nests, or hives of bees.

Bygane, bypast.

Byword, a proverb.

C A

C *Adge*, carry, *Cadger*, is a country carrier, &c, *Cadgie*, chearful.

Caff, a calf. *Chaff*.

Callan, boy.

Camschough, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.

Cangle, to wrangle.

Cankerd, angry, passionately snarling.

Canna, cannot.

Cant, to tell merry old tales.

C H

Cantraips, incantations,

Canty, chearful and merry,

Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natured.

Car, sledge.

Carena, care not.

Carle, an old word for a man.

Carline, an old woman, parch'd pease. *Gire carline*, a giant's wife.

Cathel, an hot-pot, made of ale, sugar and eggs.

Caudle.

Cauldrife, spiritless, wanting chearfulness in address.

Cauler, cool or fresh.

Cawlk, chalk.

Chasts, chops.

Chaping, an ale-measure, or skoup, somewhat less than an *English* quart.

A Char, or *a-jar*, aside.

When any thing is beat a little out of its position; or a door or window a little opened, we say, they're *a-char*, or *a-jar*.

Charlewain, Charles-wain; the constellation call'd the plough, or *Ursa Major*.

Chancy, fortunate, good-natured.

Chat, a cant name for the gallows.

Chiel, a general term, like *fellow*, used sometimes with respect; as *he's a very good chiel*; and contemptuously, *that chiel*.

Chirm,

C O

Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird.

Chucky, a hen.

Clag, failing or imperfection.

Clan, tribe, family.

Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.

Clashes, chat.

Clate, a rake,

Clatter, to chatter,

Clauight, took hold.

Claver, to speak nonsense.

Claw, scratch.

Cleek, to catch as with a hook.

Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks.

Clinty, hard, stony.

Clock, a beetle.

Cloited, the fall of any soft moist thing.

Gloss, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.

Clour, the little lump that rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall.

Clute, or *clout*, hoof of cows or sheep.

Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair, when it is wrapt or *snooded* up with a band or *snood*. A woman's head-dress or cap.

Cockstool, a pillory.

Cod, a pillow.

Cofit, bought.

Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in.

C U

Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.

Goodies, a small wooden vessel used by some for chamber-pots.

Coof, a stupid fellow.

Coor, to cover.

Cooser, a stoned horse.

Coost, did cast. *Coosten*, thrown.

Corby, a raven.

Cosie, sheltered in a convenient place.

Cotter a sub-tenant.

Cowp, to fall; also a fall.

Cowp, to change or barter.

Cowp, a company of people; as, merry, senseless *corby cowp*.

Cour, to crouch and creep.

Couth, frank and kind.

Crack, to chat.

Creel, basket.

Crish, grease.

Croil, a crooked dwarf.

Creon, or *crane*, to murmur, or hum o'er a song. The lowing of bulls.

Crouse, bold.

Crove, a cottage.

Crummy, a cow's name.

Cryn, shrink, or become less by drying.

Cudiegh, a bribe, present.

Culzie, intice or flatter.

Cun, to taste, learn, know.

Cunzie, or *coonie*, coin.

Curn, a small parcel.

Curschie, a kerchief. A linnen dress wore by our Highland

D E

Highland women.

Cutled, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.

Cuts, lots. These *cuts* are usually made of straws unequally cut.

Cutty, short.

D A

D *AB*, a proficient.

Dad, to beat one thing against another. *He fell with a dad*, he *dad-ded* his head against the wall, &c.

Dast, foolish; and sometimes wanton.

Dassin, folly, wagrie.

Dail, or *dale*, a valley, plain.

Daintiths, delicacies, dainties.

Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman.

Dander, wander to and fro, or saunter.

Dang, *did ding*, beat, thrust, drive. *Ding dang*, moving hastily one on the back of another.

Darn, to hide.

Dash, to put out of countenance.

Dawty, a fondling, darling.

To dawt, to cocker, and caress with tenderness.

Deave, to stun the ears with noise.

Deer, dairy maids.

D O

Deray, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise.

Dern, secret, hidden, lonely.

Deval, to descend, fall, hurry.

Dewgs, rags or shapings of cloath.

Didle, to act or move like a dwarf.

Dight, decked. Made ready; also, to clean.

Dinna, do not.

Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over.

Dit, to stop or close up a hole.

Divet, broad turf.

Docken, a dock, (the herb).

Doilt, confused and silly.

Doited, dosed or crazy, as in old age.

Doll, a large piece. *Dole* or share.

Donk, moist.

Donsie, affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little person.

Doofart, a dull heavy-headed fellow.

Dool, or *drule*, the goal which gamesters strive to gain first, (as at football.)

Dool, pain, grief.

Dorti, a proud pet.

Dorty, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disoblged.

Dosend, cold, impotent.

Dought, could, availed.

Doughty,

D U

Doughty, strong valiant, and able.
Douks, dives under water.
Douse, solid, grave, prudent.
Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive.
Dow, dove.
Dow'd, (liquor) that's dead, or has lost the spirits; or withered (plant.)
Dowf, mournful, wanting vivacity.
Dowie, melancholy, sad, doleful.
Downa, *dow not*, i. e. tho' one has the power, he wants the heart to it.
Dowp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an eggshell.
Better haff egg as toom dowp.
Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing manner.
Dree, to suffer, endure.
Dreery, wearisome, frightful.
Dreigh, slow, keeping at distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call *driegh*, tedious.
Dribs, drops.
Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run.
Droning, sitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with groans,

E Y

Drouked, drench'd all wet.
Dubs, mire.
Dung, defeat.
Dunt, stroke or blow.
Dunty, a doxy.
Durk, a poinyard or dagger.
Dynles, trembles, shakes.
Dyver, a bankrupt.

E A

E *Agg*, incites, stirs up.
Eard, earth, the ground.
Edge, of a hill, is the side or top.
Een, eyes.
Eild, age.
Eildens, of the same age.
Eith, easy. *Eithar*, easier.
Elbuck, elbow.
Elson, a shoemaker's awl.
Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.
Endlang, along.
Ergb, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing without a steady resolution.
Erst, time past.
Eßler, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *Eßler-work*.
Ether, an adder.
Etle, to aim, design.
Even'd compared.
Eydent, diligent laborious.

F E

F A

FA, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice.

Fadge, a spongy sort of bread in shape of a roll.

Fag, to tire, or turn weary.

Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dikes for folds, inclosures, &c.

Fain, expresses earnest desire; as, *fain would I*.

Also joyful, tickled with pleasure.

Fait, neat, in good order.

Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him.

Fang, the talons of a fowl.

To fang, to grip or hold fast.

Fash, vex or trouble. *Fashous* troublesome.

Faugh, a colour between white and red. *Faugh*

Riggs, fallow ground.

Feck, a part, quantity; as, *maist feck*, the greatest number; *nae feck*, very few.

Feckfow, able, active.

Fecklefs, feeble, little and weak.

Feed, or *feod*, feud, hatred, quarrel.

Feil, many, several.

Fen, shift. *Fending*, living

F O

by industry. *Make a fen*, fall upon methods.

Ferlie, wonder.

Fernzier, the last or forerun year.

File, to defile or dirty.

Fireflaught, a flash of lightning.

Fistle, to stir, a stir.

Fistled, the print of the foot.

Fizzing, whizzing.

Flaffing, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings.

Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire.

Flane, an arrow.

Flang, flung.

Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground.

Flaw, lie or fib.

Fleech, to coax or flatter.

Fleg, fright.

Flewet, a smart blow.

Fley, or *flie*, to affright.

Fleyt, afraid, terrified.

Flinders, splinters.

Flit, to remove.

Flite, or *flyte*, to scold, chide. *Flet*, did scold.

Flushet, floods.

Fog, moss.

Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day-light.

Forby, besides.

Forebears, forefathers, ancestors.

Forfairn, abused, bespattered.

Forefoughten, weary, faint, and

G A

and out of breath with fighting.
Forgainst, opposite to.
Forgether, to meet, encounter.
Forlect, to forsake or forget.
Forestam, the forehead.
Fouth, abundance, plenty.
Fozy, spungy, soft.
Frais, to make a noise. We use to say one makes a *frais*, when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.
Fray, bustle, fighting.
Freik, a fool, a light, impertinent fellow.
Fremit, strange, not a-kin.
Fristed, trusted.
Frush, brittle, like bread baked with butter.
Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*, blowing.
Furder, prosper.
Farthy, forward.
Fush, brought.
Fyk, to be restless, uneasy.
Furlet, four pecks.

G A

G *AB*, the mouth. To prate, *gab sae gash*.
Gabbing, prating pertly. To *gab again*, when servants give sauey returns when reprimanded.
Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same ~~with~~ *auld gabbet*.

G I

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity.
Gasaw, a hearty loud laughter. To *gawf*, laugh.
Gait, a goat.
Gams, gums.
Gar, to cause, make or force.
Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing.
Gash, solid, sagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gash-gabbet*, or *gash-beard*.
Gate, way.
Gaunt, yawn.
Gawky, idle, staring, idiotical person.
Gawn, going.
Gaws, galls.
Gawsy, jolly, buxom.
Geck, to mock.
Geed, or *gade*, went.
Genty, handsome, genteel.
Get, brat, a child, by way of contempt or derision.
Gielainger, an ill debtor.
Gif, if.
Gillygacus, or *gillygapus*, a staring gaping fool, a gormandizer.
Gipsy, a roguish boy.
Gimmer, a young sheep, (ew.)
Gin, if.
Gird, to strike, pierce.
Girn, to grin, snarl. Also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse-hair to catch birds.

Girsh,

G O

Girth, a hoop.
Glaiks, an idle good for nothing fellow. *Glaiked*, foolish, wanton, light.
 To give the *glaiks*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.
Glaister, to bawl or bark.
Glamour, juggling. When devils, wizards or jugglers deceive the sight, they are said to cast *glamour* o'er the eyes of the spectator.
Glar, mire, ouzy mud.
Glee, to squint.
Gleg, sharp, quick, active.
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.
Gloom, to scowl or frown.
Glowming, the twilight or evening gloom.
Glowr, to stare, look stern.
Glunsh, to hang the brow and grumble.
Goan, a wooden dish for meat.
Goolie, a large knife.
Gorlings, or *gorblings* young unfleg'd birds.
Gossie, gossip.
Gowans, dazies.
Gove, to look broad and stedfast, holding up the face.
Gowf, besides the known game, a racket or sound blow on the chaps, we call a *gowf* on the *hasset*.
Gowk, the cuckow. In de-

H A

riſion we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a *gowk*.
Gowl, a howling, to bellow and cry.
Gouſty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful.
Grany, grandmother, any old woman.
Grape, a trident fork. Also to grope.
Gree, prize, victory.
Green, to long for.
Greet, to weep. *Gras*, wept.
Grieve, an overseer.
Groſſ, groſs, coarse.
Grotts, mill'd oats.
Grouſ, to lie flat on the belly.
Grounche, or *glunsh*, to murmur, grudge.
Grutten, wept.
Gryſe, a pig.
Gumption, good ſenſe.
Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (weather.)
Gyſened, when the wood of any veſſel is ſhrunk with dryneſs.
Gyttings, young children.

H A

H *Aſſer*, the cheek, ſide of the head.
Hagabag, coarſe napery.
Haggife, a kind of pudding, made of the lungs and li-

N O

ver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag.
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.
Hain, to save, manage narrowly.
Halefome, wholesome; as *hale*, whole.
Hallen, a screen.
Hameld, domestic.
Hamiely, friendly, frank, open, kind.
Nanty, convenient, handsome.
Harle, drag.
Harns, brains. *Harn-pan*, the scull.
Harship, ruin.
Hash, a sloven.
Haveren, or *havrel*, ibid.
Haughs, valleys, or low grounds on the sides of rivers.
Havins, good breeding; *Haviour*, behaviour.
Haws, the throat, or forepart of the neck.
Heal, or *beel*, health or whole.
Heepy, a person hypochondriac.
Heryesgreen, the night before yesternight.
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A *heezy* is a good lift.
Hestit, accustomed to live in a place.
Heght, promised; also named.
Hempy, a tricky wag, such

H Y

for whom the hemp grows.
Hereit, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled.
Hesp, a clasp or hook, bar or bolt. Also, in yarn, a certain number of threads.
Hether-bells, the heath blossom.
Heugb, a rock, or steep hill. Also, a coal-pit.
Hiddils, or *hidlings*, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing *in hidlings*, i. e. privately.
Hirple, to move slowly and lamely.
Hirple, to move as with a rustling noise.
Hirple, or *hirdsale*, a flock of cattle.
Ho, a single stocking.
Hobbleshew, confused racket, noise.
Hool, husk. *Hooled*, inclosed.
Hooly, slow.
Hoft, or *whoft*, to cough.
Hou, or *hu*, a cap or roof-tree.
Haw, low ground, a hollow.
How! ho!
Howdered, hidden.
Howdy, a midwife.
Howk, to dig.
Howms, plains on river-sides.
Hiwt! fy!
Howtowdy, a young hen.
Hurkle, to crouch or bow together

K A

together like a cat, hedgehog, or hare.

Hut, a hovel.

Hyt, mad.

J A

J *Ack*, jacket.

Jag, to prick as with a pin.

Jaw, a wave or gush of water. [ter

Jawp, the dashing of waves; *hogles*, icicles.

Jee, to incline to one side.

To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a beam up and down, to this and the other side.

Jig, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.

Jimp, slender.

Jip, gypsy.

Ilk, each. *Ilka*, every.

Ingan, onion.

Ingle, fire.

Jo, sweetheart.

Jouk, a low bow.

Jrie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also, melancholy.

Ise, I shall; as *I'll* for I will.

Isles, embers.

Junt, a large joint or piece of meat.

Jute, sour or dead liquor.

Jibe, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.

K A

K *Aber*, a raster.

Kale, or *kail*, colewort, and sometimes broth.

K N

Kacky, to dung.

Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.

Kame, comb.

Kanny, or *canny*, fortunate; also wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly.

Kebuck, a cheese.

Keckle, to laugh, to be noisy.

Kedgy, jovial.

Keek, to peep.

Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.

Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work, in the same time.

Ken, to know; used in *England* as a noun. A thing within ken, *i. e.* within view.

Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.

Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one.

Kiest, did cast. *Vid. Coost.*

Kilted, tuck'd up.

Kimmer, a female gossip.

Kirn, a churn, to churn.

Kirtle, an upper petticoat.

Kitchen, all sort of eatables, except bread.

Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings.)

Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.

Knacky, witty and facetious.

Knoit, to beat or strike sharply.

Knoos'd,

LE

Knoos'd, buffeted and bruised.

Knoost, or *knuiſt*, a large lump.

Know, a hillock.

Knublock, a knob.

Knuckles, only used in *Scots* for the joints of the fingers next the back of the hand.

Kow, goblin, or any person one ſtands in awe to diſoblige, and fears.

Ky kine or cows.

Kyth, to appear. *He'll kyth in his ain colours.*

Kyte, the belly.

LA

L *Agger*, beſpattered, covered with clay.

Laiſh, low.

Laits, manners.

Lak, or *lack*, undervalue, contemn; as, *He that laks my mare, would buy my mare.*

Landart, the country, or belonging to it. *Ruſtic.*

Lane, alone.

Languor, languiſhing, melancholy. To hold one out of *languor*, i. e. diſvert him.

Langkale, coleworts uncut.

Lap, leaped.

Lapper'd, cruddled or clot-
ted.

Lare, a place for lying, or that has been lain in.

Lare, a bog.

Lave, the reſt or remain-
der.

LI

Lawin, a tavern reckoning.

Lawland, low country.

Lavrock, the lark.

Lawty or *lawtith*, Juſtice, fidelity, honeſty.

Leal, true, upright, honeſt, faithful, to truſt, loyal.

A leal heart never lied.

Leam, flame.

Lear, learning, to learn.

Lee, untill'd ground; alſo an open graſſy plain.

Eglen, a milking-pale with one *lug* or handle.

Leman, a kept miſs.

Lends, buttocks, loins.

Leugh, laughed.

Lew-warm, lukewarm.

Libbit, gelded.

Lick, to whip or beat. *It a wag or cheat, we call a great lick.*

Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.

Liſt, the ſky or firmament.

Liggs, lies.

Lills, the holes of a wind-inſtrument of muſick; hence, *liſt up a ſpring; liſt it out*, take off your drink merrily.

Limmer, a whore.

Limp, to halt.

Lin, a cataract.

Ling, quick career in a ſtraight line, to gallop.

Lingle, cord, ſhoe-maker's thread.

Linkan, walking ſpeedily.

Lire, breasts. *Item*, the moſt muſcular parts; ſometimes the air or
com-

M E

complexion of the face.
Lirk, a wrinkle or fold.
Lisk, the flank.
Lith, a joint.
Loan, a little common, near
 to country villages, where
 they milk their cows.
Loch, a lake.
Loz, to love.
Loof, the hollow of the
 hand.
Looms, tools, instruments
 in general. Vessels.
Loot, did let.
Low, flame. *Lowan*, flam-
 ing.
Lown, calm. *Keep lown*,
 be secret.
Loun, rogue, whore, vil-
 lain.
Lounder, a sound blow.
Lout, to bow down, mak-
 ing courtesy To stoop.
Luck, to enclose, shut up,
 fasten: hence, *lucken*
banded, close sisted, *luc-*
ken gowans, booths, &c.
Lucky, grand-mother, or
 goody.
Lug, ear. Handle of a pot
 or vessel.
Luggie, a dish of wood,
 with a handle.
Lurn, the chimney.
Lure, rather.
Lyart, hoary or grey-hair'd.

M A

M *Agil*, to mangle.
Maik, or *make*,
 match, equal.
Maiklefs, matchless.

M I

Mailen, a farm.
Makly, seemly, well pro-
 portioned.
Maksna, 'tis no matter.
Malison, a curse, maledic-
 tion.
Mangit, galled or bruised
 by toil or stripes.
Mank, a want.
Mant, to stammer in speech.
March, or *merch*, a land-
 mark, border of lands.
Marb, the marrow.
Marrow, mate, fellow, e-
 qual, comrade.
Mask, to mash, in brew-
 ing. *Masking-loom*, mash-
 vat.
Maun, must. *Mauna*, must
 not, may not.
Meikle, much, big, great,
 large.
Meith, limit, mark, sign.
Mends, satisfaction, re-
 venge, retaliation. *To*
make a mends, to make
 a grateful return.
Mense, discretion, sobrie-
 ty, good-breeding.
Mensfou, mannerly.
Menzie, company of men,
 army, assembly, ones
 followers.
Messen, a little dog, lap-
 dog.
Midding, a dunghill.
Midges, gnats, little flies.
Mim, affectedly modest.
Mint, aim, endeavour.
Mirk, dark.
Miscaw, to give names.
Mischance,

N A

Mischance, misfortune.
Misken, to neglect or not
 take notice of one; also,
 let alone.
Misflushous, malicious, rough
Misters, necessities, wants.
Mittans, woollen gloves.
Mony, many.
Mools, the earth of the
 grave.
Mou, mouth.
Moup, to eat, generally
 used of children, or of
 old people, who have
 but few teeth, and make
 their lips move fast,
 tho' they eat but slow.
Mow, a pile or bing, as of
 fuel, hay, sheaves of
 corn, &c.
Mows, jests.
Muckle, see *Meikle*.
Murgullied, mismanaged,
 abused.
Mutch, coif.
Mutchken, an *English* pint.

N A

N *Acky*, or *knacky*, clever
 active in small affairs
Neese, nose.
Nettle, to fret or vex.
Newfangle, fond of a new
 thing.
Nevel, a sound blow with
 the *nive* or fist.
Nick, to bite or cheat.
Nicked, cheated: also as
 a cant word to drink
 heartily; as, *he nicks*
fine.
Nest, next.

P A

Niffer, to exchange or bar-
 ter.
Niffnasan, trifling.
Nignays, trifles.
Nips, bits.
Nither, to straiten. *Nither-*
ed, hungered or half
 starved in maintenance.
Nive, the fist.
Noek, notch or nick of an
 arrow or spind'e.
Noit, see *knoit*.
Nowt, cows, kine.
Nowther, neither.
Nuckle, new calved (cows).

O E

O *E*, a grandchild.
O'er, or *owre*, too
 much; as, *a' o'ers is*
vice.
O'ercome, superplus.
Ony, any.
Or, sometimes used for *ere*
 or before. *Or day*,
i. e. before day-break.
Ora, any thing over what's
 needful.
Orp, to weep with a convul-
 sive pant.
Oughtlens in the least.
Owk, week.
Owrlay, a cravat.
Owsen, oxen.
Owthir, either.
Oxter, the arm-pit.

P A

P *Addock*, a frog. *Pad-*
dock Ride, the spawn
 of frogs.

Paiks,

P I

Paiks chastisement. *To paik*, to beat or belabour one soundly.

Pang, to squeeze, press or pack one thing into another.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

Pawky, witty or sly in word or action, without any harm or bad designs.

Peer, a key or wharf.

Peets, turf for fire.

Pegh, to pant.

Pensy, finical, foppish, conceited.

Perquire, by heart.

Pett, a favourite, a fondling. *To pettle*, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence, to take the *Pett*, is to be peevish or sullen, as commonly *Petts* are, when in the least disobliged.

Pibroughs, such *Highland* tunes as are play'd on bag-pipes before them when they go out to battle.

Pig, an earthen pitcher.

Pike, to pick out, or chuse.

Pimpin, pimping, mean, scurvy.

Pine, pain or pining.

Pingle, to contend, strive, or work hard.

Pirn, the spool or quill within the shuttle, which receives the yarn. *Pirny*, (cloth or a web of unequal threads or co-

R A

lours, stripped.

Pith, strength, might, force.

Plack, two bodles, or the 3d of a penny *English*.

Pople, or *paple*, the bubbling, purling or boiling up of water. (*Popling*.)

Poortith, poverty.

Powny, a little horse or gal-loway; also a turkey.

Pouse, to push.

Poutch, a pocket.

Pratick, practice, art, stratagem. *Priving pratick*, trying ridiculous experiments.

Prets, tricks, rogueries.

We say, *He plaid me a pret*, i. e. cheated. *The callan's fou of pret*, i. e. has abundance of waggish tricks.

Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.

Prin, a pin.

Prive, to prove or taste.

Propine, gift or present.

Prym or *Prime*, to fill or stuff.

Putt a flane, throw a big flane.

Q

Quey, a young cow.

R A

R *Ackless*, careless. One who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call

R I

call him *rackless banded*.
Rae, a roe.
Raffan, merry, roving,
 hearty.
Raird, a loud sound.
Rair, a roar.
Rak or *rook*, a mist or fog.
Rampage, to speak and act
 furiously.
Rashes, rushes.
Rave, did rive or tear.
Raught, reached.
Rax, to stretch. *Rax'd*,
 reach'd.
Ream, cream. Whence
reaming, as, *reaming li-*
quor.
Redd, to rid, unravel. To
 separate folks that are
 fighting. It also signifies
 clearing of any passage.
I'm redd, I'm apprehen-
 sive.
Rede, counsel, advice; as,
I wad-na rede ye to do that.
Reek, reach; also smoak.
Reeft, to rust, or dry in the
 smoak.
Rest, bereft, robbed, forced
 or carried away.
Reif, rapine, robbery.
Reik, or *rink*, a course or
 race.
Rever, a robber, or pirate.
Rewth, pity.
Rice, or *rife*, bulrushes,
 bramble-branches, or
 twigs of trees.
Rise, or *ryse* plenty.
Rist, to belch.
Rigging, the back or rig-

S A

back, the top or ridge of
 a house.
Ripples, a weakness in the
 back and reins.
Rock, a distaff.
Roofe, or *rufe*, to commend,
 extol.
Roove, to rivet.
Rottan, a rat.
Roundel, a witty, and often
 satyrick kind of rhyme.
Rowan, rolling.
Rowt, to roar, especially
 the lowing of bulls and
 cows.
Rowth, plenty.
Ruck, a rick or stack of hay
 or corn.
Rude, the red taint of the
 complexion.
Ruesu, doleful.
Rug, to pull, take away by
 force.
Rumple, the rump.
Rungs, small boughs of trees
 lopp'd off.
Runkle, a wrinkle. *Runkle*,
 to ruffle.
Rype, to search.

S A

S *Aebeins*, seeing it is,
 Since.
Saikless, guiltless, free.
Sain'd, bless'd.
Sall, shall; like *soud* for
should.
Sand-blind, purblind, short-
 sighted.
Sar, savour or smell.
Sark, a shirt.

Saugh,

S H

Saugh, a willow or fallow-tree.

Saw, an old saying, or proverbial expression.

Scad, scald.

Scar, the bare places on the sides of hills washen down with rains.

Scart, to scratch.

Scawp, a bare, dry piece of stony ground.

Scon, bread, the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a *Bannock*.

Scowp, to leap or move hastily from one place to another.

Scowth, room, freedom.

Scrimp, narrow, straitned, little.

Scroggs, shrubs, thorns, briers. *Scroggy*, thorny.

Scuds, ale. A late name given it by the benders.

Scunner, to loath.

Sell, self.

Seuch, furrow, ditch.

Sey, to try.

Seybow, a young onion.

Shan, pitiful, silly, poor.

Sharn, cow's dung.

Shaw, a wood or forest.

Shawl, shallow.

Sharups, empty husks.

Sheen, shining.

Shill, shrill, having a sharp sound.

Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, *shire*; also, a cle-

S K

ver wag, a *shire lick*.

Shog, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.

Shool, shovel.

Shoon, shoes.

Shore, to threaten.

Shotle, a drawer.

Sib, a-kin.

Sic, such.

Sicker, firm, secure.

Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.

Siller, silver.

Sindle, or *finle*, seldom.

Sinsyne, since that time.

Lang syne, long ago.

Skail, to scatter.

Skair, share.

Skaith, hurt, damage, loss.

Skeigh, skittish.

Skelf, shelf.

Skelp, to run. Used when one runs *bare-foot*. Also a small splinter of wood.

It, to flog the hips.

Skiff, to move smoothly away.

Skink, a kind of strong broth made of cows hams or knuckles; also to fill drink in a cup.

Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.

Sklate, slate. *Skalie*, is the fine blue slate.

Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle.

Skreed, a rent.

Skybald, a tatterdemalion.

Skyt, fly out hastily.

Slade, or *slaid*, did slide, moved, or made a thing

move

S O

move easily.
Slap, or *flak*, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills. *Slap*, a breach in a wall.
Sleek, smooth.
Sleet, a shower of half-melted snow.
Slerg, to bedawb or plaister.
Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *he's a slid town*. *Slidry*, slippery.
Slippery, sleepy.
Slonk, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade through a mire.
Slote, a bar or bolt for a door.
Slough, husk or coat.
Smaik, a silly little pitiful fellow; the same with *smatchet*.
Smirk, smiling.
Smittle, infectious or catching.
Smoor, to smother.
Snack, nimble, ready, clever.
Sned, to cut.
Sneer, to laugh in derision.
Sneg, to cut; as, *sneg'd off at the web end*.
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
Snib, snub, check or reprove, correct.
Snister, to snuff, or breathe thro' the nose a little stopt.
Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.

S P

Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
Snool, to dispirit by chiding; hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful groveling slave.
Snoove, to whirl round.
Snotter, snout.
Snurl, to ruffle or wrinkle.
Sod, a thick turf.
Sonfy, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lusty.
Sore, sorrel, redish colour'd.
Sorn, to sponge.
Sofs, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.
Sowens, flumry, or oatmeal sour'd amongst water for some time, then boil'd to a consistency, & eaten with milk or butter.
Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument.
Spae, to foretel or divine.
Spaemen, prophets, augurs.
Spain, to wean from the breast.
Spait, a torrent, flood or inundation.
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump.
Spaul, shoulder, arm.
Speel, to climb.
Speer, to ask, inquire.
Spelder, to split, stretch, spread out, draw asunder.
Spence,

S T

Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept.

Spill, to spoil, abuse.

Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder.

Spratings, stripes of different colours.

Spring, a tune on a musical instrument.

Sprush, spruce.

Spruttled, speckled, spotted.

Spunk, tinder.

Stalwart, strong and valiant

Stang, did sting; also a sting or pole.

Stank, a pool of standing water.

Stark, strong, robust.

Starns, the stars. *Starn*, a small moiety. We say, *ne'er a starn*.

Stay, steep; as, *set a stout heart to a stay brae*.

Steek, to shut, close.

Stegh, to cram.

Stend, or *sten*, to move with a hasty long pace.

Stent, to stretch or extend.

Stipend, a benefice.

Stirk, a steer or bullock.

Stoit, or *stot*, to rebound or reflect.

Stoor, rough, hoarse.

Stou, to cut or crop. *A flou*, a large cut or piece.

Stound, a smarting pain or flitch.

Stour, dust agitated by winds, men or horse feet.

To stour, to run quickly.

S W

Stowth, stealth.

Strapan, clever, tall, handsome.

Strath, a plain on a river-side.

Streek, to stretch.

Striddle, to stride; applied commonly to one that's little.

Strinkle, to sprinkle straw.

Stroot, or *strate*, stuff'd full, drunk.

Strunt, a pett. *To take the strunt*, to be petted or out of humour.

Studdy, an anvil, or smith's stithy.

Sturdy, giddyheaded. *It's strong*.

Sture, or *stoor*, stiff, strong, hoarse.

Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation.

Stym, a blink, or a little sight of a thing.

Suddle, to sully or defile.

Sumph, blockhead.

Sunkan, spleenetic.

Sunkots, something.

Swak, to throw, cast with force.

Swankies, clever young fellows.

Swarf, to swoon away.

Swash, squat, fuddled.

Swatch, a pattern.

Swatt, small ale.

Swecht, burden, weight, force.

Sweer, lazy, slow.

Sweeties,

T H

Sweeties, confections.
Swelt, suffocated, choked to death.
Swish, begone quickly.
Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.
Syne, afterwards, then.

T A

T *Ackel*, an arrow.
Taid, toad.
Tane, taken.
Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the staff, is called a *lint-tap*.
Tape, to use any thing sparingly.
Tappet-hen, the *Scots* quart-stoup.
Tarrow, to refuse what we love, from a cross humour.
Tartan, cross striped stuff, of various colours, checker'd. The Highland plaids.
Tasi, a little dram-cup.
Tate, a small lock of hair. or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.
Taunt, to mock.
Tawpy, a foolish wench.
Taz, a whip or scourge.
Ted, to scatter, spread.
Tee, a little earth on which gamesters at the *gowf* set their balls before they strike them off.
Teen, or *tynd*, anger, rage, sorrow.

T I

Teet, to peep out.
Tensome, the number of ten.
Tent, attention. *Tenty*, cautious.
Thack, thatch.
Thae, those.
Tharmes, small tripes.
Theck, to thatch.
Thig, to beg or borrow.
Thir, these.
Thole, to endure, suffer.
Thow, thaw.
Thowless, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.
Thrawart, froward, cross, crabbed.
Thrawin, stern and cross-grained.
Threep, or *threap*, to aver, alledge, urge and affirm boldly.
Thrimal, to press or squeeze thro' with difficulty.
Thud, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these. *Cry'd he at ilka Thud*, i. e. gave a groan at every blow.
Tid, tide or time, proper time; as, *he took the tid*.
Tist, good order, health.
Tine, to lose. *Tint*, lost.
Tinsel, loss.
Tip or *tippony*, ale sold for two-pence the *Scots* pint.
Tirle or *tirr*, to uncover a house.
Titty, sister.
Tocher, portion, dowry.
Tod, a fox.
Tooly, to fight. A fight or quarrel. *Toom*,

U N

Toom, empty, applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c.
It, to empty.
Tosh, tight, neat.
Tessie, warm, pleasant, half fuddled.
To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed.
Touse or *touffe*, to rumple, tease.
Tout, the sound of a horn or trumpet.
Tow, a rope.
Towmond, a year or twelve months.
Trews, hose and breeches all of a piece.
Trig, neat handsome.
Troke, exchange.
True, to throw, trust, believe.
Truf, steal.
Tryst, appointment.
Turs, turfs. *Turs*, trufs.
Twin, to part with, or separate from.
Twitch, touch.
Twinters, sheep of two years old.
Tydie, plump, fat, lucky.
Tynd, vide *Teen*.
Tyst, to entice. stir up, allure.

U G

U *GG*, to detest, hate, nauseate.
Ugseme, hateful, nauseous.
Umwhile, the late, or deceased sometime ago. Of old.

W H

Undocht, or *wandocht*, a silly weak person.
Uneith, not easy.
Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnessed.
Unko, or *unco*, uncouth, strange.
Unlufem, unlovely.
Vougy, elevated, proud.
Wad or *wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would.
Waff, wandering by itself.
Wak, moist, wet.
Wale, to pick and chuse.
Walop, to move swiftly with much agitation.
Wally, chosen, beautiful, large.
Wame, womb.
Wandought, want of dought, impotent.
Wanrace, wickedness, want of grace.
War, worse.
Warlock, wizard.
Wat, or *wit*, to know.
Waught, a large draught.
Wee, little.
Wean, or *wee ane*, a child.
Ween, thought, imagined, supposed.
Weer, to stop or oppose.
Wier, war.
Weird, fate or destiny.
Weit, rain.
Wersh, insipid, wallowish, wanting salt.
Whauk, whip, beat, flog.
Whid, to fly quickly.
Whilk, which.
Whilly, to cheat. *Whilly*, *wha*

W O

wha, a cheat.
Whindging, whining.
Whins, furze.
Whisht, hush. Hold your peace.
Whisk, to pull out hastily.
Whomilt, turned upside down.
Wight, stout, clever, active
Item, a man or person.
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river.
Win, or *won*, to reside, dwell.
Winna, will not.
Winnocks, windows.
Winsome gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large.
Wirrykow, a bug-bear.
Wisent, parch'd, dry'd, wither'd.
Wistle, to exchange money.
Withershins, motion against the sun.
Woo, or *W*, wool.
Wood, mad.
Woody, the gallows.
Wordy, worthy.

Y U

Wow, wonderful, strange.
Wreaths, of snow, when heaps of it are blown together by the wind.
Wyfing inclining. *To wyse*, to lead, train,
Wyson, the gullet.
Wyt, to blame. Blame.

Y A

Y *Amph*, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs.
Yap, hungry, having a longing desire for any thing ready.
Yealtou, yea wilt thou.
Yed, to contend, wrangle.
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity.
Yesk, the hiccup.
Yett, gate.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Youdith, youthfulness.
Yowden, wearied.
Yowf, a swinging blow.
Yuke, the itch.
Yule, Christmas.



F I N I S.